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MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS PARTING WITH HER FRIENDS.

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LYMAN BEECHER, D. D.

Drawn by S. Wallin, from a Daguerreotype, by M. M. Lawrence

Engraved on Wood by N. Orr.

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THE

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DEVOTED TO

SCIENCE, LITERATURE, AND RELIGION.

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The Christian Graces.—No. 1.—Faith.

POETRY BY REV. J. REYNELL WREFORD, F.S.A. MUSIC BY STEPHEN GLOVER.

Moderato.

p *f* *p* *p*

1. Lord, I believe; thy power I own, Thy word I would o - bey; I
2. Lord, I believe; but thou dost know My faith is cold and weak; Pit-

wan - der com - fort - less and lone, When from thy truth I stray.
y my frail - ty, and be - stow The con - fi - dence I seek.

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Lord, I believe; but gloom - y fears Some-times be-dim my sight; I
Yes! I believe; and on - ly thou Canst give my soul re - lief; Lord,

Cres.

look to thee, with prayers and tears, And cry for strength and light, I look to
to thy truth my spir - it bow; Help thou my un - be - lief! Lord! to thy

pp

Cres.

Ritard. Rall.

thee, with prayers and tears, And cry for strength, for strength and light.
truth my spir-it bow; Help thou, help thou my un - be - lief.

Ritard. f p Rall. p

f p f

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THE

CHRISTIAN PARLOR BOOK.

THE PURITANS AND THEIR INSTITUTIONS.

BY LYMAN BEECHER, D.D., CINCINNATI.

To give an intelligent view of the institutions of the Puritans, we must begin with the religion of the Puritans. The religion of the Puritans, it is well known, did not consist merely in rites and forms; not in the admiration of the sublime, the beautiful, and the vast; not in refinement of taste and poetry; not in the proportions or symmetries of mind, and the adaptations to happiness of the laws and government of God; nor was it bigoted idolatry of creeds, with hearts of stone toward God and man; nor was it the fanaticism of ignorance, or periodical, ephemeral excitement; nor was it the religion of selfishness which loves those only which love them, and gives in the hope of being rewarded; nor the stern religion of terror and trembling fear. The religion of the Pilgrims was the religion of intelligence and affection, enlightened by the word of God, and inspired by his Spirit; of conscience, tender and powerful; of moral principle inflexible; of moral courage indomitable; of love to God and men, which oceans cannot quench, nor floods drown; a love, victorious in faith, contrite in spirit, cheerful in resignation, joyful in tribulation, humble, meek, prayerful, and grateful, always abounding in good works. Their doctrines comprehended God's being; three persons in one divine nature, his plan of government over matter and mind according to their respective natures, and the dictates of his benevolence and wisdom: "Yet so that man is a free agent, and God is not the author of sin, having endued the will of man with that natural liberty, that it is neither forced, nor by any necessity of nature determined to good or evil;" his providence over all his works, not merely by the stated actions of nature's laws, but by the interpositions of miraculous or providential power for purposes of protection, reward, and punishment, and the general exigencies of a moral government, according to the variable character and deeds of his subjects, they comprehend the primeval rectitude of man, and the consequent ruin of the race in entire universal depravity, the necessity of regeneration by God's word and Spirit, the divinity and incarnation, and death of the Son of God, as an atonement for the sins of the world; repentance toward God, faith in Christ, as the conditions of pardon, and good works as the fruits, and evidence of faith, the perseverance of the saints, the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, the day of judgment, and the immutability of character, and joy, or sorrow, in the society of holiness, or sin.

But why should such persons abandon their native land? The choicest wheat of three kingdoms with which to plant the American wilderness, it has been ascribed to political enthusiasm, and to obstinacy of republican zeal that determined them to emigrate; but could they have been permitted to worship God in their own land according to the dictates of their own conscience, they would have endured the monarchy and the feudal aristocracy. But when tyranny inhibited the worship of God, and the education of their children for earth and heaven, they rushed over the wintry ocean, to the howling, snow-clad wilderness. It is true that when they had made this decision, and before they left their native land, they determined to gratify also their republican partialities, and therefore to model both the Church and State according to what they believed to be the will of God, and seeing they had the power, it was their purpose to loose the mind from religious and political bondage; in a pure atmosphere, upon a virgin soil, owned in fee simple by the cultivation to rear amidst plains, and giant mountains, and ocean lakes, and mighty rivers, "a church without a bishop, a nation without a king;" but in all this they did not plan for themselves; they saw the world lying in wickedness, and human nature crushed beneath ecclesiastical despotisms hopeless of reformation or liberty. They understood the republican elements of the Jewish system, and exulted in the brilliant lights of the

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ancient republics, and inherited the heart of liberty which once glowed Holland, Germany, and Switzerland, and amidst all these fragments of disappointed hope, determined to try under better auspices the experiment of self-government, by constitutions and laws. Their high resolve was fixed to rear a nation which should reconcile a dense population, exuberant soil, copious abundance, with universal liberty, intelligence, competence, purity; a nation which should blow the resurrection-trumpet to the world's extinguished hopes of liberty; electrify the world's intellect; set on fire the world's heart; break the world's chain; and roll revolution under thrones and hierarchies till the whole family of man should depend alone on God and themselves for liberty and happiness.

But were they not fanatical dreamers? Presumptuous enthusiasts? What reason had they to think—a feeble band in a wilderness—that they could rear a mighty empire? They had the confidence which knowledge inspires in those who feel its power! God helped; it was like a fire in their bones, and like an omnipotent will in their souls, that they could and would do it.

But by what means did they expect to accomplish what the whole world had never done? They expected to do it "by the word and Spirit of God," that should bring the power of his remedial government to bear so universally and constantly upon the intellect and the heart, as to change the heart of nations from selfishness to benevolence, and from cupidity and ambition to disinterested patriotism, reversing by heaven's aid the character and tendencies of human society, as really as if all earth's rivers were reversed to flow up hill.

But how shall I give a comprehensive view of the elementary principles of Puritanism in the organization of Church and State? It can be done only by setting before you a Puritan family, a Puritan church, and a Puritan state. The first element of the family was piety, such as I have described, sustained daily by secret prayer and communion with God, through his word and works; they were mighty in the Scriptures, strong in faith and its realizations of God and eternal things, and they walked with God, and every day kept holier than the Sabbath of many modern Christians. Another element of the family was the public worship of God, morning and evening, the reading the Scriptures, and prayer, attended by the entire household. A third element was government, the subordination of the will of the child to the parental will, early, entirely, and habitually, and with unhesitating promptitude; it was achieved not by scaring or bribing, or a running fight, of whipping and scolding as soon as the child developed a will of its own, so perverse as to behave unseemly, and so stiff as to need breaking; it was broken, and if necessary, the rod was applied, with alternate admonitions; the point once gained, was with vigilance and decision maintained. Few would ever attempt a second, and if they did, it would be only to submit a second time. By this single victory steadily maintained, the child was prepared for self-government. By affection, by conscience, and respect for official power, habits of universal subjection became the common law of the republic. Force there was at hand, but spontaneous obedience superseded its application. The fourth element of the Puritan was *Industry*, taught from the cradle up, for it was written and believed that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

Hence those everlasting manufactories of buttons and brooms, of clocks and combs, and all sorts of tools, and cloths, and cotton, and wool, and silks, with fisheries, agriculture, commerce and mechanic arts, and railroads, and wealth.

The fifth element, education, literary and religious, and here at home the great family Bible, and Watts' Hymns and Psalms, and a store of good sermons, and at the school the New England Spelling-book, the Primer, and the Bible, with sprinklings of arithmetic, geography, and grammar.

A sixth element of the Puritan institutions was the Sabbath, one day in seven observed by a "holy resting all the day from amusements, and worldly conversations and secular employment, as are lawful on other days, and spending the whole day in the religious instructions of the family and public, and the public and private exercises of God's worship, except so much of it as is to be taken up in works of necessity and mercy. In respect to the secular labors of the family, the farm of the sluggard will tell you what it was not, out of doors, and Solomon's account of the virtuous woman, what it was within: "I passed by the field of the slothful, and the man void of understanding, and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles covered the face thereof; the wall thereof was broken down."

"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She riseth early and giveth meat to her household. She considereth a field, and buyeth it with the fruit of her hands. She planteth a vineyard. She looketh well to the ways of her household. Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband he also praiseth her."

The Church was a voluntary association, com-

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posed of persons affording to each other credible evidence of regeneration and faith in Christ. Associated by covenant with God and one another, they walked together in love for the maintenance of his worship, the preaching of the Gospel, and the extension of his cause.

Their children also were recognized as members of the Church, so far as respected spiritual instruction, government and care, though entitled to active membership only upon credible evidence of conversion and Christian character; the officers of the church were the pastor, elders, and deacons, elected by the church, was independent of any ecclesiastical power except councils mutually chosen for advice, obligatory only so far as their decisions should be agreeable to the word of God.

The secular concerns of the church were under the fostering care of the civil powers, who were themselves members of the church, and ever maintained a strict line of demarcation between the Church and the State; the civil powers no more exercising ecclesiastical functions than the ecclesiastical performed civil duties, though the two being so nearly synonymous in persons, sometimes, perhaps, were unduly blended. As God and his government were their entire confidence for civil liberty and national prosperity, they of course made crimes against God and his government penal, as being against the State, and on the same principle, while their numbers were small, they required every man to attend public worship, made the violation of the Sabbath and all other immoralities punishable by law. Thus they were independent, under God, of all power but their own. There was no king, no aristocracy, and no privileged orders. In the beginning the people met in democratic assemblies, and framed and adopted their constitution and laws, and when too numerous to meet, did the same by delegates chosen to represent them. The first element of the republic, like that of the family, was respect for the magistrate and obedience to the laws; this was not the effect of pride in the office-bearer, but the magnifying of his office as the representative of the people appointed to see to it that the republic received no detriment. The civil divisions of the State will show the popular nature of their institutions, and how entirely the system of self-government pervaded the whole. Each State was divided into counties, towns, parishes, and school districts, for civil, ecclesiastical, and literary purposes. In the school district authorized by law, the people met and assessed taxes for building their school-houses, and supporting their schools. In the towns and parishes, as ecclesiastical societies, they built meeting-houses, settled ministers, assessed and collected taxes, for the support of the Gospel. In the town meeting for civil purposes, the people assembled, elected a moderator and town officers, and transacted whatever business demanded their care. The local business of the counties was in like manner performed in county meetings, while on days appointed for the purpose, the people assembled in town meetings, and elected their governor and delegates to the General Assembly and Senate, and in all their divisions and sub-divisions the people were the sovereign power, and were constantly exercised in the discussion of laws, to protect their rights, and facilitate their prosperity. Without these habits of deliberation and judgment, and executive actions in the arts of legislation, the different colonies could never have been united in the Revolutionary struggle in maintaining the law, or agreed upon a constitution, or maintained it after they had framed it; but like the South American States, must have been the prey of the demagogue, or military chieftain. Instead of this, when the Revolutionary contest commenced, they were a nation of experimental republicans, except a federal, constitutional form of government, which soon sprung up.

The people, in their primary assemblies of town and county meetings, could be called together, and act each for itself, and by correspondence for others; hence by committee of correspondence, and the pulpit, and the press, the public sentiment was enlightened and formed, and the hearts of freemen all over the land were united for defence; and when independence was achieved, and the old Constitution failed to meet their exigencies, the people by their delegates met in convention, and framed a new one, which in the town meetings of the people was peaceably adopted.

The Puritan elements of a Republic are its only security. From the beginning of our experiment, the dynasties of Europe, civil and ecclesiastical, have predicted our downfall, from the inherent impotency of man for self-government. And every squall at home which strikes our ship multiplies doubts, like the bats of a summer evening, and croakings like the bullfrogs in our ponds.

But what the Puritan elements have done for liberty, they can do again and forever. Long since they breathed the spirit of life into the British Constitution, and though two hundred years and more, through winds, and perils, and toils unequaled, have protected our infancy, and reared us up to manhood. They have produced a form of society new in the annals of time, the

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owner of the soil, the owner of itself, with the power and competency of self-government for its own welfare, by constitutions, laws, and administrations of its own, not theoried, but practiced, from the district school upward, through all the States to the National Government. A republic over a vaster territory, and richer soil, and greater multitudes, with more boundless facilities, and unexampled enterprise, exuberant income, and aggregate popular intelligence and knowledge, and influence of God and his government, than any republic or any nation which the sun ever shone upon. And though the stiffness of the Puritan armor is somewhat relaxed, and the numerical presence of the intellectual and moral discipline does not equal the colonial state, there is still a vast body of families and individuals in the nation, descendants of the Puritans and others, who maintain substantially their principles, and with an inconceivable amount of genuine Puritan moral power, whose example, prayers, and labors receive the Divine approbation, and the promised protection and blessing of God to our nation. And his blessing upon his church, and world, and ordinances, in the extension of the leaven of holiness, until it shall leaven the lump.

Our faculties now for moral defence, and the extension of evangelical influence, coextensive with our necessities, in Bibles and tracts, and evangelical labors; and then colporteur distributions, as also our Sabbath schools, and foreign and home missions, and the numerous efforts using to educate and evangelize the land, are a hundred-fold greater than in the beginning of my day.

And never has there been a period, in the history of our nation, in which God has given such a signal efficacy to the means of grace in revivals of religion, so frequent, so extensive, so pure and powerful, as in the last fifty years. When, in the history of our fathers, were there not sins and follies, and dark days, and perils? But though tempest-tossed, the anchor held; and so surely as the same moral causes will produce, under the government of the same God, the same effects, so certainly will the application and revered observance of the Puritan elements of our Republic bestow on us God's protection and blessing, and a glorious and terrestrial immortality.

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.

BY J. E. D. COMSTOCK.

Saviour, thine are all things;—thine the snow
That's falling near;
Thine the winds that 'gainst my windows blow,
And sound so drear.

And thine the summer flowers, sweet birds and bees,
And pleasant river;—
And golden corn, and trees, and fruits, of these
Thou art the giver.

I stand upon the lake, sweet lake, at even,—
Unmoved by storm,
And say, this, my Saviour, who art in heaven,
Thy power didst form.

Thine the sun, and thine the clouds that shut
Him from my sight;
Thine the palace, thine the heathen's hut,
And thine the night.

Thine the moon and stars, and thine each bright
And unknown thing,
Whose wondrous course is with yon orbs of night,
On tireless wing.

This body thine; and thine the soul that dwells
Within this form;
Thou mad'st them love sweet fields, and wondrous dells,
And glorious storm!

The huge dark wing with which fierce sin sweeps on,
By Thee is furled,
And tak'st repenting man—take me—to yon
Superior world.

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PRACTICAL HINTS ON READING.

BY ORVILLE DEWEY, D.D.

THERE are two kinds of reading, which need to be carefully distinguished, and each to have its proper place assigned to it. There is reading for improvement, and reading for entertainment; reading as a mental task, and reading as a mental recreation; reading with *thought*, and reading without thought. In the one case, a man takes a book to aid his inquiries or his reasonings, to obtain information, or to assist his mind in coming to some conclusion. In the other, he resorts to a book only for amusement.

This distinction, I admit, is very general. But I think it will be found, without being very accurate, to answer the practical purpose which I have in view. Reading, doubtless, may combine both instruction and amusement, and the reader may seek both. In history, biography, and travels, he may often find both. But every one must be aware that there is a great deal of reading among us merely for entertainment. Novels are commonly read with no other view or thought. On the other hand, I wish it to be considered that there is a kind of reading which is of a far higher character. A man may take a book with the express intent to think over it. His purpose is not passively to receive what the book communicates, but to think, to examine what the book says; to give his mind a task; to strengthen his powers. His mind is a crucible; and what he takes into it, is to be melted, and moulded into a form that makes it his own; makes it his own, not by reception, but by re-formation; not by simple transfusion, but by thorough transmutation. And no mind is worth much, without something, more or less, of this habit.

But, while I speak thus, I do not intend to deprecate reading merely for amusement, in its place. There is a place for both kinds of reading; and he who has never made this distinction in his mind or practice has scarcely, as I conceive, commenced in any proper manner the business of intellectual improvement. To be always reading for amusement, and for nothing else, is not to have begun yet to put the mind into any lofty training. If any one shall ask, what proportion of our reading hours this kind of reading may properly occupy; I can only answer, precisely those hours of *lawful* leisure which cannot be given to any higher task of the mind; just so much time, I say, and no more. I mean, however, that this shall apply not to the exact pages or hours of a man's reading, but to his general plan. But how, it may be asked again, is this proportion to be ascertained? I answer on this point, that every man's mind must be his judge. It is impossible to lay down any invariable rule. There is one rule for the studious man, and another for the man of business or toil. There is one rule for the invalid, and another for the man in health. There is one rule for one sort of mind, and another for another. Every man must judge for himself, whether at any time his mind is capable of something better than being amused. And if he will attend a little to the matter, he cannot fail, in the main, to judge rightly. If he will make it a point of conscience, it cannot be a point of any great difficulty. And I hold, in serious earnest, that it ought to be a point of conscience. I do not know what a man is thinking about, who never makes any distinction here,—who never conceives that he has anything to do with the wonderful faculty of thought but to amuse it. What should we say of the business man, who should recklessly give up a portion of the hours proper for business to recreation? But every man has an interest involved in the improvement of his mind, far greater than in the improvement of his estate. An industrious man feels obliged, in common decency, to proportion his recreation to his business. And *it is indecent* for an intellectual being to give up all his hours for mental culture to mere entertainment.

With regard to maxims and courses of reading, I would lay it down as a rule, that every person, desirous of strengthening his or her mind, should, from time to time, read some hard book; some book, I mean, which will demand close attention, and fully exercise the reasoning faculty. Let it be, for instance—and I will not propose very hard books—let it be, for instance, such a book as Plato on the Immortality of the Soul, or Abercrombie's Treatise on Intellectual Philosophy, or Whately's Logic, or Bell on the Hand, or Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations. Some work,

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I say, or some chapters of a work of Mental, or Moral, or Political, or Scientific, or Philological analysis, let every reader peruse, from time to time, though it were only as an intellectual exercise. The task, indeed, should be adapted to the reader's age, and proportioned to his powers; but it is better that he should try his mind upon anything of this sort, than upon nothing,—better that he should but half understand the book, than never try to understand anything difficult. He must read — to think; he must read — pausing every now and then, looking back to gather up the argument; and often closing the book—to think. No person, who has not tried it, can have any idea of the manner in which this exercise will sharpen and invigorate his faculties, and give a kind of dignity, manliness, and, I may say, a kind of lofty solemnity to his whole intellectual being.

In the next place, I would say, that every reader should undertake, from time to time, to become thoroughly acquainted with some particular subject; now with Geology, for instance, and then, with some other branch of natural philosophy, with Heat or Electricity, or with the general anatomy of his own body; and especially with History; the history of his own country before all; or the history of England, or France; or with some particular epoch, as the Times of Ferdinand and Isabella in Spain, so ably and beautifully illustrated by an historian of our own.

I do not pretend to say how much any one can do of what is now proposed. But certainly every one, who has any considerable time,—an hour or two each day,—to devote to the improvement of his mind, can do better than waste all his reading upon barren generalities, upon vague acquisitions, upon knowledge so distressingly unsatisfactory as that which is generally found among us. Reading may be something else than just to throw ourselves upon a stream that bears us whither it will; it may have a purpose; and although purpose with us is very apt to outrun accomplishment, yet something may be done; much may be done; more than we suspect. Only let a young man have the zeal that led young Bowditch to study the Mathematics on the ship's deck that bore him to India; and I say not that he will do all which that eminent man did, but he will do more than he now conceives to be possible. The celebrated mathematician, Lacroix, told Professor Hopkins of William's College, that his acquaintance with Bowditch commenced on receiving from the young navigator his (Lacroix's) great work on the Calculus in three heavy quartos. And in what state did the great mathematician receive those three heavy quartos? Not only thoroughly studied on an Indian voyage, but with marginal notes annexed by the pen of young Bowditch; and notes, said Lacroix, "which were of essential service to me in preparing a new edition."

Every man, that reads much or even a little, may acquaint himself with so much of philosophy, as belongs to his particular profession, pursuit, or occupation. Men of the studious professions are supposed to do more or less of this, as a matter of course; but other men in their callings may make similar acquisitions. A general survey of the legal principles and international relations of trade is not beyond the reach of the intelligent merchant. The architect and carpenter may study, at least, so many of the problems of Geometry, as demonstrate the rules upon which they are daily proceeding. All manufacturers in wood, in metals, in clothing fabrics, in leather, paper, &c., and all machinists and artisans, and all agriculturists, may understand so much of mineralogy and chemistry, of solids and fluids, of powers and forces, as are applicable to the processes amidst which they are spending their lives. And what an interest would it give to their various pursuits, to be conversant with these several and appropriate branches of knowledge! The mechanical would become intellectual in their hands. Brute matter would rise before them in a thousand beautiful forms and agencies. Toil and care would be lightened by that infusion into them of all-kindling intellect. Head-work would help handicraft. The field, the workshop, the manufactory, would all be schools of learning. The laborer would know what he was about, and not work like a blind mole in the dark,—or, if the comparison be more pleasing, like a bee in a hive, or like a beaver at his dam,—doing many things he knows not why —knowing no law for it,—only that it will by and by, he cannot tell how, produce a certain result. Laborers would not be mere workers, but inventors, experimenters, — they would be improvers of everything. Their field would be the world. Yes, and the great, dull world, the massive, hard, intractable world, would be moulded in their hands,—like the clay of the potter, like the marble of the statuary,—into forms, expressions, instruments of thought.

But is this practicable? I expect that men occupied with business, and women "careful and troubled about many things," will tell me that they have no time for anything beyond the light, ephemeral reading of the day; about which, they will say, that everybody knows something, and they must, to keep along with the world. I expect that laboring men will tell me, that they

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come home at night too much fatigued and exhausted to read anything better; and that a hard day's work has fairly earned an evening's pastime.

Let me take up a moment in separating and answering these objections.

I say, then, to the laboring man, that a book which makes him think, will often rest him more than a trifling and useless one. It is his body generally that is weary, and not his mind; and some mental action will often best relieve that weariness. To sink down into lazy, passive revery over a story or a novel, is not to touch the true counteracting spring; but only to add sluggishness of mind to weariness of body. Dr. Doddridge tell us, that he used to relieve one hard study with another hard study, and never needed any other recreation. I do not exactly believe in that; and the works of that excellent man do not show me that the hard study, of which he speaks, ever amounted to what I should call hard thinking. But I do believe that labor of the body may be relieved by labor of the mind.

But there is another false hypothesis, as I think, involved in the objection. It seems to be supposed that reading, which tasks the mind, must needs be dull and uninteresting; and that nothing but novels, journals, and voyages can be pleasing and agreeable. Quite and entirely otherwise, in my opinion, is the fact. I am far from intending to recommend dull readings or studies. For my own part, I must say, that, aside from moral claims, far the most interesting book that ever I have read was Euclid's Elements of Geometry, and next to that was a book on Chemistry. I must not be understood to say this as claiming to be much acquainted with either of these sciences. I speak only of the elements,—of what almost any man, with a little study, may master. And I verily believe that many a man, when he comes in, weary, from his day's labor, and takes his seat by his evening fire, would be more entertained and delighted by going over with a problem in Geometry, or a chapter in Chemistry, than by any tale that is told or can be told. Not, however, that the tale is to be rigidly excluded; but only that something else, in its place and time, is to be faithfully introduced.

But in the next place, it is said, that there is a want of time for the kind of reading that I propose. Heavy cares and light entertainments must usurp the whole of life. In reply, I have only to say, that for most persons this may be as they choose. They can spend less time in business, and still have enough property to satisfy all reasonable desires; or they can give up some of their lighter, for deeper and better reading. They can venture to say, "I have not read the last new Novel,"—a declaration, I confess, which I have come to look upon with great respect, when proceeding from persons who are really reading and improving themselves. It seems to say that they have had something so much better to do, as not to have found time to do that. It is a goodly and promising reverse of the common plea which I am considering. It says, "I must have time for books that do me good, and I cannot always find time for useless reading." Useless reading, I repeat; for I desire any one to tell me what good he has ever got from perusing, for instance Bulwer's novels; which many are reading at the rate of six or eight volumes a year, and so can find time for nothing else. And for reading like this—the Circulating Libraries being witness—there is time enough. But no time for philosophy,—no time for real thought,—no time for true accomplishment,—no time for thorough acquisition of knowledge. How many poor families are there in Germany, deeply skilled in music, well acquainted with some or other branches of science,—and indeed, in intellectual culture, before most of the fashionable and wealthy families in this country! And this, too, a country of abundance,—of a free and untaxed soil and gainful traffic! "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

Aye, it is faith only, faith in that which does not eat, nor drink, nor die, that we want. If to live is only to get and keep, to accumulate and enjoy, then there is no argument for high intellectual culture; then such culture, useless, visionary attainment, must be left for dreaming students, and secluded anchorites, that know nothing about the world, forsooth, and are worth nothing to it. But if there is a mind within us, worth more than all the world, and if there is a just and due interest in it; if knowledge, simple, quiet, home-bread knowledge, be counted to be worth more than all the gains of wealth, and the flaunting robes of fashion, then will all difficulties vanish before the unconquerable zeal for improvement.

So has knowledge almost always been cultivated and genius nurtured,—that is to say, amidst difficulties. Where did Franklin first cultivate the knowledge that at length bore him to the heights of fame? In a printing office. Where did Bowditch study the mathematics? In early life, on ship-board, and ever after, in hours snatched from the cares of a busy life. How did Ferguson begin to study astronomy? Tending sheep in Scotland; lying on his back upon the bare earth, and gazing upon the heavens,—map-

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ping out the constellations by means of a simple string stretched from hand to hand, with beads upon it, which, sliding back and forth, enabled him to ascertain the relative distances of the stars. Where did young Faraday commence his studies,—still young, and yet the successor in London to the celebrated Davy? He began his chemical studies, a poor boy, in an apothecary's shop. Sir Richard Arkwright, who was knighted for the improvements he introduced into cotton-spinning, and whose beautiful seat upon the Wye is one of the fairest in England, was a barber till he was thirty years old. And at this moment, there is a man in New England who can read fifty languages, who was apprenticed,—who has always worked,—and who still works,—as a blacksmith!

Many will say, I know, that they have not the genius of these distinguished men. But how, I ask, can they ever know whether they have a genius or not, so long as they suffer their powers to be buried under a mass of useless reading! Read one good, strong book,—study one problem, one point in philosophy, and you may find that you have powers of which you never suspected the existence. If I might be allowed to propose and affix a motto to this essay, it would be—LESS READING AND MORE STUDY.

Let me add one word more. Is there any young person entering into life,—entering upon a world over which have passed six thousand years of human experience,—just coming into an innumerable company of human beings, strangers to him yet? And are there any records of these ages and of these men? Can he hear the sound of their footsteps, from the dim shores of antiquity? Will he not, then, listen? Will he not desire to know something of the great story of departed ages,—of the fortunes of the Persian and the Palmyrene, of the Greek and Roman? And would he not, above all, gladly know something of the wisdom of the wise and wonderful among men? Would he not know what Socrates thought as he talked with Plato,—what eloquence Cicero uttered in the Roman forum,—or what sublime visions visited the study of Milton,—or what sage precepts dropped from the tongue of Fenelon or Taylor? Surely, ordinary human curiosity is enough to prompt the desire of this knowledge. And no longer does it seek in vain. Here is the printing-press,—the grand camera obscura of modern times;—and all men and all ages stand before us as pictures. We sit in our houses, even the humblest, with the key of universal knowledge in our hands; on every side, at our will, curtain after curtain rises before us,—and all the treasures and glories of human thought, enterprise, and action are unveiled to our view. To our very thresholds come the sages of all times, and proffer to us the ministrations of their wisdom. What loftiness would be found in communing with them!—what wisdom might be gathered from the tablets of old time!—what inspiration from the quickening breath of universal knowledge! I look for a generation that shall understand its position and its privilege!

DEATH AT SIXTEEN.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

Oh! I cannot—cannot think of her, without a starting tear,
So late in youthful loveliness, I felt her presence near;
Her healthful form of fairest mould, I seem to see her still—
To hear her sweet and gentle voice, as voice of summer rill.

Her eye of blue, like azure sky, of clear pure light above,
With soft silk fringes on the lids, shading the deepest love,
Was light that gleamed from out the heart, and rainbow hues revealed
A ray from fullest happiness, too full to be concealed.

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At twilight's calm and silent hour, on hushed lake's quiet breast,
I saw her gliding joyously as glides the waves to rest;
And music, too, was on the air, soft as Æolian strain—
I thought not then that Death was near, a *victim* soon to gain.

O, can it be that this is life! a thing so frail as this!
Like a lovely flower, that only smiles to give one thought of bliss,
And that blooms in light and beauty, a fleeting summer day,
Then all its sweetness closes up, and passes thus away.

How still she lies! her ringlets droop, of pale and soft brown hair
Parted upon her marble brow, they fall neglected there;
Her cold hands folded on her breast, her round arms by her side—
How sad all hearts that knew her well, that she so soon has died!

How she is missed from out each spot where she so late has been!
Her silent chamber thrills the heart with keenest throbs of pain;
Her music, too, of voice and string, seem lingering on the ear,
Only to fill the heart with woe, that its sound ye cannot hear!

And oh, how long life looked to her! its *far* and distant day
Seemed like the rosy path she trod, and perfumed all the way;
No tears, but for another's woe, had ever dimm'd her eye,
Her youth was cloudless as the morn, and bright as noon-day sky.

But ah, how soon the light is quenched that shone so sweetly here!
And oh! if love to God was hers, it glows in a brighter sphere—
That strange, mysterious spark of mind, shrined in the frailest clay,
Now glows amid the seraph band—*form that will not decay.*

This world we know is full of tombs, covered with fairest flowers;
But yet how soon we all forget, and think them rosy bowers!
We build our hopes of pleasure here, select a fairy spot,
But Death soon proves to our pierced souls that he has not *forgot.*

Oh! wisely—wisely let us learn that Earth is not our home,
'Tis but the trial-place of life, a race that's swiftly run—
Our precious hours are links of gold, in that mysterious chain,
That fastens to our life above, its pleasure or its pain.

Reclining on a Saviour's arm we then walk safely here—
He whispers holiest words to us, and wipes the falling tear;
If Death appears, He takes away his cruel, poisonous sting,
Then for a Home of perfect bliss He plumes the Spirit's wing!

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MODERN BRITISH ELOQUENCE.

BY N. CLEAVELAND, ESQ.

Civic eloquence disappeared with Cicero. In the courts of autocratic princes, she had no vocation, and during the ages of barbarism, which followed the downfall of Rome, her very name was forgotten. Even after the revival of letters, it was long before the vernacular languages of Europe had become sufficiently polished, or the taste of those communities where a good degree of freedom was enjoyed, such as to admit and encourage the exercise of this noble art. To call forth the highest efforts of oratory, a combination of important circumstances seems to be necessary. There must be, for instance, a general diffusion of knowledge and taste—the period must be one of stirring events—and there must be men of extraordinary abilities, ready to take advantage of the opportunity. Nay, more—it is our belief that the master-pieces of the art are never produced, when it is known that the efforts of the orator are to perish with the occasion, or at most, to live only in the memories of those who hear them. In other words, great speeches will be made only when there is a certainty of final publication. To prompt to the highest exertion of industry and talent, the orator requires, at least the prospect, of a wider field and a more lasting remembrance, than is to be found in the listless or the hungry ears which fill the places of public business or resort. Anciently this want was met, in perhaps the best possible way; for it was the universal custom of Greek and Roman orators to write out and publish their speeches. The labor-saving propensities of modern ingenuity have devised an easier method of giving speeches to the world.

It seems necessary to take into view all these considerations, to account for the *late* development of modern eloquence. Notwithstanding the general intelligence of the British nation—the refinement of its great metropolis, and the concentration of talent in its House of Commons—nay, what is more, notwithstanding the freedom of speech and debate, which, with few exceptions, has been enjoyed in that body for two hundred years—the era of *Parliamentary Eloquence* can be dated back no farther than the time of the elder Pitt. Regular reporting, indeed, did not begin until after his day. All that we have of his speeches, we owe to the occasional and necessarily meagre sketches of members and spectators. Still the eloquence of Chatham formed an epoch in the annals of the art. No one familiar with the public and private memoirs of that period can doubt that he was the most effective *speaker* of modern times. But what was the secret of that efficiency? We contemplate with vain regret the scantiness of his remains, and the few materials we have for satisfying our curiosity. Yet even in these we find passages which give us a vivid sense of his ability; passages of more than Demosthenian fire, which must live as long as the language in which they were uttered. Still there is nothing to justify us in the belief that his speeches ever exhibited that broad, luminous, philosophical range of thought, which we find often in Cicero, and almost always in Burke. There can be no doubt that he was greatly indebted to his manner. In his exterior he lacked nothing which nature could give. We are told that he was in look and action both graceful and dignified; but that dignity was the predominant feature. His countenance was wonderfully expressive. His eye, when directed in anger or scorn, had a penetrating and insufferable brightness, which most men found as difficult to meet, as they would to have gazed at the cloudless sun. His voice had great sweetness, power, and variety of intonation, and was employed through its whole range, from the lowest whisper, distinctly audible, to its highest point of loudness and key, when it filled and electrified the house. His diction was simple and select, and he spared no pains to chasten and enrich it. Add now, to these advantages, his energy and weight of character, the universal impression of his immense talents, produced by his vigorous and successful administration, even more than by his oratorical efforts; and we may have some faint conception of what Chatham was, and shall wonder less, that "rebuked by the presence of higher qualities," pride, and wealth, and rank, and power, quailed beneath the lightnings of his eye, and the thunders of his voice.

To our countrymen the fame of Chatham has always been dear. They had contributed to the triumphs, and felt the benefits of his ministerial

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career. And when, at length, other counsels prevailed; when those colonies which he had fostered with a father's care became the objects of step-motherly oppression, his mighty voice was still raised in their behalf. His was indeed a great and fortunate name; and we scarcely know that other which we would put in its place, in those beautiful and well-known words of his pious countryman:—

> "'Tis praise enough
> To fill the ambition of a common man,
> That Chatham's language was his mother tongue."

Ere the orb of Pitt went down another luminary had risen which was destined, at length, to fill the skies and brighten the earth with its prolific radiance. That Edmund Burke is by far the greatest name in the annals of modern eloquence, and in some important respects in those of *all* eloquence, is a position which few probably will controvert.

Had the claims of Burke rested only on that sort of merit which we have just conceded to Lord Chatham; had he left no other, or no more enduring memorials of his mind than Chatham left, his reputation would scarcely have survived to our time. He certainly was not remarkable for his powers of delivery. It was not by a commanding person, a flashing eye, or voice of thunder, that he gained his triumphs. Neither was *his* the gladiatorial skill of a great debater. In most of these particulars he was indeed respectable; but they are not the foundation of his fame—a fame which, though long since severed from all these artificial aids, has continued to grow and to spread.

> "The blaze of eloquence
> Set with its sun; but still it left behind
> The enduring produce of immortal mind."

To great natural endowments this distinguished man added the stores of a profound and varied erudition. His imagination was brilliant and excursive. His taste was intuitively quick and correct. But the learning of Burke was not, like that of many, an inert and cumbrous load. It was something which he always carried with ease, and wielded with dexterity. At one time it was the rattling quiver of Apollo, from which he drew many a feathered shaft; at another, it was a battle-axe in his hands which would cleave the toughest skull.

Equally remarkable was the character of his imagination. This power with him was no wild sprite, playing fantastic tricks only to amuse and dazzle; but the handmaid of reason—a creature as useful as she was beautiful. The ornament with which his diction abounds rarely fails to illustrate and to strengthen his argument. It is this which gives vivacity and richness to his style, without impairing its strength; a trait by which he is distinguished, and which he never sacrificed to less effective qualities. This property in Burke has not the severe simplicity of the Grecian master, nor the grace and flow of the great Roman model. It is rather a medium between the two; inferior in some respects, and in some superior to both. But the *distinguishing* excellence of Burke consists, undoubtedly, in the profound and comprehensive views which he brings to the discussion of his subjects. He seemed to be gifted with a deeper insight into the nature and tendencies of measures and events, than is allotted to common men. In his speeches and writings we are constantly meeting with general principles. Political science in his hands is no longer narrow and technical—a doctrine of mere expedients—for literature and philosophy, the testimony of experience and the teachings of common sense, all conspire to enhance its dignity and to enforce its lessons.

Burke was the orator and teacher not of a day—not of a single nation, or his own age merely. His political and practical wisdom was based on the immutable foundation of truth and right. He had read with intuitive eye and tenacious memory the page of human nature, the book of Providence, and the library of universal history. To these sterling qualities of mind, he added unquestioned honesty of purpose, and a philanthropic heart. Who could be better fitted, or entitled to become the instructor of his race? And such he has become. To his works, as to an exhaustless storehouse of principles and reasoning, do the statesmen of England and America resort. And thither will they no doubt resort, until a greater than Burke shall appear among the Commons of Britain or in the halls of Congress.

But Mr. Burke may be said to have belonged to a Triumvirate of eloquence—the greatest, unquestionably, that ever divided among them the empire of mind. Mr. Fox, although a much younger man, entered on his parliamentary career nearly at the same time with Burke. For a while he was willing to rank as his disciple and follower; but in a few years his growing abilities—his great skill in debate—the charm of his disposition and manners, and his superior political connections, gave him the ascendency, and made him the acknowledged leader of the opposition ranks. When some twelve years later the youthful Pitt appeared upon the scene, he found those great men in full possession of the stage. The ease and suddenness with which he vaulted to the first place of honor and power, is well known. That he should succeed against *such*

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competition, was the strongest proof of talent he could give. At the age of twenty-three years, he had vanquished an opposing majority in the House of Commons, led by Fox, and Sheridan, and Burke—had won the nation to his side—and was wielding the destinies of the British empire.

> "See! with united wonder, cried
> The experienced and the sage,
> Ambition in a boy supplied
> With all the skill of age!
> Discernment, eloquence, and grace
> Proclaim him born to away"
> The sceptre "in the highest place,
> And bear the palm away."

The oratory of Fox and Pitt was very unlike that of the great Triumvir already described. *Their* scene of glory was the arena of debate. Theirs was the skill and power acquired by the breaking of lances, by the parrying and giving of blows, in many a "passage of arms." More dexterous or powerful combatants never engaged in political warfare; a warfare maintained by them with scarce an intermission for more than twenty years. The question of their comparative great ness it would be difficult to settle, but we can easily perceive that they were very unlike. Fox was persuasive, impetuous, powerful. To strong argument and vehement appeal, he could add the lighter, but often more effective weapons of ridicule and wit. Before his rushing charge nothing, for the moment, could stand. But he was often incautious, and generally lacked that higher power, which is necessary to turn even victory to account. His antagonist had far more dignity, vigilance, and prudence. He could never be thrown from his guard. He was lofty and fluent, but not impassioned; sarcastic, but not witty. The conflict of these rival statesmen was often that of Roderick Dhu and Snowdown's knight. The giant strength and fiery valor of the highland chief are wasted on the air. But "Fitz James' blade is sword and shield." Even the personal qualities of the two men influenced, probably, in some degree the judgments which were formed of their eloquence. Who can doubt that Mr. Fox would have been even more admired, and trusted, and beloved, if to his winning manners, and brilliant powers, he had added the virtuous circumspection of his illustrious rival?

Associated with Burke and Fox in their long career of opposition, was the renowned, unhappy Sheridan. If not, as he has been called, "the worthy rival," he might doubtless in many respects have been the rival

> "Of the wondrous three,
> Whose words were sparks of immortality."

Sheridan had not the classical attainments, nor the political and general information of his great contemporaries. He could not generalize with Burke, nor debate with Pitt and Fox. But his flow of wit was inexhaustible. On great occasions, and with sufficient preparation, he could put forth the highest powers of oratory. A richer tribute was perhaps never paid to eloquence, than was universally accorded to him after his great speech on the Begum charge in the trial of Hastings:

> "In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied,
> The praised, the proud, who made his praise their pride."

Ah! what availed those coruscations of wit and eloquence, but to cast a melancholy splendor around his tarnished fame! Ah! why did he rise to such heights of renown, only to fall with wider ruin!

More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the tongues of Burke, and Fox, and Pitt became silent in death. But on none of their successors does the mantle of their high commission seem to have fallen. England has had, indeed, and still has, able statesmen, respectable orators. Grattan was ardent and patriotic; Wilberforce was as pleasing as he was good; Canning was classical, witty, and felicitous; Mackintosh was sage and dignified, and Brougham is learned, logical, and sarcastic. But though we might go on still farther in our enumeration, we must still assert in regard to them all, as was said of King David's thirty captains—none of them "attain unto the first three."

SONNET—TO SHAKSPEARE.

Mighty upraiser of the heart of man!
A stream of thought and fancy clear he winds,
Through feeling, gaining mastery o'er all minds;
Guiding and ruling as no other can.
Well may we deem that thou art God-inspired—
Great Nature is the plaything of thy choice,
The beautiful speaks in thine every voice,
The light of thy great mind the Globe has fired.

Our own dear Shakspeare! Poet of the World!
We should do all to use thee for our good,—
Spread through all lands thy wondrous mental food,—
Whose power shall cease not till Time's wing be furled.
Most comprehensive soul of any clime;
Subjector of the Universe, and Time!

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THE SCOTCH COVENANT.

BY IMOGEN MERCEIN.

"The real and exclusive Kingship of Jesus Christ, by virtue of which the Church is independent of any earthly king or magistrate, is the theorem, the Palladium, as it were, of the Church of Scotland."—D'AUBIGNE.

To every attentive reader of the history of the Church of Christ, two facts are most remarkably prominent. The one is, that at some period of her existence, each of her cardinal truths has seemed to be in danger of utter extinction, either by outward oppression or inward corruption; the other, that just at the juncture when, to human eye, the truth was buried beneath a load of ceremonies so deep that life seemed certainly extinct, the God of Zion interposed, and proved that though at times he saw fit to delay that aid which alone could foil the world and the devil, yet He "neither slumbered nor slept;" but in due time, by the right arm of his power, raised up individuals, or churches, or nations, to rescue and uphold his unchanging truth.

The Church of Rome seems at one time to have corrupted every doctrine. Repentance, justification by faith, absolution from sin by God alone, were almost banished from the church. The Pope was elected to Christ's prophetic office, for he alone was recognized as the infallible teacher; and penance, mass, and good works shared the glory of his atoning sacrifice, and robbed his Priesthood of its highest crown. And during the period of its greatest sway, when kings and emperors bowed prostrate at her feet, the Pope was publicly acknowledged as "Head of the Church,"—King of kings, and Lord of lords.

In our republican country, where "freedom to worship God" is our inheritance and our birthright, and where the civil and religious powers are entirely distinct in their nature and their exercise, it is difficult for us to realize the situation of those pious hearts who, while rejoicing in the "liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free," were outwardly bound by kingly power or priestly craft. Their struggles for freedom were in some instances glorious beyond expression, and picture forth a series of acts of moral grandeur to which naught on earth's records can compare.

Amidst the nations of the earth, Scotland stands most conspicuous for such struggles. For three hundred years, with only intervals of rest, she has maintained a resolute and unceasing conflict to uphold the kingly office of Christ. This truth, of course, embraces others; but it is this, that "Christ is King over his church to the exclusion of every earthly ruler," which the Scottish Kirk, above all others, has rescued from corruption—has maintained by the sacrifice of her noblest sons, her fairest daughters, and her quiet. To secure this, she has spurned wealth and worldly honor, and now stands a glorious spectacle for men to admire and imitate, for God to bless and prosper; and we believe with D'Aubigné, that "Scotland has a vocation from God, which vocation she is now fulfilling."

We purpose to give a slight outline of some of these struggles, but must, of course, be very brief; the detail would fill volumes. We shall commence with the arrival of John Knox in Edinburgh, in 1559. He had been long in Geneva, enjoying all the comforts of a calm Christian life, when he received letters informing him of the extremity to which his brethren in Scotland were reduced, and inviting him to return to his own country. He resolved to repair thither, and devote his life to the cause.

At the time of his arrival at Edinburgh, a number of the evangelical ministers of Scotland had been summoned before the Justiciary Court, and in eight days they were to take their trial for having taught heresy to, and excited tumults among the people. Their enemies, preparing a treacherous scheme to get rid of them by death, had met for several days in the monastery of Grey Friars, at Edinburgh, when, on the morning of the third of May, while the priests were maturing their plots, a monk, who had probably been begging about the town, rushed into the monastery, and ran breathless and pale with terror, into the room where the clergy were assembled, exclaimed, "John Knox! John Knox is come! He is here! He slept last night in Edinburgh!" If a thunder-bolt had fallen in the midst, the priests could not have felt more alarm

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They rose hastily, left the hall and convent, and dispersed, some one way and some another, in great confusion and dismay. Such was the effect produced in Scotland by the arrival of the refugee from Geneva. He lost no time, and his preaching quickly excited every mind. His friends, for his sake, feared the effects of his courage, but he remained unmoved. He determined to remain in St. Andrews, the See of the Primate, for well he knew it was at the centre of an army that the strongest blows should be dealt. On the 16th of June, he ascended the pulpit and preached before a numerous auditory, among whom were many of the clergy and armed retainers of the Bishop, who had been prepared to take the Reformer's life. Previous to the powerful preaching of Knox, the Bishop of St. Andrews fled in alarm to Edinburgh, to the Queen Regent, to inform her of the triumph of the Reformation. That princess immediately sent an army against the "lords and the people of the congregation," who then determined upon resistance. These courageous Scots, animated by the love of Christ, successively entered Perth, Sterling, and Edinburgh. The Romish worship was soon abolished throughout almost the whole of Scotland; and in June, 1560, Mary Stuart, now Queen of Scotland, and Elizabeth, Queen of England, stipulated an amnesty and an early convocation of Parliament. This Parliament, which met in August, accepted the confession of faith drawn up by Knox and his friends, and definitely abolished the Papal jurisdiction, without, however, bestowing upon the new church the yoke of the State." This liberty was soon invaded by Mary Stuart. She declared that she would remain steadfast to the Romish faith, and yet maintain within the Presbyterian church her claim of patronage; that is, the privilege of appointing ministers to certain parishes, &c. The Council of Trent had lately passed a decree for the extirpation of the Protestant faith; and the Guises of France, the uncles of Mary Stuart, had invited their niece to join in the league of Bayonne formed for that purpose. Mary hesitated not to do so. She appointed a meeting of Parliament, in which the Romish prelates were to resume their places, and ordered Popish altars to be set up in the Cathedral of Edinburgh. The restoration of Popery was about to be accomplished—it was arrested by the hand of God. Mary Stuart was dethroned, and the Earl of Murray succeeded as Regent. During his reign the Protestant church was recognized by the government, and to all appearance was fully established. James VI., the son of Mary, succeeded at the age of twelve; he was soon surrounded by parasites and flatterers, who spared no pains to bias and corrupt his mind. For a while he remained true to Protestantism, but soon his flatterers succeeded, and then those acts were passed, famous in the history of Scotland, and known by the name of "The Black Acts," which annihilated the church, and left her neither liberty nor independence. These acts decreed that the king and his council were judges competent in all matters; that "all judgment, spiritual or temporal, which had not been approved by the king and his Parliament, should be of no force; and that the bishops and ecclesiastical commissioners appointed by the king might rule in all that concerns the church."

James believed in the *divine right of kings* to its fullest extent, and was despotic in the extreme. Opposition, therefore, on this point, touched him to the quick, and except at intervals, when selfish or political purposes led to apparent concessions to the Presbyterian church, his opposition was severe and unrelenting. Act after act was passed, prohibiting their assemblies, curtailing their privileges, banishing their most learned and devoted ministers, and substituting in their places corrupt and persecuting hirelings, until prelacy, in its worst form, was established throughout the realm. His reign abounds in incidents of moral courage within that persecuted church. The prisons in which they were confined rung with the sound of prayer and praise, and the brutal keepers stood astonished to see the captives exulting in their chains, and glorying in their anticipated martyrdom.

Among the most eminent of these ministers was John Welsh, son-in-law to John Knox. His wife proved herself worthy of her father and husband. We relate a little incident as strangely characteristic of the woman and her times. Mrs. Welsh obtained an audience of the king, and entreated him to save her husband's life by granting him permission to return to his country.

"Who was your father?" asked the king.

"Mr. Knox," replied she.

"John Knox and John Welsh!" exclaimed the king. "The devil never made such a match as that!"

"It's right like, sir," she replied, "for we never asked his advice." The daughter of Knox again urging her request, that her dying husband might once more breathe his native air, the king told her he would grant it only on condition that she should persuade Welsh to submit to the bishops.

"Please your Majesty," replied the heroic woman, taking up her apron by the corners, and holding it out as if to receive the head of her husband, "I would rather receive his head here."

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In 1625 James died, and was succeeded by Charles the First, who inherited his father's despotic temper, with far more firmness of character to execute what he designed. The banishment of the pious clergy, and the impious conduct of their successors, had caused a dearth of pure preaching throughout the land, the blighting influence of which was soon felt and seen. Profanation of the Lord's day, vice and profligacy of every kind, increased rapidly, and the outward aspect of the Scottish community in the cities and villages became fearfully changed. But in the mountain fastnesses and quiet valleys, peopled by men of stern integrity, and deep, intelligent piety, the word of the kingdom remained uncorrupted; and when Charles, after a series of oppressive acts, ordered the introduction of the Popish missal into all the churches, a cry deep and loud thrilled Scotland from the extremities to the centre, and led to the performance of an act which, for solemnity, pathos, and moral effect, stands unsurpassed in the history of the church—it was *the signing of the Covenant.* A solemn fast was proclaimed, to confess the sins of the church; and then gathering into one document the old Covenant of 1581, which James himself, the father of the reigning monarch, had signed, and all the acts condemnatory of Popery, with an addition applying them to present circumstances, the Scotch laid hold of these legitimate charters of their nation, and presented them before Heaven. On the 28th of February, 1638, a great crowd filled the church of Greyfriars in Edinburgh, and in the burial-ground 60,000 Presbyterians had assembled. Henderson, the minister, fervently invoked the Divine blessing on this vast meeting, and the Earl of Loudon stated the motives which had brought them together. Johnstone unrolled the parchment on which these Scottish charters were inscribed, and read them in a clear, calm voice. When he had finished there was a deep and solemn silence, a few explanations were demanded and given; then again all was silent as the grave.

But the silence was soon broken. An aged man of noble air was seen advancing; it was the Earl of Sutherland, one of the most considerable of the Scottish barons, whose possessions included all the northern part of the British Isles. He came forward slowly, and deep emotion was visible in his features. He took up the pen with a trembling hand, and signed the document.

A general movement now took place. All the Presbyterians within the church pressed forward to the Covenant and signed their names. But this was not enough: a whole nation was waiting; the immense parchment was carried into the church-yard, and spread out on a large tomb-stone, to receive on this expressive table the signature of the Church. Scotland had never beheld a day like that. The heads of the people then said, as Joshua once said, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord;" and the people answered and said, "God forbid that we should forsake the Lord." They rushed to the tomb which covered one of Caledonia's sons, and on which was spread that charter by which the nation, in signing it, became witnesses against themselves, that they "chose the Lord to serve him." Some sobbed, some shouted, some after their names added "till death," and others, opening a vein, wrote their names with their blood. There was no confusion, no tumult. After these hours of strong emotions, this immense multitude dispersed quietly, and each man returned to his own home in peace. On the following day the parchment, to which it became necessary to add many more sheets, was carried to different parts of the town, that the inhabitants of the respective districts might affix their signatures. Crowds accompanied it from place to place, shedding tears, and imploring the Divine blessing on these acts. At the same time a remarkable improvement became visible in the life and manners of those who had signed. With the exception of one instance of trifling importance, no injury was anywhere done either to the prelates or their partisans.

The Covenant then began to make the circuit of Scotland. John Livingston was at Lanark, his father's parish, when it was read and sworn to by the minister, elders, and people. Livingston, yet a young minister, having been called upon to preach in the church of Shotts, in the year 1630, on a communion day, had passed the whole night in prayer. In the morning, standing on a tomb-stone, he preached to a great multitude from "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you," &c. The pouring out of the Spirit of God was such, that 500 persons could date their conversion from that day. Soon after, on a similar occasion, a thousand persons were either converted or reclaimed. The Covenant now arrived at Lanark, and the servant of the Most High again witnessed those powerful emotions which the Spirit of God had formerly excited in the churchyards of Shotts and Holyrood. Thousands of reformed Christians were standing with their hands uplifted, and tears falling from their eyes, while with one consent they all "devoted themselves to the Lord."

Such was the commencement of that important affair of the Covenant, which the Scottish Church was soon called to ratify with her blood.

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PERSONAL CHARACTER OF DR. CHALMERS.*

The fame of the late lamented Dr. Chalmers was as pure and beautiful, if not so immediately commanding, in this country as in his native Scotland. Well do we remember the profound sensation which was produced many years ago, in almost every circle of religious readers, by the republication of his celebrated Astronomical Discourses. Their appearance seemed almost to introduce a new epoch in theological literature. Within a limited sphere, it is true, but one of great influence and importance, the surprise, and curiosity, and enthusiasm which they called forth were scarcely surpassed by the rapidly successive productions of the gifted author of Waverley. No one could read these bold and glowing discourses without feeling that he was in the presence of a man of mark; the sparks that flew so thick on every side showed that the anvil was struck by a stalwart workman—"a workman that needed not to be ashamed." There was an air of self-possession, of conscious mastery of the subject, of genial ease, which was too robust to be altogether graceful, and of intense enthusiasm for his theme, that betrayed a gigantic intellect and a sinewy arm which Providence had "clothed with nerves and fenced in with muscles," to do valiant service in the armies of the Lord of Hosts. The freshness and vigor of style, the breadth of scientific insight, the sublime conceptions of the universe, and the tone of lofty, masculine piety, which were so conspicuous in the Discourses, attracted the attention of men of taste, no less than of those who perused them for purposes of religious edification, and at once established the reputation of the author as the most prominent champion and representative of the intellectual aspects of Christianity.

The character and genius of Chalmers, which burst so like a meteor on the world, proved to be no transient coruscation of the "evening time," but a calm, deep, perennial luminary, which, "shining brighter and brighter until the perfect day," was destined to shed a brilliant, healthful, and saving light, not only on his own nation and age, but on numberless unborn generations of the world. Who can estimate the extent and duration of his power? Who can fix a limit to the influence of those burning and scorching words, which were poured forth, often with the force and impetuosity of red-hot lava, from the kindling depths of his volcanic nature? A truly spoken word is a thing of life. The hosts of error cannot crush it; no mortal sophistry can exhaust its vitality; it defies the "effacing fingers" of Time himself.

But the purpose of the present article is not to discuss the intellectual position and achievements of this brave soldier of the cross. Following the steps of his genial and eloquent biographer, who is allied with the illustrious subject of his Memoir, both by the ties of affinity and the attractions of a kindred nature, we wish to lay before our readers a simple narrative of some portions of his life, which show the secret of his power, the original tendency of his natural endowments, and the singular and winning loveliness of his personal character.

Dr. Chalmers was born on the 17th of March, 1780, at Anstruther, a small sea-port town on the southeast coast of Fife county, in Scotland. His father, John Chalmers, was descended from respectable and pious ancestors, many of whom had been eminent ministers in their day of the Scottish National Church. Thomas was his sixth child, and as one of a crowded household, was forced to put up with a scanty share of personal attention from either of his parents. When only two years old, he was entrusted to the care of a hireling nurse, who, proving faithless and malicious, left an impression of cruelty and injustice on his tender mind, which did not cease to haunt his memory through life. From the bondage of this inhuman tyranny he was glad to take refuge in the parish school of his native village. He was but three years of age when he sought admission to this, of his own accord, in order to escape the petty persecutions to which he was daily exposed. The school, at that time, was in charge of an old man who had seen his best days, but whose love of flogging had survived his loss of sight. After he had become totally blind, he would creep behind a row of his juvenile victims, ready to deal an effectual blow on the slightest symptom of an offence. The cunning urchins soon became too wise for their master, and learned to dodge his best-aimed blows, which thus fell on the uncomplaining desk.

The few school-fellows who survive Dr. Chal-

* Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. By his Son-in-law, Rev. William Hanna, LL.D. In Three Volumes. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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mers, describe him as a regular specimen of a Scotch school-boy, strong, brave, generous, full of fun, and withal an incorrigible idler. He had no lack of talent, but could not be prevailed on to apply it. For the neglect of his lessons, he was often sentenced to the coal-hole, the punishment then in use for that offence; there he was to stay till he had finished his task, and if no boy got into the "black-hole" more frequently, none got out of it more quickly. He was always a leader in the sports of his companions, ready for every boyish enterprise, overflowing with constitutional gayety and frolic, but entirely free from any taste for falsehood or profanity. The moment sport was turned into violence, he was glad to retreat, rushing from the storm of muscle-shells which the coast supplied as ready-made ammunition, into a neighboring house. The old woman whose ingle afforded him a refuge was wont to quote this circumstance in later years, when less friendly persons accused him of being too fond of strife.

He early acquired a taste for reading. Next to the Scriptures, the book from which he received the strongest impressions was the Pilgrim's Progress. The charm of this pathetic narrative acted with power on his budding imagination, and gave it a tendency which it always retained. But it was the Bible that took the deepest hold of his memory and his heart. More than fifty years afterward, he tells us of himself, "I feel quite sure that the use of the sacred dialogues as a school-book, and the pictures of Scripture scenes which interested my boyhood, still cleave to me, and impart a peculiar tinge and charm to the same representations when brought within my notice." The tender expressions of the Sacred Writers left their musical cadences in his ear, and acted with their sweet influences on his heart, even before he was able to read their touching stories, or fully enter into their meaning. When only three years old, he was found, one evening after dark, pacing alone in the nursery, with every symptom of strong excitement, repeating to himself, as he walked to and fro, the pathetic words of David, on the death of his greatly beloved child: "O my son Absalom! O Absalom, my son, my son!"

He early resolved to be a minister. His taste for the sacred office exhibited itself while still a mere boy. The sister of one of his school-fellows broke in upon her brother and him one day, in a room to which they had retired, and found the future mighty man of the pulpit mounted upon a chair, and holding forth with incomparable unction to his single hearer, who was listening as if entranced on the floor.

Before he was twelve years of age, he entered the College of St. Andrew's. At this time he was unable to write or spell a single sentence correctly, as is shown by a letter to his eldest brother, which is still preserved. His knowledge of Latin was even more imperfect, in fact, disqualifying him, in a great degree, from making the best use of his opportunities. He was very fond of amusement. Much of his time was spent in boyish sports, as golf, foot-ball, and hand-ball, in which last, being left-handed, he displayed remarkable skill.

It was not until his third session at college, in the winter of 1793, that his intellect began to develop the vigor and activity for which it was ever after pre-eminent. His youthful faculties received their first powerful stimulus from the science of mathematics. Nor was it long before his attention was directed to ethics and politics. Two years after, in the sixteenth year of his age, he was enrolled as a student of Divinity. His heart, however, was not in this pursuit. The subject occupied but little of his thoughts. He continued his devotion to mathematics, and now made his knowledge of the French language, which he had recently acquired, tributary to that study.

At that time, the morning and evening prayers in the Chapel of the University were conducted by the theological students. They were open to the public, and some of the inhabitants of the town occasionally attended. In his first theological session, it became Dr. Chalmers' turn to pray. He took the Lord's Prayer for a model, enlarged on each separate clause, and displayed such remarkable originality and power, as to excite the admiration of all who heard him. "I remember still," says one who was present, "after the lapse of fifty-two years, the powerful impression made by his prayers, in the prayer-hall, to which the people of St. Andrew's flocked when they knew that Chalmers was to pray. The wonderful flow of eloquent, vivid, and ardent description of the attributes and works of God, and still more, perhaps, the astonishingly harrowing delineation of the miseries, the horrid cruelties, immoralities, and abominations inseparable from war, which always came in more or less connection with the bloody warfare in which we were engaged with France, called forth the wonderment of the hearers. He was then only sixteen years of age, yet he showed a taste and capacity for composition of the most glowing and eloquent kind. Even then, his style was very much the same as at the period when he attracted so much notice, and made such a powerful impression in the pulpit and by the press."

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The following passage, written as a college exercise while a student of Divinity at St. Andrew's, presents a curious contrast, by its condensed vigor and terseness of expression, to the splendid and almost bewildering diffuseness with which he was wont to expatiate on a congenial subject, when at the zenith of his fame as a pulpit orator. He afterward made use of this passage on a certain memorable occasion, with singular effect:—"How different the languor and degeneracy of the present age from that ardor which animated the exertions of the primitive Christians in the cause of their religion! That religion had, then, all the impressive effect of novelty. The evidences which supported its Divine origin were still open to observation. The miracles of Christianity proclained it to be a religion that was supported by the arm of Omnipotence. The violence of a persecuting hostility only served to inflame their attachment to the truth, and to arouse the intrepidity of their characters. Enthusiasm is a virtue rarely produced in a state of calm and unruffled repose. It flourishes in adversity; it kindles in the hour of danger, and rises to deeds of renown. The terrors of persecution only serve to awaken the energy of its purposes. It swells in the pride of its integrity, and, great in the purity of its cause, it can scatter defiance amidst a host of enemies. The magnanimity of the primitive Christian is beyond example in history. It could withstand the ruin of interests, the desertion of friends, the triumphant joy of enemies, the storms of popular indignation, the fury of a vindictive priesthood, the torments of martyrdom. The faith of immortality emboldened their profession of the Gospel, and armed them with contempt of death. The torrent of opposition they had to encounter in asserting the religion of Jesus, was far from repressing their activity in His service. They maintained their cause with sincerity; they propagated it with zeal; they devoted their time and fortune to its diffusion. Amid all their discouragements, they were sustained by the assurance of a heavenly crown. The love of their Redeemer consecrated their affection to his service, and enthroned in their hearts a pure and disinterested enthusiasm. Hence the rapid and successful extension of Christianity through the civilized world. The grace of God was with them; it blasted all the attempts of opposition; it invigorated the constancy of their purposes; it armed them with fortitude amid the terrors of persecution, and carried them triumphant through the proud career of victory and success."

More than forty years after this passage was written, in November, 1842, Dr. Chalmers met with the Solemn Convocation of the Church of Scotland, which had assembled to deliberate on the prospect of Disunion. A strong excitement pervaded the Assembly. Dr. Chalmers was the foremost leader of the noble band. Crowned with the honors of veteran service, rising among his brethren as the acknowledged standard-bearer in the cause of religious freedom, wishing to enkindle an enthusiasm which was required by the solemn exigencies of the occasion, he addressed them in the very words of this juvenile burst of eloquence and piety, with an effect that was absolutely overwhelming.

Having completed seven sessions at St. Andrew's, Dr. Chalmers formed an engagement as a private tutor in a family, which soon subjected him to severe trials. This was in May 1798, when he left his father's house to commence life, in some sort, on his own account. The day of his departure was not without its peculiar scenes. He had sent his luggage by a public conveyance, and was to travel on horseback as far as the Dundee ferry. Having bid a tender adieu to his friends, he turned to mount the horse which was waiting at the door. In the excitement of the moment, he sprang upon his back, but without an accurate observation of the points of compass, turned his head toward the horse's tail. This was too much for the gravity of all parties, and with mutual shouts of laughter, the callow pedagogue made a rapid flight from his native Anstruther.

On arriving at the residence of the family of which he was to become a temporary inmate, he found ten children, the oldest of whom was fifteen, for whose progress in learning he was made responsible. He was required to devote seven hours a day to their immediate instruction. This soon became an intolerable drudgery. The pupils were ignorant and refractory, and the parents vulgar and selfish. As the summer advanced matters were not mended. A state of open war with the whole household was soon announced. He was treated as a drudge. His position was regarded no higher than that of a menial servant. If company visited the house, he was smuggled away to his own room. He could bear this no longer, and at last adopted a remedy of his own invention. He had been introduced by his Fifeshire friends to some acquaintance in the neighboring town. If he knew there was to be a supper, excluding him, he would order one at the inn of the village, and make up a party from among his own friends. When the servant brought his solitary supper, he would direct it to be taken away, telling him that he was to sup elsewhere that night. This course soon aroused

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the wrath of his employer, who charged him with a degree of pride which was not becoming in his situation. "Sir," said he to the chivalrous young tutor, "the very domestics in the house complain of your haughtiness; you have altogether too much pride." "There are two kinds of pride, sir," was the reply of Chalmers. "There is that pride which lords it over inferiors; and there is that pride which rejoices in suppressing the insolence of superiors. The first I have none of—the second I glory in." The gentleman perceived that he had found more than his match. Chalmers soon after left the family, and returned to St. Andrew's, in January, 1799.

Although under the age required in ordinary cases by the statute, he applied at once to the Presbytery for examination, with a view to receiving a license as preacher of the Gospel. He was only nineteen years old, while it was the custom to admit none to probation until the completion of the twenty-first year. Happily, an old rule was raked up, providing that in case of "rare and singular qualities," a candidate might be received at an earlier age at the discretion of the Presbytery. Under this provision the exception was made in his favor, as a "lad o' pregnant parts," and on the 31st of July, 1799, he was licensed as a preacher. In subsequent life, Dr. Chalmers loved to allude playfully to this incident, and to the title of honor which he thus early received.

His first sermon was preached in the ensuing August, at the Scotch church in Wigar, and on the following Sabbath he occupied the pulpit of Rev. Mr. Kirkpatrick, in Liverpool. He made a favorable impression by the earnestness of his manner and the beauty of his language, although his awkwardness and the carelessness of his dress did not pass without remark. His handwriting, it may be observed, was at this time so bad (and it became worse afterward), that his father would leave his letters unread in the desk, saying that Thomas would read them to him the next time he came home.

Receiving no call for the exercise of his talents as preacher, he took up his residence in Edinburgh, where he remained for two seasons, devoting himself mainly to his favorite pursuits of mathematics and chemistry.

In 1801 he became assistant to the Rev. Mr. Elliot, minister of Cavers, a parish situated on the southern banks of the Teviot. He was indebted for this situation to the influence of his friend, Mr. Shaw, who preceded him in the office, and who was now presented to the neighboring parish of Roberton. The manse of the latter was about seven miles from Cavers, and Mr. Chalmers was invited by his friend to share it with him as a temporary residence. He accepted the proposal, and at once engaged in the zealous discharge of his new duties.

A different object of interest, however, was soon presented. The office of assistant mathematical teacher, at St. Andrew's, had recently become vacant, and with his characteristic ardor, Mr. Chalmers determined to obtain the station, the duties of which were so congenial to his tastes. He had been previously promised the living of Kilmany, and in October, 1802, was unanimously elected its minister. At the same time, he succeeded in securing the mathematical assistantship, and in the following November commenced the discharge of its functions. In this office, for the first time, he found himself completely at home. It called forth the glowing enthusiasm of his nature, and stimulated all his faculties to a high degree of wholesome and delightful tension. With him the science of mathematics was not merely the subject of intellectual investigation, but was surrounded with the warm coloring of passion. The truths of geometry were clothed with a beauty and a glory that gave a powerful excitement to his imagination, and made them almost seem as if endowed with life and personality. He was, indeed, in love with his favorite science, and wished to inspire his pupils with the same enthusiasm which he felt himself. "Under his extraordinary management," says one of them, "the study of mathematics was felt to be hardly less a play of the fancy, than a labor of the intellect; the lessons of the day being continually interspersed with applications and illustrations of the most lively nature, so that he secured, in a singular manner, the confidence and attachment of his pupils."

It was a new thing, however,—this fresh and genial ardor of feeling,—in the dusty halls of St. Andrew's. The slumbers of the principal incumbent were somewhat rudely disturbed, and he opened his eyes in alarm. The course of the frank-hearted young professor was an innovation on established usage. It was an infringement on the stiff and starched dignity of the venerable Alma Mater. An attempt was made to curb in the impetuous spirit, which threatened to break through all the prescribed limits. But the youthful innovator was more than a match for the prim dignitaries. A specimen of his temper was given during the regular public examination at the close of the session. When the turn came for his classes to be examined, instead of proceeding with the usual exercises, he stepped forward to the table and commenced a speech against the senior Professor for giving testimoni-

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als to his students before he had been consulted. The speech was long, sarcastic, and filled with bitter invective. The Academic Board was thrown into spasms. The Professor of Ethics could not conceal his wrath. The Principal of the College seized the audacious orator by the arm, and endeavored to seat him by force. One fixed his eye upon the floor in speechless astonishment; another showed that he was amused by the scene, in spite of his rage; at length the Professor of Divinity interfered; Mr. Chalmers was silenced, and went on with the examination as calmly as if he had been gathering roses of a June morning.

On the twelfth day of May, 1803, Mr. Chalmers was ordained by the Presbytery of Cupar as minister of the parish at Kilmany. This place, memorable as the scene of his early parochial labors, during which he gained the profound experience which resulted in a broader, more solemn, and more living conception of the nature of Christianity than he had before cherished, was a beautiful rural village, on the Fifeshire coast, inhabited by an exclusively agricultural population, of about one hundred and fifty families, and presenting, by its delightful scenery, its peaceful homesteads, the deep quiet which pervaded its valleys and rested upon its hills, and the genuine old Scotch character of its inhabitants, an attractive sphere for one so singularly fitted by his tastes and culture to appreciate its advantages. He took possession of the old manse, with two of his sisters, and soon made himself acquainted with every family, and a favorite at every fireside.

It was his intention to retain the mathematical assistantship, such an arrangement not being unusual in the Scottish church, and Kilmany being only nine miles from St. Andrew's, it could be carried into effect without inconvenience, on account of the distance. But this was by no means in accordance with the views of the Principal. At the close of the session he gave notice to his assistant that his services would no longer be required. This abrupt dismissal was regarded by Mr. Chalmers not only as a slight to his character, but a bar to his future advancement in the academic career. The ground for the proceeding was alleged to be inefficiency as a teacher. This appeared to him a gross wrong, as well as an indignity. His was not a nature to bear it in silence. He felt that its immediate effect must be to blight his prospects of future distinction. Accordingly, he resolved to meet it with the most strenuous resistance. He would brave the opposition to him, on the spot where it was presented. Hence he decided to open mathematical classes of his own the ensuing winter, beneath the very towers of the University, and offer a bold front to the hostility which he could not conciliate.

This unprecedented measure took St. Andrew's by storm. The descent of a hawk on a poultry-yard would occasion less fluttering than did this rash invasion on the professors and students. The whole town was thrown into agitation by the announcement of such daring rivalry beneath the shadow of the University.

The winter was a stirring one. He had three classes of mathematics and one of chemistry to conduct, in addition to his pulpit labors every Sabbath at Kilmany. But this was suited to his active and energetic temperament. It was the true element for his being to thrive in and expand. Writing to his father at this time, he says, "My hands are full of business. I am living just now the life I seem to be formed for, a life of constant and unremitting activity. Deprive me of employment, and you condemn me to a life of misery and disgust."

His lectures were crowned with signal success. The very audacity of the enterprise won the sympathy of the generous. He conquered a glorious peace by the force of his large, genial, vigorous humanity, and the very professor whose hostility had called forth the demonstration, was the first to proffer him the hand of reconciliation and friendship.

Meantime, a storm was brewing amid the peaceful shades of Kilmany. Some of the ministers of the Presbytery took his conduct in dudgeon, and resolved to summon him to account. His exercise of academic duties was thought to be incompatible with the pastoral office. On this ground he was accused before the ecclesiastical authorities; but after a spirited and powerful defence of his course, the whole proceedings were suddenly dropped.

The success of his chemical lectures at St. Andrew's induced him to deliver a course on the same subject to his parishioners at Kilmany. Among other practical illustrations of the principles of the science, he exhibited the power of the bleaching liquids. The effect on some of his simple-hearted audience may be imagined from the following colloquy which took place soon after the exhibition, between two of the old wives of Kilmany. "Our minister," said one, "is naething short o' a warlock; he was teaching the folk to clean claes without soap." "Ay, woman," was the reply. "I wish he wad teach me to make parritch without meal."

Nor did he always avoid getting into a *scrape* himself in his zeal for science. An amusing in-

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stance of his "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties" is related of him, when going to give a chemical lecture in the neighboring town of Cupar, with the contents of his laboratory in his saddle-bags. As he was jogging quietly along, mounted, probably, on a different beast from that on which he started from home, as we have seen, back foremost, one of the bottles of strong acid suddenly broke, and poured the burning liquid over the shoulders of his horse, leaving a discolored belt to tell the tale.

The war with France, which broke out afresh about the time of his removal to Kilmany, produced a great military excitement. Everywhere great fears were entertained of the descent of Bonaparte upon the British coast. The aid of the pulpit was invoked during the general panic. The discourse of Chalmers on that occasion was a genuine expression of his fiery enthusiasm. It wound up with the thrilling climax, "May that day when Bonaparte ascends the throne of Britain be the last of my existence; may I be the first to ascend the scaffold he erects to extinguish the worth and spirit of the country; may my blood mingle with the blood of patriots; and may I die at the foot of that altar on which British independence is to be the victim." Nor were these words the mere effusions of a temporary political excitement. He was ready to back them up by corresponding deeds. A volunteer corps was organized at St. Andrew's, in which he held the double commission of chaplain and lieutenant, equally ready to fight or to pray for the cause of his country.

We must here leave the biography of this eminent man, who was not less interesting for the large-hearted and vigorous humanity of his nobly-endowed nature, than for the extent of his influence, and the brilliancy of his public career, hoping to pursue the subsequent steps of his history in another article.

MAY.

Dear mother Earth!
I sit within the city's weary den,
While thou art giving birth—
Unheeded by thine aliens, called men,
As if on thee were dearth—
To fruit, and leaf, and flower, in field and glen.

Oh! would each ingrate child
With filial love return to thy fair springs;
Thy breast benign and mild,
Revitalize his dry heart's witherings—
Palsied and world-defiled,
As from his nature's fall to Eden's bowerings.

Thy green and grassy cloth,
Damask with daisies, dew, and golden flowers,
From mildew free and moth;
Thou spreadest in thine old ancestral bowers,
Rejuvenescent growth!
To tempt our feet from bloomless towns and towers.

Thy choristers above
Sing to the banquet for thy guests below,
Where May, child of thy love,
Descends on them, like bride upon whose brow
Flowers and flushes rove,
Come from her chamber to her wedding vow.

That man retains o'er all,
The spiritual thrill of his descent
From Eden, ere the Fall;
The shadow of the Tree of Life is bent
Around him at Death's call,
Who "babbles of green fields" and flow'ry scent.

Thy leafy luxury
Feeds bounty and benevolence of soul,
Which, warbling up Youth's sky,
Lark-like, drop silent to the world's control,
And "All is vanity!"
Is memory's epitaph on life's last roll.

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A SKETCH.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It was a splendid room. Rich curtains swept down to the floor in graceful folds, half excluding the light, and shedding it in soft hues over the fine old paintings on the walls, and over the broad mirrors that reflect all that taste can accomplish by the hand of wealth. Books, the rarest and most costly, were around, in every form of gorgeous binding and gilding, and among them, glittering in ornament, lay a magnificent Bible—a Bible, too beautiful in its appointments, too showy, too ornamental, ever to have been meant to be read—a Bible which every visitor should take up and exclaim, "What a beautiful edition! what superb bindings!" and then lay it down again.

And the master of the house was lounging on a sofa, looking over a late review—for he was a man of leisure, taste, and reading—but then, as to reading the Bible!—*that* forms, we suppose, no part of the pretensions of a man of letters. The Bible—certainly he considered it a very *respectable* book—a fine specimen of ancient literature—an admirable book of moral precepts—but then, as to its divine origin, he had not exactly made up his mind—some parts appeared strange and inconsistent to his reason—others were very revolting to his taste—true, he had never studied it very attentively, yet such was his *general impression* about it—but on the whole, he thought it well enough to keep an elegant copy of it on his drawing-room table.

So much for one picture, now for another:—

Come with us into this little dark alley, and up a flight of ruinous stairs. It is a bitter night, and the wind and snow might drive through the crevices of the poor room, were it not that careful hands have stopped them with paper or cloth. But for all this little carefulness, the room is bitter cold — cold even with those few decaying brands on the hearth, which that sorrowful woman is trying to kindle with her breath. Do you see that pale little thin girl, with large bright eyes, who is crouching so near her mother—hark! how she coughs—now listen:

"Mary, my dear child," says the mother, "do keep that shawl close about you, you are cold, I know," and the woman shivers as she speaks.

"No, mother, not *very*," replies the child, again relapsing into that hollow ominous cough—"I wish you wouldn't make me always wear your shawl when it is cold, mother."

"Dear child, you need it most—how you cough to-night," replies the mother—"it really don't seem right for me to send you up that long cold street, now your shoes have grown so poor, too; I must go myself after this."

"Oh! mother, you must stay with the baby—what if he should have one of those dreadful fits while you are gone—no, I can go very well, I have got used to the cold now."

"But, mother, I'm cold," says a little voice from the scanty bed in the corner, "mayn't I get up and come to the fire?"

"Dear child, it would not warm you—it is very cold here, and I can't make any more fire to-night."

"Why can't you, mother? there are four whole sticks of wood in the box, do put one on, and let's get warm once."

"No, my dear little Henry," says the mother, soothingly, "that is all the wood mother has, and I haven't any money to get more."

And now wakens the sick baby in the little cradle, and mother and daughter are both for some time busy in attempting to supply its little wants, and lulling it again to sleep.

And now look you well at that mother. Six months ago, she had a husband, whose earnings procured for her both the necessaries and comforts of life—her children were clothed, fed, and schooled, without thought of hers. But husbandless, friendless, and alone, in the heart of a great busy city, with feeble health, and only the precarious resource of her needle, she has gone rapidly down from comfort to extreme poverty. Look at her now, as she is to-night. She knows full well that the pale bright-eyed girl whose hollow cough constantly rings in her ears, is far from well. She knows that cold, and hunger, and exposure of every kind, are daily and surely wearing away her life—and yet what can she do! Poor soul, how many times has she calculated all her little resources, to see if she could pay a doctor, and get medicine for Mary—yet all in vain.

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She knows that timely medicine, ease, fresh air, and warmth, might save her—but she knows that all these things are out of the question for her. She feels, too, as a mother would feel, when she sees her once rosy, happy little boy, becoming pale, and anxious, and fretful—and even when he teases her most, she only stops her work a moment, and strokes his poor little thin cheeks, and thinks what a laughing, happy little fellow he once was, till she has not a heart to reprove him. And all this day she has toiled with a sick and fretful baby in her lap, and her little, shivering, hungry boy at her side, whom poor Mary's patient artifices cannot always keep quiet; she has toiled over the last piece of work which she can procure from the shop, for the man has told her that after this he can furnish no more. And the little money that is to come from this is already portioned out in her own mind, and after that she has no human prospect of more.

But yet that woman's face is patient, quiet, firm. Nay, you may even see in her suffering eye something like peace—and whence comes it? I will tell you.

There is a Bible in that room, as well as in the rich man's apartment. Not splendidly bound, to be sure, but faithfully read—a plain, homely, much worn book.

Hearken now while she says to her children, "Listen to me, dear children, and I will read you something out of this book. 'Let not your heart be troubled, in my Father's house are many mansions.' So you see, my children, we shall not always live in this little cold, dark room. Jesus Christ has promised to take us to a better home."

"Shall we be warm there all day?" says the little boy earnestly, "and shall we have enough to eat?"

"Yes, dear child," says the mother, "listen to what the Bible says, 'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; for the Lamb which is in the midst of them shall feed them; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'"

"I am glad of that," said little Mary, "for mother, I never can bear to see you cry."

"But, mother," says little Henry, "won't God send us something to eat to-morrow?"

"See," says the mother, "what the Bible says, 'Seek ye not what ye shall eat, nor what ye shall drink, neither be of anxious mind. For your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.'"

"But, mother," says little Mary, "if God is our Father, and loves us, what does he let us be so poor for?"

"Nay," says the mother, "our dear Lord Jesus Christ was as poor as we are, and God certainly loved him."

"Was he, mother?"

"Yes, children,' you remember how he said, 'The Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.' And it tells us more than once that Jesus was hungry when there was none to give him food."

"Oh! mother, what should we do without the Bible!" says Mary.

Now if the rich man who had not yet made up his mind what to think of the Bible, should visit this poor woman, and ask her on what she grounded her belief of its truth, what could she answer? Could she give the argument from miracles and prophecy? Can she account for all the changes which might have taken place in it through translators and copyists, and prove that we have a genuine and uncorrupted version? Not she! But how then does she know that it is true? How, say you? How does she know that she has warm life-blood in her heart? How does she know that there is such a thing as air and sunshine? She does not *believe* these things, she *knows* them; and in like manner, with a deep heart-consciousness, she is certain that the words of her Bible are truth and life. Is it by reasoning that the frightened child, bewildered in the dark, knows its mother's voice? No! Nor is it by reasoning that the forlorn and distressed human heart knows the voice of its Saviour, and is still.

Go, when the child is lying in its mother's arms and looking up trustfully in her face, and see if you can puzzle him with metaphysical difficulties about personal identity, until you can make him think *that* is not his mother. Your reasonings may be conclusive—your arguments unanswerable—but, after all, the child sees his mother there, and feels her arms around him, and his quiet, unreasoning belief on the subject, is precisely of the same kind which the little child of Christianity feels in the existence of his Saviour, and the reality of all those blessed truths which he has told in his word.

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TOO HANDSOME.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

It is quite possible for a man, or woman either, to be too handsome. We do not pretend that this is an original remark, springing from our own sapient brain; nevertheless, it is an observation which few make, and fewer still will confess to be true. Therefore we intend to enter the lists in behalf of ugliness. From this declaration it will doubtless be concluded that we are some old bachelor, ugly enough "to frighten the crows," as country children say; but decidedly such is not the case.

Having thus given out our thesis, it is our intention to illustrate it by a tale—an "ower true tale," as the annuals would write; and, moreover, we judge it best at once to acknowledge that it is a love-tale—nothing but a commonplace love-tale; no wonderful self-devotion, no "heroism in humble life," will be found therein; therefore, gentle reader, it is useless to seek it. And, after this exordium, we will begin.

Philip Heathcote lived in a country town, where he was the beau *par excellence*—the Adonis and Apollo of almost every young lady, from fifteen to fifty; and, to tell the truth, Philip was indeed very handsome. We have no intention of describing categorically his eyes, nose, and mouth, because beauty is entirely a personal matter. It is seldom that two people agree on the subject. Each one has his or her ideal of perfection, and judges others to a certain extent as they approach to or diverge from this image, formed in each mind. Ugliness becomes beauty, and beauty ugliness, according to one's own fancy. There is no glamour so complete as that of a loving eye. Therefore, let each fair one picture our young hero as resembling her own, and she will like Philip Heathcote all the better.

Philip was one of those fortunate persons who seem born with talents for everything. His conversation was winning enough to "wile a bird off the bush;" he was a man of "infinite jest," as Shakspeare has it, and possessed that ever-welcome quality of making the dullest party merry when he entered it. Then he was the best dancer, the best singer, the best flute-player, for miles round—wrote poetry, composed songs, drew likenesses—in short, Philip was a pattern of perfection. His praise rang through the country round; none were insensible to it, save one, the very last he would have wished to be so, a young girl, named Margaret Lester.

With that peculiar contradiction which characterizes love, young Heathcote's heart—if he had a heart, which some doubted—was given to one entirely the opposite of himself. Quiet, unassuming, not beautiful, only interesting, with no accomplishment save a sweet voice, which could warble forever, Margaret Lester had yet stolen away all the love which the showy, fascinating, dashing Philip could bestow, and, wonderful to tell, was quite insensible to her prize. She was not in love with any one else, that was certain; and that the sweet, gentle Margaret was heartless—oh! that was quite impossible too; but yet she did not care for Philip in the least. She never asked for his poetry; seldom sang with him; was perfectly happy to waltz with any one else; would quietly, and without changing color, acknowledge his personal and mental qualities, and praise him with the greatest unconcern. So, for months and months, these two moved through the circles of country gayety, meeting constantly, and furnishing for some time a grand subject for speculation. In worldly matters both were equal; neither very rich nor poor—well matched, as the gossips said: but it was all useless; and Philip at last, mortified with the calm indifference which his homage won from the gentle girl, ceased all outward show of it, paid attention equally to every new or pretty face, and seemed determined to dazzle and charm without ever really loving or being loved. Margaret was as apparently unmoved by her lover's dereliction as by his previous adoration. Her real thoughts on the subject were only expressed to her mother, who naturally wished to see her only child settled.

"Why could you not like Philip Heathcote?" asked Mrs. Lester. "You know, love, he has good prospects; every one admires him; he is very handsome, and is the life of all society wherever he goes."

"That is the very reason he did not please me, dear mamma," answered Margaret. "I should not wish my husband to be so fascinating; I want more than mere outside qualities; and I should be inclined to distrust a man who was so very brilliant: he would never do for home. Don't you remember Beatrice, in 'Much Ado about Nothing,' when Don Pedro asks if she will have him for her husband, 'No,' she says; 'I should want another o' week days; your grace is too costly for every-day wear.' And," continued Miss

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Lester, laughing cheerfully, "I think it is much the same with myself and young Heathcote—he is, in truth, *too handsome* for me!"

Perhaps Margaret's feelings were natural. Every true-hearted woman likes to feel proud of her lover, or rather to have one that she can rightly and justly feel proud of; there is no sensation more delicious or more unselfish than this. But we doubt very much if a woman, sincere, simple-hearted, and good, as we wish to paint our Margaret, would feel love for a Philip Heathcote, the idol of a ball-room, the admired and the admirer of all the vain and frivolous. That Philip had deeper qualities than these was as yet unknown; such was his apparent character: and Margaret was right when she said that he was too handsome and too fascinating for her.

Mrs. Lester and her daughter sat one morning at their work, when there was announced that bore of bores, a morning visitor; and one never particularly welcome at any time, the news-retailer of the place, a sort of feminine Paul Pry. Country society, alas! has not the blessing of London visiting—no dropping the acquaintance of these human barnacles. There was a suspicion twinkling in Mrs. Doddridge's little black eyes which showed that she was brimming over with news; and out the information came at the earliest opportunity.

"Have you heard of the fire?"

"What fire?" asked the ever-sympathizing Mrs. Lester.

"What! not about the fire at Farmer Western's, and young Mr. Heathcote, and his accident?" cried the delighted gossip, glancing meaningly at Miss Lester.

"I am sorry for it," said Margaret, quietly. "What has happened to him?"

"I thought you must have known—but, no; I forgot. Well, he is not quite killed—almost."

Both the ladies started; and, to their inquiries, Mrs. Doddridge answered with a long story, the substance of which, separating truth from fiction, we will tell in our own words. Philip, coming home from a country ball, had seen that most fearful of all sights, especially in a lonely country place, a house on fire. He spurred his horse to the spot, and reached it with assistance, but too late. The house was wrapped in flames, and the farmer's aged mother was still within: no one thought of saving her. Heathcote, with a sudden and generous impulse, rushed into the burning mass, and they never thought to see him return, until he staggered forward, with his burden dead in his arms, and fell insensible on the ground. When he returned to consciousness he was found to be fearfully burned, and one foot entirely crushed by a falling beam. The young, gay, handsome Philip, who had danced so merrily a few hours before, and charmed all, as was his wont, was taken home, by the gray morning twilight, disfigured for life!

Margaret Lester's kind heart overflowed with unmingled pity at hearing this melancholy story of her former lover. And then his heroic and generous deed! She could not have believed him capable of such. Her tender conscience smote her for having misjudged him, and many slight instances of his kindly feeling rose to her mind, which showed he must have had a higher and better character beneath the one in which he publicly appeared. There is nothing so sweet or so all-extenuating as the compassion of a gentle-hearted woman, though exercised toward a rejected or even a faithless lover.

Many months did Philip lie on his lonely and desolate sick-bed, for he had no mother or sister to watch over him. Some few among those who had been so charmed with him sent to inquire after the poor young man for a little time. But the interest and excitement of the event soon died away; and long before the invalid was able to crawl to the closed-up garden of the old manor-house where he lived, all had forsaken him, except one or two kind souls who sent him a book now and then out of charity. Among these was Mrs. Lester; and when at last the young man recovered, gratitude, or somewhat else warmer still, led him thither the first day he left his home.

No one had seen him since his accident excepting his medical attendant. Philip could not bear that his former friends should see how fearfully changed he was. His beautiful and classic features were scarcely recognizable for the deep scars left in his face; and his finely-moulded figure, and elastic gait, were changed into an incurable lameness. It was a fearful shock, such as nothing but a strong mind could bear. But Philip, through his long and solitary illness, had thought much and deeply; and his external appearance was scarcely more changed than his mind. Nevertheless, with all his courage, he could not repress many a bitter pang as he waited alone in Mrs. Lester's drawing-room, and caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror which had so often beforetime reflected the graceful figure of the handsome Philip Heathcote. When the door opened and Margaret entered, he could have shrunk anywhere from her view.

A hue, very slight, was in Margaret's usually colorless cheek; she looked once at the young man, and then, advancing, took his hand in both hers, and said, in a frank, earnest, friendly tone,

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that went to Philip's heart, "I am very glad, indeed, to see you here again, Mr. Heathcote."

There was no condolence, no allusion to his illness; she did not avoid looking at him, but spoke and smiled with true and kindly tact, as if nothing had happened, so that Philip's dread and embarrassment wore off imperceptibly. Once only, when he was engaged talking to Mrs. Lester, he caught Margaret's eyes fixed upon his face with deep expression. He thought, though he was not sure, that those sweet blue orbs were moist with tears; and the young man would have parted almost with life itself for one tear of affectionate pity from Margaret Lester.

He stayed a long time, and then went home certainly happier than he had often been in the days of his bloom and gayety. What Margaret thought of her old lover could not be known; she said very little; but that night she heard the old church-clock strike one before her eyes fairly closed in slumber.

Philip Heathcote's reappearance in society caused the usual nine days' wonder and excitement, and then all subsided. He was an altered man; his abundant flow of spirits was no more; he could no longer join the dance in which he had shone so brilliantly aforetime; he was often silent in company, and the belles who had so often gazed delightedly on his handsome face now passed him by with a slight recognition, or an audible "Poor fellow—how handsome he was once!" Philip had grown wiser through suffering; but still no one is ever quite insensible to the loss of personal attractions; and the "*has been*" grated harshly on young Heathcote's feelings for a long time. He gradually withdrew from society in a great measure, pleading as his reason the ill-health which he really did still labor under; and at last his visits were almost entirely confined to Mrs. Lester's, where he met no altered looks or obtrusive condolence.

And now we must turn to Margaret. She, too, was changed, not outwardly, but in her own heart. Love, under the guise of pity, had stolen in there unawares. She had been perfectly indifferent to Philip in his days of triumph; but when she saw him pale, feeble, thoughtful, without a single gay jest or sportive compliment to scatter round, treated with neglect, or else wounded by rude pity, Margaret's woman's heart gave way. She first felt sympathy, then interest, and so went through the regular gradations, until she loved Philip Heathcote with her whole soul. He, foolish man, humbled and self-distrusting as he was, never saw this: yet he nourished his affection for Margaret in his heart's core, never dreaming that it could ever be returned.

"If she did not care for me in the old days," he often thought, "surely it is hopeless to imagine she could love me now—a poor, sick, lame, ugly, fellow like me;" and he would look at himself with disgust, and turn away from the mirror with a bitter sigh. Ah! Philip Heathcote, with all his talent and brilliancy, still knew little of the depths of a woman's heart! We have heard of a man who broke the plighted troth of years because a heavy affliction—it was deprivation of hearing—fell upon the lovely girl he was to have married; and we have also heard others of his sex justify him in so doing. Such love is not like woman's; she would only have clung the closer to her betrothed in his affliction.

Philip, in spite of his conviction of the entire hopelessness of winning Margaret's heart, still continued to hover about her unceasingly. He saw there was at least no other lover in the way, and that was one comfort. It was months before his eyes were opened to his error; and how that clearness of vision was effected, history sayeth not. Very few lovers can tell the precise moment when the blessed truth rushed upon their hearts, flooding them with delicious joy. To what hope—to what a new and blissful existence did Philip awake when he knew that Margaret loved him! He counted all he had lost as nothing in comparison to the prize which his sufferings had won for him. Much he wondered at the change, not knowing that it was due to his altered character; for men look at the outward form, while women judge of the heart. But wonder and doubt were absorbed in intense happiness; for Margaret, the timid, retiring, but loving Margaret, was all his own.

Once more the town's talk was of Philip Heathcote and Margaret Lester. They were seen walking together; one had met them in the fields; another, coming home from church; Mr. Heathcote was daily at the house; surely they must be engaged!—and this once the gossips were right—they were, indeed, affianced lovers; and in due time the old village church beheld them made husband and wife. A few years passed, and the old manor-house rang with childish voices through all its desolate nooks; and Margaret and her husband might be seen oftentimes slowly pacing the dark alleys of the garden with a merry troop around them. Hand in hand Philip and Margaret were gliding down life's river, nor feared the coming of middle age, when each year brought new happiness. Had they altogether forgotten the days of their youth? Not quite; for once, when they sat watching the sports of their eldest son, Margaret said, with a mother's pride and fondness, "Is not our boy handsome,

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Philip! he will grow up almost as handsome as ——"

"As his father once used to be," interrupted Mr. Heathcote with a smile, not quite devoid of bitterness. He was still not perfect—the vain man!

Margaret arose, clasped her arms round her husband's neck, and kissed his white forehead and still beautiful eyes with intense and wife-like affection.

"You are always handsome to me, my own Philip—there is no one like you; and if I were foolish once——"

"When you said I was too handsome!" cried the happy husband.

"There, do not remember those days, I did not love you then."

"And now you do, my sweet Margaret, my dear wife," said Philip Heathcote; "and so I do not care in the least for being as ugly as an old satyr, since Margaret Lester can never again say that I am a great deal 'too handsome for her.'"

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BY JOHN MILTON STEARNS.

(SEE PLATE.)

The lights and shadows of life have seldom appeared in such marked distinctions, as in the fortunes of Mary Queen of Scots. Born heir to the throne, and left by her father's death a few months old, at once a tender orphan child and Queen of Scotland; such feebleness and power have seldom been combined in human allotment. Her childhood, exposed and unprotected amidst the fierce partisans of contending nobles and religious sects is succeeded by a youth, brilliant in promise and success. A foreign land gives her an asylum and a throne. At fifteen years, she receives the homage of France, as its Queen, in the pride of its glory and power, and for her beauty and her queenly graces, is the celebrated of all lands. She is the pattern of constancy and devotion to her youthful royal husband, such as has seldom marked the history of the French Court. But there comes a guest at these scenes of smiling gayeties, a spirit-messenger from the land of shades. With dark wings he hovers near and smiles complacent on the youthful King and bears him hence, and Mary mourns a husband dead and a kingdom lost! And then, her jealous rivals live again, and vex her life and complicate her plans, and drive her at length away. She comes reluctant to her native land. For she justly fears that beauty and graces, and a heart refined, will find the spirits of this wintry land wild like the mountains of their native homes, and fierce as the stormy tempests of the frozen north. But yet, ambition wakens within her soul the memory of her ancestors, and noble deeds of Scotland's royal kings. But let her reign and sorrows pass, her frailties, if any, be forgot; her sad misfortunes and her sorrowing life seem punishment enough for all her errors. We find her now a captive Queen. For eighteen weary years she sighs and pleads in vain for liberty, and still hopes on for better days, for herself, her son, and Scotland's fame.

But nay, Elizabeth, the boasted Virgin Queen, must sanctify her infamy of power, by shedding royal blood. Mary, her relative, must die, in middle life, because her beauty hath been praised, and the charms of Scotland's Queen awoke a sympathy for her cruel fate.

And now her hour has come, the Commissioners of Elizabeth have read to Mary her death-warrant, bearing the royal seal of her royal cousin. They read it to the end, and then announce the fact, that at the coming dawn Mary must die, as if delay would cause their hearts to fail for such a deed. As a Queen, she hears her fate announced with dignity and composure, and when the Commissioners retire, she calls the faithful servants of her captivity, and fervent prays, commending them to God, and with them Scotland's welfare, and her son's; and her own soul, rapt in affection for religion, that during

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her eventful life and various changes, seemed to have afforded her so little consolation.

A last repast is set, and supper ended, Mary makes her friends a last farewell, with *tokens* of her kindness and her love, and then retires to sleep, and wakes at dawn to die.

MARY'S REFLECTIONS ON HER FATE.

Yea, Death, I greet thee with to-morrow's sun,
An early guest, but not too early here
To bear my spirit from a sorrowing world!
The sun may shine by day, and stars of heaven
May beautify the night, and flowers may bloom
As once, responsive to my childhood's dreams,
The beautiful may clothe the bowers of earth,
And light, and shade, and song may symphonize
The harmonies of love, but not for me—
I loved these all, but now 'tis love no more.
The frown of jealousy in England's queen
Would blot out beauty from the earth and sky,
That now doth consecrate its malice darts
By offering up my blood before its shrine.
Ah, Elizabeth, my cousin! I well
Could weep for thee when Mary Queen of Scots
Shall on the night winds come and talk of all
The past! and smile, as in her joyous days,
The sweet, fond smile that won the love of all,
And show her innocence in youthful years,
Though seated on a throne, and flattered by
A fascinated world, that made her loveliness
Their theme of song, shall vindicate her reign
On Scotland's throne from partnership with crime,
Or bloody deeds, or stains of moral guilt—
Shall show her ignorance of Darnley's fate,
Or how his death was compassed by his foes,
Or that Lord Bothwell's hands were stained with blood,
When pledging his stern energy of soul
To save the Queen from all who sought her life,
And was accepted in an hour of need—
Shall show that Bothwell's sword would, made the land
Of Scotland once again of glorious power
The seat and pride, as in her ancient days,
Had not *her* voice and smile then soothed his heart,
And turned his sword away—persuaded him to trust,
To be betrayed! 'Twas Scotland's blood she spared—
And lost her throne, that Bothwell would have saved.
Loving humanity, she *trusted*—was betrayed
Into a tigress' jaws, and now her blood
Doth stain thy guilty soul, poured out beneath
The towers of Frotheringay! Elizabeth!
How pale, and wan, and ghastly is thy brow
When comes in stern array my ancestors,
The line of Scottish kings, in spirit forms,
Bearing the features of the frozen North,
Shrieking the war-cry as of Bruce's days
To scare thy guilty spirit to its doom!

* * * * *

Ah no, my spirit hush, I am a Christian!
And must forgive my friends—my enemies,
And all the world, and die at peace with God—
Die as a queen in humble majesty,
Seeking a kingdom in a better world.

THE PAST.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

The dead are holy; when the grave
Veils some familiar face,
Beneath the turf that covers it,
We bury every trace
Of recollections that would be
A stain upon that memory.

The past is like a buried friend,
Its trials we forget,
And only consecrate the hours
Unmingled with regret:
The grief—the sorrows that it gave,
Are hidden in its moss-grown grave.

And from its ever-verdant mound,
We gather, day by day,
Some fresh up-springing memories,
Too sweet to cast away—
Dear, soothing memories, that fill
Our hearts with lingering fragrance still!

Not always shall the past remain
Entombed beneath the sod;
Our faithful witness it shall stand
Before the bar of God.
Such be our lives, that it may bear
No record stern against us there.

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READING FOR THE FAMILY.

The influence upon the mental growth and the moral character of the young, which is exerted by the reading to which they have habitual access, renders it one of the most responsible and interesting duties of life, to select the proper books to become the inmates of a family. A book is often the most effectual instructor. Its silent lessons, falling upon the mind, often in its most softened moods, and accompanied with fostering influences, not unfrequently may leave an impression for good or for evil, far surpassing in strength and permanence the most wholesome personal counsel. There are many topics of importance which are seldom made the objects of special and direct instruction or conversation in the family circle. The best-educated parents often feel an incompetency or a reluctance to adopt that form of counsel which many subjects connected with morals, religion, taste, life and duty, demand for their appropriate inculcation. It is instinctively felt that, on a wide circle of subjects, including some of those most vital to success in life, the ideas of the young are mainly to be derived, if attained at all, from books. Books, in modern times, have become the great household teachers. They impart most of our ideas on all the subjects of interest; they are the companions of our solitary hours; they are our instructors where other teachers fail; they mould our opinions; contribute to form our characters; fit us for the duties and responsibilities of life, and minister to our spiritual growth. The daily food of a family is not of more consequence than what they read. Beneath the surface of much pious example and careful instruction, there may be going on, in many a family, a secret work of demoralization and death, through the influence of the novel, or the profane, or skeptical book, which is allowed to occupy the time, and influence the imagination of its members. Many a parent might trace to the reading he allowed to enter into his dwelling the corruption and depravity which have astonished him, and which no counsels nor prayers were sufficient to prevent.

We have thought that it would contribute to the great end and purpose of the Christian Parlor Magazine, to occupy a brief space in each number, in noticing the general character and tendency of the successive issues of the Press, which are brought to the notice of our readers. We shall aim only to give such an opinion of the better class of works, in the various departments of religion, science, and literature, as shall serve as a guide in the selection of reading for the family. We shall pretend to no profound criticism, because it would be out of place, and not serve the special purpose we would secure. There are many of our readers, who, ascertaining the publication of a new work, would be glad of the candid opinion of a friend who had read it. That opinion, intelligently formed, and honestly and fearlessly expressed, it will be our simple aim to give. The list we may thus furnish from month to month will serve as a guide in the purchase of books, and will probably keep the reader well advised of the current literature of the day.

A work of high historic character, and of great practical excellence, has been recently issued by Messrs. R. Carter & Brothers, 285 Broadway—*The Letters of Rev. Samuel Rutherford, M.A.* They are held in high estimation in Scotland, and, indeed, hold an honorable place in the best class of religious works. They are quaint, and occasionally tinged with a spirit of asceticism. But apart from casual defects, mostly of manner, no praise could too highly extol the deep, tender, heavenly spirituality of which they are redolent. Addressed to a great variety of correspondents, and alluding to almost every phase of religious experience, they are peculiarly adapted to minister spiritual instruction and consolation to those earnestly seeking to attain the Divine life. We could promise to the reader no such popular presentation of Christian duty and privilege as Jacob Abbott might offer; but we could assure him that in perusing these profound and earnest portraitures of religious experience, and these warm and pungent Gospel truths, his heart will be brought in contact with one of the purest spirits and most heavenly tempers the world ever saw.

History, on all accounts, deserves a prominent place in the reading of a family. Entertaining, instructive, and indispensable, it forms just the kind of mental discipline which the young mind needs. With proper care, and persevering attention, the interest kept up in a course of historic reading may be made to exceed the excitements of the novel, or of any other species of literature.

A fine series of the first class of historical works are now in course of publication by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. of Boston, for whom Mr. Putnam acts as agent in New York. *Macaulay's History of England*, in six beautiful 12mo. volumes, was first published—a most convenient and acceptable form. The type is clear, the volume portable, and the work sold at a reasonable price. The work itself we regard as one of the most attractive and powerful in the whole range of modern literature. The charms of the most brilliant rhetoric, the kindling of a lofty admiration of greatness and goodness, and the satisfaction of a sense of justice and right, combine to invest Mr. Macaulay's narrative with the highest attributes of history. Portraying one of the most exciting and important eras of modern times, nothing can exceed the magic skill with which the web of events is evolved, unless it be the interest it excites. We reckon it a most profitable and valuable contribution to our standard literature, which should have a place in every well-appointed library. The next work of their series, is *Hume's History of England*, which has long held its place as the most beautifully written, accurate, and comprehensive history of the period it embraces, in our language. It has its faults, which are now happily so well understood as to become harmless: but its great excellencies, the charm of its easy, graceful narrative, its perspicuous style, and its masterly grasp of the complicated questions of history, have never been questioned, and render it indispensable to all who desire a knowledge of English history. This also occupies six beautiful volumes. The third of the series is Milman's edition of *Gibbon's History of the Fall and Decline of the Roman Empire*. The remarkable learning, and the consummate elegance of diction of Gibbon, have been the praise of all critics. The period described is one of the grandest in human annals, and Gibbon was equal to it. The work, as it is written, was disfigured by many ingenious and cruel attacks upon Christianity. But as these vices, though great ones, are merely incidental, and as they show an aspect of infidelity now happily extinct, it may be safely said that the learned, wise, and very apt refutations supplied in Dr. Milman's notes, have destroyed their whole force. Indeed, the refutation is often so triumphant that the attack rebounds upon the author, and Christianity appears all the stronger for them. As it now appears, it may be justly regarded as a work of incomparable grandeur, and of good moral tendency. The volumes of this series are all uniform in size and style.

Another work we could desire to commend to the thoughtful perusal of our readers, is the recently published series of

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the *Posthumous Works of Rev. Dr. Chalmers*, from the house of Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, and comprised in nine volumes, small 8vo. The first three consists of the "Daily Scripture Readings," which is a series of brief, practical comments on important or interesting passages of the Old Testament, designed not so much for critical annotation as to evolve in clear and striking phrase, the real meaning of the text, and to open to the reader some of the more important trains of thought contained in it. We have thus the results of criticism, without its process; and the reader has the benefit of the vast learning, the critical study, and the profound insight of one of the most reverent and erudite Bible students the world has seen. The light he throws upon some passages is wonderful; and over all the passages he notices, he throws a charm and a halo from the brightness of his own genius, and the fire of his own piety. The thoughts are full of suggestion, opening sometimes a world of beauty, grandeur, and light. The genius of Dr. Chalmers has long been known and felt, and his works have acquired a lasting fame. But we doubt if any of his published efforts, the exceeding richness of his learning, or breadth and excursiveness of his genius, are so conspicuous as in these Posthumous Works. Three volumes, entitled "Sabbath Scripture Readings," follow these, of a more strictly practical and religious nature, and replete with thought and feeling. To certain moods of the mind and heart, these are the best of the whole. There is a serene calmness pervading every sentence, which strikingly accords with the spirit of the Holy Volume it illustrates. The seventh volume is a collection of sermons illustrative of the different periods of Dr. Chalmers's ministerial life—from the very first to the last. Aside from their value as the products of a great mind, the volume possesses a great interest as a development of mind and soul in the celestial school of grace. The gradual growth of spirituality—the augmenting breadth and power of style—the relative importance of different doctrines, as the process of sanctification goes on—the changes of opinion, incidents to a studious and eventful life—all these are sketched in enduring lines in these successive sermons. The eighth consists of "Theological Lectures," outlines of those masterly prelections that made him the Coryphæus of modern theology; the ninth of various essays on popular religious works, and lectures on Butler's Analogy, Hill's Divinity, &c. &c. Everything reveals the man of genius and piety. The whole work is a treasure of practical religious reading, from which inexhaustible stores of wisdom, piety, and truth may be drawn, and which possesses the charm of masterly eloquence and comprehensive learning. We are glad to know they are obtaining a wide circulation.

The Poems and Lectures on Art, of the celebrated Washington Allston, edited by Richard H. Dana, the poet, have been published in a beautiful volume, by Messrs. BAKER & SCRIBNER, which we can commend as a work of rare genius and literary attraction. Incomparably the first Artist of the country, it is a matter of exceeding interest to discern the traces of poetic genius, and the evidences of lofty views, acute perception, and devotional feeling, in these admirable productions. The poems display exquisite taste and delicacy of construction, rendering them often as graceful as the matchless productions of his pencil Every sentiment is pure, lofty, spiritual, and evincing a mind rapt with the vision of the beautiful, and elevated to communion with God and with truth. They will do honor to his already honorable name, and take a place among the productions in which we feel a national pride.

Messrs. CARTER & BROTHERS have issued a series of volumes, four in number—entitled the *Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons*, from the pen of Rev. Dr. Duncan, of Ruthwell, Scotland, which might most profitably find a place in the library of the family. The plan is like that of the much admired work, Sturm's Reflections, appropriating a chapter to each day of each season of the year. The attempt to blend science with religion is one of great delicacy, and demanding rare erudition and versatility. We think it was never done with better taste, or in more thorough manner. Almost every topic of natural science is adverted to, and the great leading facts connected with it brought out in a pleasing and impressive manner, while the great moral relations the truth holds to religion, are also forcibly stated. The world becomes a great temple of religion, in which every natural object is a teacher; and we have

"Sermons in stones, and books in running brooks,"

and God is seen, as the great and good Father of all, animating and sustaining all. The fine poetic taste, the comprehensive learning, the multitudinous facts, and the deeply religious spirit of the work, make it at once interesting, instructive and impressive, and particularly adapted for the reading of the young.

An important contribution to the early history of our country, which should be familiar to all readers, has been made in a work by Mrs. E. F. Ellet, and published by BAKER & SCRIBNER, entitled *The Women of the American Revolution*. It consists of a series of biographical sketches, more or less complete, of the wives and mothers connected with the most eminent personages of our Revolutionary era, or those who themselves rendered service to the cause of freedom by their own deeds or sufferings. The list is quite long, embracing many names but little known to the world, yet connected with events and deeds of greatest courage and magnanimity. The part borne by the women of that period, though less blazoned by fame, was perhaps as radiant with the highest virtues, and quite as influential upon the grand result, as that of the sterner sex, whose names have hitherto preoccupied the praises and rewards of history. The gathering of the incidents of their lives has been a toilsome work, for which Mrs. Ellet deserves the thanks of every American. She has carefully scrutinized and skillfully used her materials, and woven them into a spirited, well-composed narrative, which everywhere kindles with admiration of greatness and heroism, and displays a grateful regard for the humble virtues it commemorates. Two volumes were first published, and these led to a third, which brings to light much new matter. The work is a most useful and engaging appendix to our national annals, which will tend to reflect honor upon our country, and to throw a still brighter halo around that heroic period. We can cordially assure the reader of an unusual interest in its stirring facts and glowing style.

Humboldt's great work, *Cosmos; a Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe*, as translated by E. C. Otte, Esq., has been issued in two very neat 12mo. volumes, by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, to which we would be glad to direct the studious attention of our younger readers, as a most learned and comprehensive digest of the grand results of modern science in all its departments. It is a broad attempt to portray in popular phrase, and for popular effect, all that is known of the physical universe, together with the most reliable and favorite theories respecting those facts which stretch beyond the scope of actual experiment and observation. It does not attempt to state the processes by which the conclusions of scholars have been obtained, nor to propound any novel theories, nor to bring to light any new facts of its own. But the learned author, who has been long regarded as one of the profoundest naturalists of the world, and whose researches and studies have been truly encyclopædaic, here proposes to bring together the results of his investigations and knowledge, and thus to sum up the present state of the physical sciences. The competency of the venerable author for such a work is most unquestioned, and the result is, as we said, a comprehensive, erudite, and useful picture of the universe as far as known to human research. It abounds with interesting facts, and is written in a style of grandeur befitting the theme. The translation is free and accurate.

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CONTEMPLATION.

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The Christian Graces, No. 2.—Hope.

POETRY BY CHARLES JEFFERYS, MUSIC BY STEPHEN GLOVER.

Moderato ma non troppo.

p

1. Mourner! why this fruitless

f p

p

sor - row? Let me soothe thee with my lay; Darkest night hath brightest mor - row, So shall

sf

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sad-ness pass a - way. Heavy is thy heart with an - guish, Sorely are thy thoughts op-

p

pressed! Mourner! wherefore dost thou languish? I am here, to give thee rest, Mourner! wherefore dost thou

sf Cres.

Dim. Ritard.

lan-guish? I am here to give thee rest.

f Dim. Ritard. Cres. a Tempo. *fp*

2.

My blest mission is from heaven,
Thither let thy thoughts ascend;
Free thy heart from earthly leaven,
Thou shalt know me as thy friend;
Be thy prayers and adorations
Made unto that bright abode;
I will lead thy aspirations,
To the temple of thy God.

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OUR NOBLE HERITAGE OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY PROF. PORTER, YALE COLLEGE.

It is no mean heritage to which we have been born, that we have the English language for our mother tongue. It may well be questioned, whether it is surpassed by any ancient or modern language, either in the measure of its capacities, or the readiness with which it adapts itself to uses the most varied. We freely acknowledge the almost *endless* copiousness of the wonderful Greek, and are entranced with the surprising perfection of its structure. We are excited by that vivifying energy which causes a German sentence to beat as with the pulsations of life, and are startled by those meaning whispers which it sends to our ears, as from the spirit-land. But when we turn and read with the eye, or chant with the voice, the poetry of our own Shakspeare and Milton, or mark the graceful ease and the majestic strength which run along the prose of Bacon, of Dryden, and of Burke, we are satisfied more than ever with our own language, and pause, before we yield to any other a higher place.

True, the English is our mother tongue—and we should not forget, as we judge of its sweetness and its power, that our infant lispings first labored to utter its words, and that by its measures, as warbled from a mother's voice, we were lulled to our childhood slumbers. Its familiar household words have become so identified with the realities which they describe, and the emotions which they awaken, that when clothed in a new language, we hardly know them as our own. On the other hand, we may not forget, that its words have become so common to our ears by early and constant use, that we are insensible to much of the sweetness which is borne upon their sounds and the power which their combinations enfold; that he who in his maturer years acquires a new language, sees in it a freshness which has been worn off from his own, by the soil of frequent handling.

As is the English language, such is the literature, of which it is at once the armor of strength and the glittering robe of beauty. I have spoken of the perfection of the language, because language and literature ought never to be considered apart from each other. The one is the body, the other the spirit. By a mutual influence, they act on each other, and, advancing with an equal pace, they carry each other forward, to a common point of splendid attainment.

It is the glory of this one nation, and its grand peculiarity which it shares with none other, that the English stock, in the mother and the daughter land, have ever felt that principles were their life — their dignity — the essential condition of their true well-being. For principles have they thought, debated, and written; for principles have they fought, and bled, and died. This high-souled reverence for principles, and this earnest desire to call them into actual existence and living efficacy, was early fixed in the English stock, and has ever been a marked constituent of the English character. Their history has called it into the most active exercise, and nurtured it to a manly growth,—or, rather, they themselves have made their history to be but one sublime record of strenuous and determined efforts, to give to principles their lawful influence. It has been secured to them by their institutions, or, rather, they themselves have persisted in animating their institutions with the life-giving power of principles. From the time when Alfred instituted the trial by jury, have they been seen to secure to themselves the permanent blessing of one lofty truth after another, by enshrining it in the maxims or statutes of law, till at last the whole of their judicial and civil polity has come to be, not, as with other nations, a material frame-work of dead power, but a living body, the habitation and the servant of a living soul.

The British Constitution has been denied to have a real existence, forsooth, because its letters cannot be traced by the pen, and its articles counted by the fingers. "The genius of the British Constitution" has called forth many a sneer as an unreal and imaginary thing. But when the cry has been rung through the land,— "The constitution is in danger!" arbitrary kings have been made to feel, and resisting lords to know, that the rights of Britons must be respect-

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ed, or the earth would yawn to swallow up the throne, the palace, and the baronial halls, of which it seemed to be the firm foundation. And their unwritten common law,—what is that but the majestic voice of the English people, as it has called for equity and reason, in cases which could not be regulated by literal enactments, and in exigencies which could not be provided against by specific statutes? This voice often made itself heard in the ear of a Mansfield, and gave form and spirit to those maxims, which make our own courts the sanctuaries of justice.

The influence of this feature of the English mind, thus asserting to itself a being and a field of action, thus developed in the history of the English race, and matured and perfected in their institutions, as it has given a character to English literature, is most obvious. Not only has it imparted to every species of writing this peculiar English cast, but it has given birth to hundreds of volumes of a controversial and philosophic character, which stand as noble trophies, erected, as trophies were of old, of the tough and splendid armory which bold knights have employed in the stern and manly strife for truth. To this strife the English mind has ever been girt with a devoted energy; and its collected results are a species of literature unlike that of every other people. Why need I name in proof and illustration, those ten thousand controversial tracts, political, theological, and moral, which could float in no other air but the free air of England, and which, borne upon its breezes, have rung in the hearing of every fireside circle, and given a new topic of conversation to every alehouse? Why should I speak of the majestic and philosophic eloquence of a Hooker, or the honest ardor and the fervid indignation of a Milton, both mail-clad champions in no fancy tilt, or ladies' tournament, but in the real strife,—victory or defeat? English eloquence has also battled in these stern contests, and has received from them its splendid and unrivaled glories. It is because it has contended for principle, that it has gained its manly tone, its onward directness, its condensed and fiery logic. Hence is it so contrasted with the wordy vastness of the French declaimers, and the passionate fury of their best debaters. In the Parliament, it has given us the earnest humanity of Fox, the resistless energy of Chatham, and the far-reaching and majestic philosophy of Burke. In the pulpit, it has left as its memorials the silvery beauty of Bates; the witty pungency of South; the solid and instructive reasoning of Barrow; the searching directness and the apostolic fervor of Richard Baxter.

The English mind is prepared to excel in every department of poetry and fiction. Whatsoever demands vigorous and lofty imagination, fervid feeling, high-wrought passion, condensed and controlled by a severe and delicate taste, whatsoever also calls for broad and resistless humor or flashing wit, we should know beforehand would be best achieved by the English character, as concentrated and made doubly powerful by wonder-working genius.

What has been achieved by English genius is matter of history. The trophies of her achievements glitter, as they hang along the cloistered recesses, the high-arched halls and the solemn temples, which constitute her spacious dwelling-place. Why need I name her pre-eminence in the drama, which is unchallenged by the world? There is the splendid circle that adorned the age and reign of the Maiden Queen, whose names may be matched with the greatest of the ancient drama, and with them would stand unsurpassed in the world, were there not one greater than all. The rolls of dramatic genius display but one Shakspeare, rightly styled the myriad-minded, the man who had ten thousand minds in one. Now is he the thoughtful, the high-minded Hamlet, who, while he spurns all baseness as pollution, and is nerved with a noble daring to crush it, is yet o'erburdened by his excess of thought, and fails to be equal to the high demands of times so out of joint. Anon he is the fiery Lady Macbeth, not bloody by nature, nor dead to the relentings of her noble self, but hurried on, by the hot impulses of an eager ambition, to the perpetration of that which o'erwhelmed her house in gloomy horror. Then, again, he dances around the witching caldron of those hags from hell, with shriveled arms and bony fingers. Anon he floats over our heads, piping to us the wild music of the unseen Ariel; and then moves in the merry measures in which fantastic fairies sport. And yet Shakspeare himself, with his amazing resources, and the transmuting magic of his genius, would not have been what he was, with any other than the English character from which to collect his materials, nor with any other than that English mind of his own, by which to mould and shape them.

In the higher region of poetry purely imaginative, the elements of the power of which are lofty thoughts and sublime conceptions, kindled into an intense and glowing heat by elevated purposes and fervid feeling, who is there, except the Italian Dante, who can be compared with the English Milton? And it cannot be but that Milton's sustained and majestic strength, as it

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marches forward to the solemn music of his matchless verse, places him upon the loftier height. Talk not of the Iliad, with its heroes bespattered with brains and blood; which, though unrivaled for the charms of its graphic descriptions, the dewy freshness of its images and the wondrous harmony of its verse, is not and ought not to be compared with Milton in sublimity or power. None other than the intellect, the fire and the dignity of the English mind, could have produced a Milton. I may not pause to speak of Spenser, with his liquid and harmonious verse, and his affluent and delightful imagery, who, though equaled, and perhaps surpassed by his Italian master, stands among the poets of England in letters of gold. England's poets have also struck the resounding lyre, with no mean inspiration, and though we claim not that Dryden, and Collins, and Gray, have surpassed those of other lands, we yet do know that English fire can strike from its strings the notes that stir the blood, as the sound of a trumpet.

In the lower but pleasant department of fiction we love to trace the presence and influence of our national peculiarities. The master-pieces of Bunyan and De Foe, the Pilgrim's Progress and Robinson Crusoe, — those books which in childhood we read again and again, with such keen delight, and which, if we relish them not now that we are older, we do but confess ourselves insensible to true genius,—these reflect to us the honest English mind, in all its love of truth and its robust and native sense. To say nothing of the novelists of the last century, whom I name not lest I should be misunderstood, he whom we call the magician of the north, a wonder almost as great as Shakspeare, is every inch an Englishman. None but his truly English vein of humor, of sense and dignity, could have strengthened those tastes in the mind of Scott, which, as an inspiring enthusiasm, were the secret of his power. None but true English life and English history could have furnished him with his ample and suitable materials.

To the other characteristics of the English people is to be added one more. It is, indeed, the spring of some that have been named, and modifies them all. I mean their pervading belief in Religious Truth, and their general sensibility to Religious Obligation. This is true of the English mind at large; and should it ever cease to be a fact, then would the greatness and the glory of the English character as certainly decline. There is inwrought, through the frame-work of social and domestic life, a reverence for its tremendous truths, and a frequent and serious reference to the results of an unseen world. Their views of religion respect it as the purifier of the springs of action, and the rightful sovereign of the whole man. They despise as profane mockeries the gaudy pageantry, that fills up the aspirings after immortality, which the Parisian feels, and behold with unaffected horror the solemn splendors of St. Peter's, even in the thrilling ceremonial of the holy week. To the honor of the English nation be it said, that neither a skeptical and God-denying philosophy, nor a demoralized and licentious taste, has ever gained but a temporary foothold in the heart of the English character.

Never could Shakspeare or Scott have wrought the wonders which they did, except as they sprung from a people, elevated by hearty religious faith, and as they themselves reverenced, most honestly, its work upon the soul of man. Man as known by them was man with a moral nature, godlike in its capacities for good—terrific in its power for evil. In its triumphs for good are comprehended all holy and blessed affections, all delightful sympathies, all noble and sublime achievements. The world's great dramatist could never have touched the chord of the human heart with such a hand of power, had not he known this master string, to which they all respond with a harmony so divinely sweet, or with which, if out of tune, they jangle with a discord so harsh and horrid.

Such are the characteristics of England's literature, as it is affected by the Principles, the Spirit and the Faith of the English people. Its other features, those which distinguish it, in common with all the literature of modern times, from that of the ancient world, it was not the design of the writer to consider.

The literature of England is a noble inheritance. The world can show no other like it; and it is *our* inheritance. It becomes us to honor the memory of the illustrious dead who have left it as their bequest, and not to be ignorant of the value and extent of the treasures which they have laid up for us in our houses. Enshrined as it is in a language fitted to its high and varied offices, which can sparkle in a song of Shakspeare's, and swell the sublime rolling of Milton's verse, it is a noble repository of just principles, and of manly and heroic sentiments. The study of it, not the reading merely, is fitted to discipline the intellect to the sturdiest strength, and to inform the soul with principles of pure uprightness, of self-sacrificing virtue and exalting faith.

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"NOTHING TO COMPLAIN OF!"

BY CATHERINE M. SEDGWICK.

In this great city there are characters, facts, and combinations of events that may point a moral, without the unwholesome exaggeration of a stimulated imagination, or the false coloring of fiction. There are precious jewels that do not need the arts of setting to show them off, and false brilliants that a little close observation may detect.

It is a more gracious task to attract by examples than to warn by beacons. I therefore begin my lay-preaching by a passage from an old journal, which, as the social relations are constantly changing, may now be published without an invasion of the domestic sanctuary.

"I called yesterday to see my friend, Mrs. ——. I love to go from the somewhat over-furnished and over-adorned palaces of our rich citizens, to an abode, like my friend's, where everything expresses the triumph of moral over physical existence. I had been told that my friend's mother, now ninety-two years old, was suffering from an acute rheumatism; and when Mrs. —— invited me to follow her into her mother's apartment, I confess to a cowardly shrinking. I expected to see the helplessness of childhood, without its loveliness, suffering under pangs that crush the strongest manhood. I had rather subject my faith to any other trial than the spectacle of a suffering child, or the oppressed helplessness of second childhood. Great was my astonishment and delight at seeing the old lady sitting upright in her chair, with an expression of firmness, serenity, and cheerfulness, that formed a halo around her. She is of short stature, but in width little shrunken from the English amplitude of her dimensions. She is an Englishwoman by birth, and even now bears testimony to the superiority of English physical training. That enduring nerve and muscle was never produced in our heated rooms, and in-door life. The infancy and youth of this beautiful age was never nurtured on candies, pies, and cake."

Age has come, but, like a friend, gently to loose the bonds of life, and open the gates of immortality. Even its infirmities are turned to happy use. Her memory is weak, and scarcely retains an impression of passing events. As soon as the agony of pain is passed, she forgets it, and reverts to a grateful sense of the blessings left her. In reply to my inquiries, she said, "I am better than one could expect to be at my age,—*I enjoy everything*,—they say old women are complaining, but I have *nothing to complain of!*"—"Is this a fortunate result of imbecility, or is it an hallucination?" thought I. I believe my face expressed this mental inquiry, for my friend said, "This has been the temper of my mother's whole life; in all circumstances she has been content, grateful, and cheerful." I involuntarily contrasted her with one of my acquaintance, a silly and petted child of luxury, who, having the broad, continuous sunshine of her life overcast by sudden illness, expressed her astonishment that, after twenty-seven years of prosperity, "it should enter the head of the Supreme Being to afflict her!" This was her reverent expression, her more reverent feeling! Daily and hourly we hear murmurings from the spoilt children of prosperity, if but a shadow fall across their path. They seem to fancy themselves made to bask in sunshine, and sunshine made for them. They voluntarily class themselves with lizards, butterflies, and snakes, and forget that it is when the grub is laid away in darkness that it does its appointed work, and fulfills its destiny.

The old lady had a slight access of pain while I sat by her, and after it passed, she said, in reply to some expression of concern from me, "Indeed, I have nothing to complain of!" And the sweet serenity of the smile with which she said it, was worth a thousand written arguments for Providence.

I looked around the apartment of my old friend,—it wanted some of the comforts, and many of the appliances, that the luxurious deem indispensable, and use thanklessly. In truth, she has little, according to the vulgar estimates, to thank the world for. She once lived in prosperity, and therefore must be conscious of its absence; but she finds "*nothing to complain of.*"

She is the only sister of a painter whose name is well known among British artists. He spent much of his life in Rome, and has enriched his

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country with pictures whose engravings, I am told, adorn the studios of our best artists. He, I presume, was married to the arts, and in that high connection overlooked the ties of nature. His sister has found nothing to complain of in his seeming neglect, but pleases herself in cherishing his memory, and cherishes with happy affection every relic associated with him. By a singular fatality, she has but one near relative in the world, my friend, her daughter. She has distant relatives in England, but as they are well-conditioned, and have not sought her, she does not seek them; and in their neglect, which would have converted less genial elements into misanthropy, she sees "*nothing to complain of.*"

Others not so well-born, or well-bred, or well-endowed, or in early life so marked by the accidents of fortune, certainly not entitled, as she now is, by the consecrations of time and many virtues, are surrounded by "troops of friends," by all the respect and observance that should wait on age.

From her friends have fallen away—generations have passed off—light after light has been put out—and yet she finds "*nothing to complain of.*"

One blessing is left to her—worth all the world without it—her faithful child, who, like an angel, keeps her patient watch beside her mother, from year to year. With this infinite blessing of filial devotion, better than children and children's children, who gather round the rich man's bed, waiting for death to make its transfers—with this possession, and the heavenly temper that turns all the sour and bitter of life to sweetness, I, too, feel that my old friend has "*nothing to complain of.*"

I SHALL BE A KING.

BY MISS S. H. BROWNE.

The eldest son of the Duke of Hamilton, who would have inherited his titles and honors, died in his youth, rejoicing in the Christian faith. A little while before he departed, he said to his younger brother, "I am going to die, Douglas; you will be a Duke, but I shall be a King!"

Come, sit beside me, Douglas—close by me, on the bed,
And we will talk the while you bathe my ever-aching head.
Turn up the hour-glass, brother, and place it where mine eye
Can mark with what relentless haste the silent hours go by:
Few yet remain to me, I ween, and those so darkened o'er
With languor and with suffering, I cannot wish for more;
Nay, do not turn thine eye away in pity or in pain,
I know 'tis written on my brow that life is on the wane!

I do sometimes remember how in our childish plays—
And we've not long outgrown them, those happy, sportive days—
Thou oft wouldst weep that thou wert not the favor'd "eldest son"—
Thou little dreamedst that my race would be so early run!
Nay, Douglas, nay, forgive me—I meant thee not to grieve,
I gain far nobler honors than those I'm glad to leave:
Death seems no more a mournful and melancholy thing—
And, brother, thou wilt be a Duke, but I shall be King!

Reach down the blessed Bible—I'll show thee where 'tis writ,
And well we know 'tis truth Divine, each word and line of it.
Oh, let me charge you, brother, more earnestly to seek
Thy portion in that better land of which I love to speak:
Here is the chart to guide us along life's dubious way,
To the clear sunshine which illumes that everlasting day!
My soul doth anchor on the hopes these blessed pages bring—
Yes, Douglas, thou may'st be a Duke, but I shall be a King!

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PALESTINE.

BY E. W. B. CANNING.

Woe for the homes of ancient Israel! Woe for the goodly heritage and the pleasant land! For the feet of the oppressor hath trodden down its glory, and the wrath of Jehovah is dark upon its mountains! The mighty have perished, and the beautiful languish in captivity! Mourn for the harp of Israel; for the daughters of music have ceased, and there is no voice in their halls! "The shouting for the summer-fruits, and for the harvest, is fallen; gladness is taken away, and joy out of the plentiful field, and in the vineyard there is no singing, neither is there shouting." The Ancient of Days hath forsaken his people, and the idolater buildeth his shrine on the hill of Zion. The rose of Sharon hath forgotten to blossom; the excellency of Carmel hath departed, and the glory from Lebanon; and the beauty of the land is clad in desolation!

Thus mourned the Genius of Palestine, sitting on Judea's solitary hills, mantled in the sackcloth of ages.

There is one listener on whose ear this lamentation falls, cold and heavy as the earth-clod that buries departed love; whose hope struggles to dash the cup of despair which his own suicidal hand has mingled. It is he whose fathers were lords of the Holy Land; to whose obedience were promised the blessings of Gerizim, and against whose apostasy the curses of Ebal were thundered;—the once proud Israelite, now forsaken, despised, exiled, fallen. His name is a by-word, and himself an outcast among the nations, asking no sympathy, and dead to consolation. If ever, in his solitariness, the stirring memory of the primeval glory of his people awaken the burning spirit of olden time, the remembrance of his iron slavery quenches the dawn of hope, and stifles his first gasp for freedom. It may quicken his blood, and swell his pulses of pride, but the mantling flush is blanched anon in a cheek of shame. For him the past has no solace, the present no joy, and the alleviation he hopes from the future is a far-off blessing. He has sinned with enormity, and the vengeance of the Omnipotent follows him; the abominations of Israel have cried to Heaven, and the sun of its glory has gone down with a curse.

Yes, he hath sinned, but not beyond redemption. The sun of Israel hath set, but not forever. "They shall look upon Him whom they have pierced," and their "captivity shall be turned like the streams of the South." There shall yet be a gathering from the farthest nations, even from realms by the ancient Jew undreamed, and the Tribes shall hail a resurrection of joy in their fatherland.

Genius of Palestine! resume thy harp, and again sweep the strings with the song that has slumbered for ages! Seen by the dimless light of prophecy, lo, the beauty of a second creation bursts in splendor from thy desolation! The greenness of Eden again clothes thy wildness; the tall old groves again cluster on thy thousand hills, and again the fountain leaps from its cavern to sport in the sunbeam. The harvests again nod in gold among thy valleys, and the slopes of thy mountains are mantled with the rich, dark clusters of the vine. Once more the stag bounds joyously among the fastnesses of Naphtali; the birds break their silence in an endless rapture, and their melody fills all thy echoes. The husbandman goes forth to harvest with mirth and shouting unknown, even in thy happiest day, and the sheaf-laden wain is welcomed home by the mingled voices of son and sire, of matron and maiden. Valley and hill-top are alive with the holy joy, and the land rings with the bursts of an immortal jubilee.

Free, happy, beautiful Palestine! No foe shall ever again blow the trumpet of war upon thy sacred mountains, nor shall the shock of battling hosts disturb thy lasting repose. Jerusalem shall sleep in security without her towers, and Galilee's placid waters no more flash with the gleam of the Assyrian spear: it shall mirror a glorious sky that smiles forever.

Shades of the Prophets! The Jew hath "believed your report;" his lion heart hath put on the meekness of the lamb, and tears of penitential joy dim the eye that looks to Calvary—and to Heaven.

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ORIGIN AND USES OF POETRY.

BY HORACE DRESSER, ESQ.

The history of poetry is partially enveloped in uncertainty, until specimens of this sublime art manifest themselves in the holy temples of the Hebrews and at their altars of sacrifice. Though the belief is based partly on conjecture, yet there are circumstances which strongly indicate that poetry has existed ever since man became possessor of language, and first exercised his voice in praise and adoration to the Almighty. Although it be not probable that it received those forms with which it was afterward clothed, yet that *afflatus* which is independent of rules and solely constitutes its essence, was unquestionably infused into language uttered in devotion. The sublime conceptions and exalted ideas which religion and a Divinity presiding over the universe impart to the minds of worshipers, would naturally be expressed with that force and amplitude of thought which alone are characteristics of genuine Poesy. That fervor of feeling and intensity of soul, which agitate and bestir all the mental powers when anything great and interesting engages, are the true and efficient causes of the enthusiasm of the poet.

At that period when the host of Israelitish vassals, beholding the discomfiture of their oppressors in the Red Sea, descanted their supernatural deliverance, the song and poetry probably first became united. The execrations and benedictions of the patriarchs were uttered in language highly poetical. But little, however, is gathered of the cultivation of this art, till it appears in surpassing excellence in the palaces and at the oblations of the kings of Judea. Elsewhere than here, poetry, perhaps, never attained a pitch so elevated, nor was ever employed in purposes so ennobling and dignified. It is here made the language of address to the Deity—ministers to his praise in the consecrated courts of the temple—accompanies the vibrations of the harp—conveys the instruction of proverbs—and speaks forth the plaintive lamentations of prophets. O transporting spirit of Poetry! Thou art beheld ennobled in the melodies of song; receiving attention from princely rulers; aiding the votaries of religion; imitating and picturing out the works of Nature; yea, giving life to inanimate creation.

In this ancient and enthusiastic art there is that which embellishes and gives latitude to thought, enlists the passions and inflames the imagination. Nothing strange that the Latin bard should imagine something in his transcendent art, to which he gives the appellation *divine*. The art of poetry flourished and was carried to a high degree of perfection in Palestine, in the reigns of David and Solomon; it became known in after days to the learned men of Greece, and among them was raised to a state of excellence unequaled except by the Jewish nation. Its productions in that perfecting soil might justly have claimed an equality with those in the Holy Land, had the Grecian religion been divested of fable, and calculated to impress as distinct and clear notions of futurity and a Supreme Being as was that of the Jews. Notwithstanding the absurdities of their mythology, the Greeks have indebted the world for examples of poetic genius, which all succeeding nations will leave unrivaled. Homer, that master-spirit of genius and proprietor of invention, carries to posterity convincing evidence of ingenuity in poetry, which will remain while man can be charmed by his rhapsodies, or roused by heroism. Never did the philosopher of Stagira propose in his poetics a plan so perfect, or teach doctrines so apposite to guide in the formation of a work destined for immortal fame, as are here exhibited; a series of transactions is here exposed, in which heroes are concerned, and gods interested; scenes, in which all that is noble and magnanimous on earth, and all that is powerful and commanding in heaven, is displayed to view. It has stood the great archetype of epics through posterior ages, and subsequent poets, profiting by its example, have reared on its plan superstructures which have honored their names and distinguished their times.

The Augustan age, which boasts of poems truly admirable and ingenious, owes its celebrity for light of knowledge to the coruscations of genius emitted from the luminaries of Greece.

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But the muse of poetry confines not her favors to those periods alone. From hints derived from the sacred oracles and combined with the method of the divine Meonian, the scenes of Lost Paradise are placed before the imagination, and the thoughts travel "beyond the visible diurnal sphere," and mingle with the beings of another world. Unsparing in her bounties, in the same realm she commissions Shakspeare "to hold the mirror up to Nature." Deference to the infancy of our nation forbids the mention of more masters of this most eminent of the liberal arts, lest disrespect should be offered to names already engraven on the tablets of fame. Her literature will never receive that polish which shall attract the admiring gaze of posterity, and excite the acclamation of contemporaries, till the beauties and ornaments of poesy shall become firmly incorporated in works. Till emulation shall arouse her to vigilance in this department of the fine arts, and she is made to believe the maxim of Democritus and Plato, that there can be no good poet "without a tincture of madness" or enthusiasm, she must rest satisfied with mediocrity and submission to superiors. Before she can enter the lists and contend for excellence with those nations, which learning and antiquity have rendered venerable, she must have measured the heights of invention, and discerned the sublime and beautiful.

To please the soul and quicken its sensibilities—to abstract it from low and groveling scenes—and give things that agreeable coloring which corresponds to its desires, are the great and primary objects of all poetry. To this end the poet directs his irresistible forces, and applies his mysterious energies. From him, language borrows a charm, that soothes the agitated spirits; from him words breathe a pathos that melts the soul to pity and tenderness; and to him belongs a power which can rally feelings to phrensy, or sink them to despondence. No wonder, then, that the ancients should conceive this species of language to be the language of their deities, and call those who spake it divines. Unquestionable is the fact, that by something peculiar to themselves, this class of writers commanded such a degree of wonder and applause as rarely happened to others. Though the end of this art be primarily to please and arouse, yet most commonly the poet aims to convey instruction, and combine utility with pleasure. Uncontroverted will remain the importance of this art, while the experience and unanimous consent of the ancients offer testimony thereto. Those who stand foremost on the catalogue of illustrious worthies, were themselves its votaries, or, at times, made it their pleasant and agreeable resort. The attention bestowed by them on this branch of polite learning, evidently operated to give their writings that polish and splendor which outshine the most luminous of modern compositions. To this art the ancient rhetoricians and preceptors of philosophy owe, in part, that elegance and smoothness which so palpably characterize their works.

Universal are the materials, broad the principles, and mysterious the agencies of the poetic art. Nature in her vicissitudes; men in their pursuits of conquest and glory; and, in short, all the operations of the natural and moral world, afford themes whereby the poet can display his powers. Licensed in the use of language, he marches unimpeded to the accomplishment of purposes beyond the reach of prosaic uniformity. By a skillfulness his own, the passions and emotions yield obedience to his numbers, and the sentiments gain loftiness and grandeur from his style. This art at his command, he is enabled to penetrate the strongholds of the heart, while at the enclosures of which the orator is forced to pause. But the orator, allying to his this important art, is doubly prepared to captivate, to please, and to persuade. The musician, by the union of song and sentiment in the measured lines of verse, gains ascendence over the mind, and is triumphant. The philosopher acknowledges its superiority over his science, inasmuch as it appeals to the vehement affections of the mind, allures by pleasant images, and entices by harmony of sounds; while philosophy deals in dry demonstrations—branches into speculation—and addresses herself only to reason. His science, when graced by the beautiful forms of poesy, becomes irresistible. While History engages in registering the occurrence of events, investigates facts, and abides by invariable rules; Poetry consults no boundaries of time—confines herself to no one path—nor hesitates at conjecture. Her paths are universal as her materials. Time has been when Poetry was the only instrument by which historical knowledge was transmitted to posterity; the only means whereby legislators inculcated their laws; and priests and philosophers conveyed their doctrines. Antecedent to the invention of letters, her voice was the exclusive medium through which all events and transactions worthy of memory were proclaimed. That community whose inhabitants can justly estimate its beauties, can relish its treats, and distinguish its excellences, will cultivate this branch of the fine arts, and with avidity strive to accelerate its growth. Then may a Milton be honored, and not descend to the tomb unrewarded

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and neglected. No penury shall then damp the poet's ardor, nor parsimony of the public let pass unrequited his productions of genius. With passionate fondness and anxiety will his labors be patronized and greeted. Never will these incomparable standards of ancient verse have answered the end which they deserve, till remotest generations shall have received them as invaluable legacies.

Needless would be the effort to exhaust a theme capacious enough for volumes. Praise too great cannot be bestowed on that art whose foundations are lodged in human nature; whose uses have supplied the exigencies of records and monuments; whose materials are scattered throughout the territories of earth and the regions of heaven; that art whose relations extend to the sensibilities of the soul; whose tendencies open an inlet of pleasure and advantage to the perceptions of the mind, giving it a tone of feeling which harmonizes with the sublimities of Nature, and leading its ruminations to Nature's great First Cause.

PICTURE OF HEBE.

BY MRS. E. J. BAMES.

"Youth is the heaven of our existence."

Goddess of Youth! thou who wert fondly deemed
  Immortal in that other earl'er time;
Thou, whom the Greek in his charm'd slumber dreamed
  The radiant vision of a fairer clime—
Thee the skill'd sculptor knew, in days of yore,
  And carved thy limbs in rare perfection's mould;
The haunted canvas thy bright image bore,
  While minstrels sang, and bards thy beauty told.

What marvel that the Parian stone could give
  A life-long memory to thy blooming face?
Or, that the raptured artist sought to live
  Beside those features of exquisite grace?
High praise to them, and to the minstrel's lyre,—
  Praise to the poet's pure impassioned pen:
To thoughts and voices, touched with Promethean fire,
  In all thy early charms thou liv'st again.

Emblem of Youth! thou bringest unto me
  Delicious memories of that April-time,
When my young heart was happy, careless, free,—
  And kept in tune, with every pleasant chime.
All vanished now! Those golden hours are past—
  We scarce can dream of their return once more;
But thou, bright semblance! thanks, that thou hast cast,
  For one brief hour, thy spells my spirit o'er.

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PERSONAL CHARACTER OF DR. CHALMERS.

No. 2.

In the year 1806, Dr. Chalmers having arrived at the twenty-sixth year of his age, an event took place which was destined to exert an important influence on the development of his religious character. This was the lingering illness of a favorite brother, which terminated in his death, on the 16th of December. George Chalmers was greatly endeared to the other members of the family, by his fine, sunny disposition, his manly bearing, and his uniform frank and generous kindness. Having chosen the maritime service as his profession, at the age of twenty-three, he was promoted to the command of a vessel sailing from Liverpool to the West Indies, and between her voyages, often cruising in search of French ships, with letters of marque, during the war which at that time existed between Great Britain and France. These voyages were fruitful in dangerous adventures, and in the course of one of them, he was subjected to exposures that laid the foundation of a fatal disease. "We sailed from Barbadoes," says George, "on the 17th of May, a single ship, with twenty guns and fifty men, and on the 23d fell in with a French privateer of ten guns, which ran on board our quarter, and attempted to board us. Two days afterward, we fell in with the Fairy, a French privateer of twenty guns, and one hundred and fifty men. She engaged us to leeward, within pistol shot, for the space of an hour. We received her fire with calmness, and never returned a single shot, firing only our small arms, till she came alongside us, and grappled us on our fore and main chains. Then we gave our broadside. Our guns were all loaded with round and grape shot. They made an attempt to board us, but we picked them down faster than they cut our nettings; at last they were obliged to shear off with a great loss. I perceived numbers of dead men on their deck, and their scuppers ran with streams of blood."

At the close of this fight, George lay down on the deck of his vessel, and while sleeping in the open air, imbibed the seeds of the malady which was soon to bring him to an early grave. The symptoms of consumption showed themselves, and with the hope of obtaining relief, he returned to the scenes of his childhood; but the effect of his native air proved only of transient benefit. In November, his disease had made alarming progress, and his friends were reluctantly obliged to abandon their hopes of his recovery. The mind of the drooping sufferer was in an enviable state of acquiescence and serenity. He cherished no terrible anticipations of the last struggle; he was free from the usual querulousness and impatience of lingering disease; and in the exercise of the most gentle affections, combined with a strong religious faith, he presented on his death-bed a beautiful example of Christian peace. When reduced to such a state of weakness as to be unable to help himself in the slightest degree, his mind was perfectly unclouded, and he continued to receive great delight from hearing religious books, which were read by some member of the family every evening at his bedside.

Among those which he particularly relished, as adapted to minister to his spiritual wants, in that hour of trial, were the pathetic and deeply devotional discourses of John Newton. This was one of the books which Thomas regarded with strong aversion, and had recently gone so far as to denounce from the pulpit. Leaning over the desk, and turning toward the congregation with the most emphatic expressions of disgust, he remarked, "Many books are favorites with you, which, I am sorry to say, are no favorites of mine. When you are reading Newton's Sermons, and Baxter's Saint's Rest, and Doddridge's Rise and Progress, where do Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John go to?" But a new impulse was given to his thoughts, as he was called to read some of these books to his dying brother. He could not but suspect that they contained more truth, were of deeper significance, and possessed a more vital efficacy, than he had been led to imagine. Their sweet and elevating influence on one "speedily appointed to death" could not be mistaken. George died on the 16th December, 1806. It was the first time that the sacred circle of their family affection had been broken, the first time that they had been separated from a near relative by death; and the impression on the mind of Thomas was of the deepest and most powerful character. It may be regarded as the first step

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toward the remarkable change of religious views and character which, in the subsequent portions of his life, give such a striking direction to his inward experience and his outward activity.

A few months after this event, Chalmers paid his first visit to London, and has left a record in his journal of the impressions made upon his mind by the scenes of the great metropolis. He entered, with deep interest, into the social life of London, formed the acquaintance of several distinguished literary and scientific men, and allowed no object of curiosity to escape his critical examination. Returning to Kilmany in July, he devoted himself to his parochial duties and favorite studies with even more than his usual zeal, "having," as he says, "come down to Scotland more of the country parson than he was ever in his life before." During the next year, he was again called to accompany a beloved member of his family through the gloom of the sick-chamber into the shadow of death. His sister Barbara died in August, after experiencing the greatest sufferings, and leaving a pure and cherished memory in the hearts of the survivors.

Soon after her death, having been invited by Dr. Brewster, the Editor of the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, to become one of the contributors to that work, he requested that the article "Christianity" should be entrusted to his pen. The composition of this treatise makes a new epoch in his life. He had now arrived at a peculiar stage of his experience. The feelings awakened by the death of his brother George had acquired fresh vigor by the recent decease of his sister. He had more than begun to suspect that his former religious position was founded on error. He wished to submit the whole subject to a complete revision, and definitely ascertain the full import of the Gospel, of which he was a minister.

His speculative theories concerning the evidences of Christianity had experienced no change. Of the great fact of a Divine Revelation he cherished no doubt. The proofs by which it was sustained were fully settled in his own mind. He early arrived at the conclusion that the historical evidence of Christianity was entitled to the greatest degree of validity, and that little value can be ascribed to what is called the internal evidence, considered irrespective of the external. In a lecture delivered about this period, he indulges in certain strong and characteristic expressions, in regard to the diminished prevalence of infidelity. "There is a puppyism in infidelity, for which I have no patience. I thought that now a days both gentlemen and philosophers would have been ashamed of it. At the commencement of last century, one had some credit in sporting the language of unbelief and infidelity—for they were supported by the countenance of Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke, who, in addition to their being peers of the realm, had a sufficient acquaintance with their mother tongue. But infidelity, like every other fashion, has had its day; and since the masterly and triumphant defences of our English divines, it has been generally abandoned by the superior and more enlightened classes of society, and, to use the words of an Oxford professor, is now rarely to be heard of but in the language of bakers, and brewers, and bricklayers, and bell-menders, and bottle-blowers, and blackguards."

But though at this time his faith in the divine revelations of the Bible needed no accession of strength, his views of their influence on personal character were about to experience a radical change. Hitherto he had regarded Christianity as an external, superficial, almost mechanical system, mainly conversant with ethical relations, and laying no claim to the profound, vital, spiritual efficacy, which he afterward learned to consider as its most glorious characteristic. With the frank and transparent truthfulness which was always an essential trait of his character, he made no concealment of his aversion to the evangelical sentiments, which had then less prevalence in the Scottish Church, than at the present day. He passed through the routine of his pastoral duties with diligence and fidelity; but his heart was not in the work; the attractions of literary and scientific speculation exerting a more powerful influence over his feelings than the spiritual interests of his flock.

The sudden decease of a near relative, under peculiarly impressive circumstances, in the summer of 1809, contributed to deepen the effect that had already been produced on his mind, by the bereavements of a previous season. He received the intelligence of this event while prostrated by a severe attack of illness. The disease from which he suffered was of long duration. Having sufficiently recovered to visit his native Anstruther, he was thrown into a relapse, by the exposures of the journey, contracting a new illness, which was no less serious in its character, than momentous in its effects on his spiritual experience. For four months, he was a close prisoner in his room; for more than half a year, he was unable to enter his pulpit; and it was over a twelve-month before he gained sufficient strength to resume the regular discharge of his duties. His bodily powers were greatly reduced by the illness. His frame was emaciated, he lost every vestige of the corpulence to which he

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before had a tendency, and his whole appearance was that of premature old age. His mind, however, was not touched by the disease. He displayed his usual mental vigor; his perceptions were perhaps almost preternaturally acute, and his sensitive organization was quickened into a state of tremulous delicacy, on which every impression acted with a strange and subtle feeling. The image of death, with which he was surrounded, seemed to fill his mental vision. He had seen two members of his family borne away by the inexorable destroyer; two other sisters were threatened with the same fatal malady; a beloved relative had been cut down at one fell stroke; and it seemed as if the whole circle of kindred were doomed an early death. The family was seized with a panic. The mind of Mr. Chalmers did not escape the influence. He believed that he should not long survive. The grave opened in his path, and for weeks he gazed with earnest and solemn eye on the spectral form which he saw approaching. "My confinement," said he, at this time, in a letter to a friend, "has fixed on my heart a very strong impression of the insignificance of time, an impression which, I trust, will not abandon me, though I again reach the hey-day of health and vigor. This should be the first step to another impression still more salutary, the magnitude of eternity. Strip human life of its connection with a higher scene of existence, and it is the illusion of an instant, an unmeaning farce, a series of visions and projects, and convulsive efforts, which terminate in nothing."

Under the influence of such impressions, his past life appeared to him like a vain and feverish dream. Seduced by the charms of temporal objects, though in the elevated form of a passion for science, he had lost sight of the solemn and sublime grandeur of Eternity. Though not destitute of a lively religious sentiment, he had not given the supreme affections of his soul to the Creator. He could no longer be content with this superficial and shadowy semblance of religion. His former faith was not sufficient. It could not sustain the test of a sick-chamber, or of the prospect of death. He now felt that a great and vital change was necessary. He resolved to live henceforth under a deep sense of his immortality. Devoting himself, with all the earnestness of his fresh and vigorous nature, to the service of God, he sought to realize the spiritual perfection which became an immortal being, living "with Eternity in view." Such a life, he felt, had been led by multitudes of Christians in every age of the Church, and his highest ambition was now to follow in their footsteps. Like the illustrious Pascal, he would make the sublime walks of science subordinate to the more sublime walks of faith. This step marks an important epoch in his religious progress. It was the awakening of his heart to a higher consciousness of spiritual realities. It did not proceed from any change in his speculative belief; but on the contrary, was the occasion of radical modifications of his doctrinal views.

He now resumed his pastoral labors with a fresh interest, and a livelier sense of responsibility. Every duty and every event was brought to bear on his spiritual improvement. With untiring devotion, he pursued the work of self-discipline, maintaining a vigilant watch over every thought, emotion, and action, weighing out his words with scrupulous caution, and never for a moment losing sight of the lofty perfection, which he had made the leading aim of his life. But before a year had elapsed, he made the discovery that no ethical endeavors can supply the function of divine grace, as revealed in the Gospel, and that the intense personal consciousness, which he cherished, was not the state to which was promised the gift and the mystery of Christian salvation. The immediate occasion of this change in his mind, was the perusal of Mr. Wilberforce's celebrated "Practical View." This work is remarkable for the clearness and simplicity with which it enforces the peculiar characteristic of Christian holiness, showing that it is nothing less than the restoration of the divine image to the soul; that it is produced, not by human strength, but by the Spirit of God, and that it is the effect, and not the cause of the reconciliation of the sinner with his Creator. With all his familiarity with the Scriptures, Dr. Chalmers had hitherto obtained no clear conception of this cardinal doctrine of the Gospel. He now learned that the system which is founded on the condition, Do this and live, can impart no permanent spiritual peace, nor can even ensure any sincere and worthy obedience. For the first time, he fully comprehended the import of the promise, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He became conscious, from his own experience, that the entrance of this belief into the heart occasions serenity, joy, and a holy trust, while the righteousness which we try to work out for ourselves, eludes our grasp, and mocks us with a delusive show of peace, which can never satisfy the immortal yearnings of the soul.

No one, in the impotent struggle after ethical perfection, had ever striven with more earnestness to meet the high requirements of the Divine law. But the law rose in its demands as he rose in his endeavors. "It still," as he tells us,

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in those inimitable sketches of his experience, which have all the naïveté of the confessions of Augustine or Rousseau, with a more profound religious and psychological significance, "it still kept ahead of him with a kind of overmatching superiority to all his efforts. His attempt to scale the heights of perfection, to quell the remonstrances of a challenging, and not yet appeased commandment, was like the laborious ascent of him, who, having so wasted his strength that he can do no more, finds that some precipice still remains to be overcome, some mountain brow that scorns his enterprise, and threatens to overwhelm him." After every effort to recover the immeasurable distance from the high and heavenly morality set forth in the law, he found himself "a helpless defaulter from the first and greatest of its commandments." He could find peace only in the free promises of God through the Lord Jesus Christ. After passing through the great spiritual struggle, like that which prepared Loyola and Luther for their future influence on the history of the race, instead of falling like Loyola on the bosom of the Church, and seeking salvation in the observance of her prescriptions, he cast himself, like Luther, on the bosom of the Saviour, and devoted himself to the duties of life, as one who had been freely reconciled to God, through Jesus Christ his Lord.

Having now recovered his health, he resumed his usual activity, doing with his might what his hand found to do, and devoting himself with enthusiastic energy to the various interests which claimed his attention. Among other objects which he had at heart was the completion of the manor at Kilmany, which was undergoing a thorough system of repairs. He engaged with ardor in the embellishment of the parochial grounds, planting trees, preparing grass plats, and laying out walks and alleys in the garden. With his warm interest in chemistry, he had anticipated the introduction of gas-lights, and believing that in a few years all private houses would be lighted by this method, he had tubes laid throughout the manse, that all might be ready when the scientific epoch should come. His plan for the arrangement of the garden, it must be owned, was more creditable to his passion for science, than to his perception of beauty. He fell into the error, which savored less of good taste than of pedantry, placing all the plants and flowers in regular mathematical lines, making every plot and bed in the form of a geometric figure, bringing all the conic sections into play, and on each side of a circle or ellipse, installing a parabolic or hyperbolic bed, covered with its allotted kind of vegetation.

The manse was the scene of genuine Scottish and clerical hospitality. He seldom spent a day alone. Having completed his studies in the forenoon, he gave himself up to social enjoyments. If no one came to the manse, he would go in pursuit of company. The neighboring town of Dundee afforded a valuable resource. He there found many agreeable families, who delighted in his society, and among other friends, Professor Duncan, an old college acquaintance to whom he was greatly attached. The difference in their characters gave a peculiar zest to their intercourse. Duncan was quiet, gentle, somewhat reserved, but full of warm feeling and generous sympathies. Chalmers, on the other hand, was naturally gay, imaginative, excitable, with a lurking passion for fun, sometimes amounting to almost a boyish love of harmless mischief.

It was about this time that the fashion of drinking coffee began to invade the rural abodes of Scotland. Mr. Chalmers did not fall in at once with the new custom. Always fond of experiment, he invented a beverage of his own, an infusion of burned rye, which he insisted was in no respect inferior to the most fragrant Mocha. This was a point of difference between him and Mr. Duncan, who was a warm advocate of the genuine article. After many disputes on the comparative merits of the rival liquids, they at length decided to test them by experiment. The exciting trial was to take place at Dundee. Mr. Chalmers brought with him a specimen of his rye-coffee, as he declared, of the most exquisite flavor. The experiment was entrusted to the care of a discreet young lady, the sister of Dr. Ramsay. A select company of coffee-drinkers was assembled. Each guest was to be furnished first with a cup of the best Mocha, and then with one of the native Kilmany, the verdict of the majority to decide the question. Miss Ramsay had received her instructions from Mr. Chalmers. The coffee was handed round, and all pronounced it superb. The second cup was then presented. Each connoisseur gave his verdict against it. Mr. Duncan, in particular, who made a *wry* face as he tasted it, cried out, "Much inferior, very much inferior!" Mr. Chalmers, who had been laughing in his sleeve meanwhile, burst out in irrepressible glee, "It's your own Mocha coffee—the second cup is the same as the first."

Another instance of the power of the imagination over the senses, equal to that which duped the Dundee coffee-fanciers, was often related by Mr. Chalmers as having taken place in the house of his great-uncle, Dr. Chalmers, of Kilconquhar. A company of ministers were visiting at the manse, where several of them were to pass the

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night. Among the guests was a Mr. Gray, who not being in the best odor with his brethren, was often the subject of their raillery and quizzes. The question arose as to the relative power of the senses and the imagination. The argument ran high, Mr. Gray taking the side of the senses, all the rest that of the imagination. At last the debate was suspended, and the combatants parted for the night. Mr. Gray was the first to retire. His opponents devoted the interval to getting up a trick, which should convince him of his error by an effectual *argumentum ad hominem*. They all wore wigs, which the servant took at night to be powdered for the next day. Mr. Gray made his appearance in the breakfast-room at an early hour, with his new-powdered wig, fresh and fragrant as a rose. One of the brethren soon joined him, and immediately showed every symptom of perceiving a most offensive odor from the wig. Mr. Gray gave it a careful examination, found nothing out of the way, and began to laugh at his friend for his folly. The next one who came into the room declared that there was a very strong smell of brimstone, which he at once traced to the wig. This put a stop to Mr. Gray's laughter, and he began to scent the wig once more for himself. Still he found nothing wrong, till a third, a fourth and a fifth, dropping in one after another, and all making the same complaint of the unlucky wig, he at length threw it from him, in a paroxysm of disgust, exclaiming, "Why, the fellow *has* put brimstone on the wig."

Among the noticeable fruits of the change in Mr. Chalmers' religious views, was the increased interest with which he devoted himself to the study of the Bible. An old neighbor, who had once seen better days, was in the habit of familiar intercourse with him, and often expressed himself with the frankness of a privileged person to his younger friend. One day, before the illness which has been described, said this man, John Baltrow, "I find you aye busy, Sir, with one thing or another, but come when I may I never find you at your studies for the Sabbath." "Oh, an hour or two on Saturday evening is quite enough for that," was the reply. But now the change was evident to all his acquaintance. Whenever John came to the manse, he found Mr. Chalmers eagerly poring over the pages of the Bible. He could not but be struck with the difference, and told one him one day, "I never come in now, Sir, but I find you aye at your Bible." "All too little, John, all too little," was now the answer of the new-born pastor.

On the 4th of August, 1812, Mr. Chalmers was married to Miss Grace Pratt, with whom he had become acquainted during a long visit which she had made in the family of an uncle at Kilmany. He had been induced to lead a single life until the age of thirty-two, both by the narrowness of his professional income, and a certain reluctance to incur the risks and uncertainties of a matrimonial connection. He was, however, singularly fortunate in the choice of a wife, the lady proving, in all respects, an admirable aid in the great purposes to which he was devoted, and entering with the most congenial sympathy into the elevated sphere of spiritual religion, when his soul had at length attained to the enjoyment of perfect peace.

A visit from the celebrated Baptist, Andrew Fuller, who passed a day or two at the manse, was a source of high gratification to Mr. Chalmers, and he was accustomed to allude to it as one of the brightest recollections of his Kilmany life. Nor was a less delightful impression made on the mind of Mr. Fuller from his brief intercourse with his congenial and warm-hearted host. He perceived the rare intellectual endowments of Mr. Chalmers, which, combined with such purity and elevation of character, held out the most brilliant promise of usefulness to the Church. The difference between them on subordinate points of discipline did not chill the fervor of their friendship, nor disturb the serenity of their religious communion. Mr. Fuller foresaw the eminence to which his friend was destined to attain, and could not conceal his congratulations that such energy and boldness were to exert their influence in the cause of truth.

Among other suggestions, Mr. Fuller urged upon him the importance of laying aside his manuscript in the pulpit, and trusting to the spontaneous glow of extemporaneous address. "If that man," said he, "would but throw away his papers when preaching, he might be king of Scotland." Mr. Chalmers consented to try the experiment, but after using every means for success, it proved a signal failure. He selected a subject, made himself master of its bearings, fortified his own thoughts by extensive reading, noted down the heads of his discourse, and then went into the pulpit, leaving his phraseology to the inspiration of the moment. But he found no power of utterance at his command. The very wealth of his materials embarrassed his expression. He could compare his experience to nothing but a bottle of water, which, when nearly empty, discharges itself freely, but if almost full, parts with its contents only with jerks, and explosions, and sudden stops, being choked by its own fullness. After repeated attempts, he renounced the hope of success in extempore preaching, although, in composing his discourses, he always kept the

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presence of an audience in his mind, to which he was striving to impart his own convictions.

The article on "Christianity," for the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, to which he had devoted so much attention, was published early in 1813. It produced a general sensation in the theological world, no less by the vigor and originality of its argument, than by the peculiar views which it presented of the evidences of the Christian Revelation. With an exaggerated sense of the value of the historical proofs, Mr. Chalmers endeavored to establish the divinity of the Gospel solely on the authority of miracles. Rejecting the accumulated and powerful mass of evidence drawn from the internal character of Christianity —a species of evidence which has been so effectual in confirming believers in every age of the Church—he narrowed the question to one of exclusive historical testimony. This early called forth the most decided protest, from several friends, on whose judgment he reposed a great reliance. But he could not be tempted to controversy on the subject. With the remarkable candor which was a characteristic of his well-attempered nature, he listened to every objection; and was finally led to the conclusion that his view of the question was one-sided, and declared in the most explicit terms his conviction that "the written word itself possesses a self-evidencing light and power for manifesting its own divine original, superior to the testimony of eye-witnesses, or the evidence of miracles, or those supernatural gifts with which the first teachers of Christianity were endowed for accrediting their divine mission."

The peculiar beauty of Mr. Chalmers's character, as developed by the higher views of religion which he now cherished, was signally displayed in his ministry at Kilmany. During the first seven years of his charge in that parish, his parochial duties excited but little interest in his mind. He manifested little solicitude for the spiritual welfare of his flock. He never spoke to them, in his pastoral intercourse, of their religious state and prospects. Unless specially requested, he never engaged with them in prayer. He devoted two or three weeks in the year to the visitation of his parish, but the duty was performed in the most hurried and negligent manner. With the great mass of his people, he held but the slightest intercourse. If he met them on the road, they were kindly accosted, but his dreamy and absent manner showed little cordiality; and after the first salutations were over, they would gaze after him, in wonder, as a strange, mysterious being, who lived in a different world from their own, and whose pursuits, if they could understand them, they would probably be far from approving. He bestowed little time or care on his preparations for the pulpit. Often he would not begin them until the Sabbath morning, finishing his discourse at a single sitting. It is not surprising that his ministry was unpopular and ineffective. His church was thinly attended, and his parochial duties were without fruit.

With the change in his religious experience, his ministry assumed a new character. The spiritual care of his parish became the supreme object of his interest. His first occupation, on recovering from the illness which had so long made him a prisoner, was to visit all the sick, the dying, and the bereaved, among his people. His singular delicacy of feeling and his great personal reserve rendered this a task of no easy nature. But it was performed with such exquisite tenderness, such deep sympathy with every condition, and such genuine religious emotion, that a brief visit was sufficient to pour a flood of light and comfort into the heart of the sufferer.

He now commenced a visitation of his parish, which, instead of being completed in a fortnight, occupied the whole year. He divided the parish into districts, so arranged that the people of each district could be accommodated in some neighboring school-house or barn. At these meetings he would go through a thorough examination of all the inhabitants; old and young, male and female, were required to stand up in their turn, and not only give the answer as it stood in the catechism, but show that they understood its import. These examinations were universally attended, and called forth the deepest interest. In addition to them, he opened a class in his own house on the Saturdays, for the religious instruction of the young. This measure was highly gratifying in its results.

But it was the pulpit, after all, which formed the chief engine of his power. He bestowed the greatest care upon his weekly preparations. Instead of the two or three hours, which they once occupied, they now engaged every moment of his leisure. The great burden of his preaching was the free gift of salvation through Christ. He presented this in every possible form, and with every variety of tone and attitude. Laying aside his manuscript for a few moments, "he would bend over the pulpit," said one of his old hearers, "and press us to take the gift, as if he held it that moment in his hand, and would not be satisfied till every one of us had got possession of it. And often when the sermon was over, and the psalm was sung, and he rose to pronounce the blessing, he would break out afresh with some new entreaty, unwilling to let us go, until

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he had made one more effort to persuade us to accept of it." "His ministry then, as afterward, was eminently practical. He set his face against every form of evil, both in the pulpit and out of it. He particularly pressed upon country people thorough honesty and uprightness, and the practice of the law of love, by abstaining from all malice and evil-speaking. The ostentation of flaming orthodoxy, or talk of religious experience, when not borne out by the life, was the object of his thorough abhorrence."

Under these earnest ministrations, the aspect of the Kilmany Church soon experienced a remarkable change. The blank wonder with which the few villagers that attended divine service used to gaze on the preacher, was turned into a deep, intelligent, and serious interest. Even the dullest were aroused from their stupidity. He delivered the message of his Master with such plainness of speech, that the most sluggish minds were moved by his fervid appeals. The church was filled to overflowing with eager listeners. The fame of his wonderful discourses spread throughout the neighborhood, and a throng of persons came every Sunday from the adjacent parishes to hear the thrilling strains of the fiery-hearted evangelist.

In 1814 he was urgently solicited to leave Kilmany, and assume the pastoral charge of the Tron Church in the city of Glasgow. This step was thought to be of great importance to the interests of vital religion in that city. After long deliberations and many struggles, he decided to accept the proposal. But he could not leave the flock to which he had so faithfully ministered in the sequestered vales of Kilmany, without a pang. He was tenderly attached to the people and neighborhood. It cost him the most acute suffering to break the tie. Looking to the hills which bounded his peaceful valley, and waving his staff to them as if in sad farewell, he said to a friend who was walking by his side, "Ah, my dear sir, my heart is wedded to these hills." More than twenty years after, when all Scotland was ringing with his name, as he revisited the scene of his youthful labors, he exclaimed, "Oh, there was more tearing of the heart-strings at leaving the valley of Kilmany than at leaving all my great parish at Glasgow." For some time before his final leave, the little church at Kilmany was so crowded, that one of the large windows at the side of the pulpit was taken out, that those who could not find admission into the house might be able to hear the discourse on the outside. His address at parting with the inhabitants of Kilmany was delivered to an immense auditory, and is well known to the admirers of his genius, as one of his most powerful and characteristic productions.

With his removal to Glasgow, the first volume of his Memoirs is brought to a close. On the appearance of the remaining volumes, we may resume our narrative.

BE IN EARNEST.

From the dead, and from the living,
  Sounds of many voices fall,
And, in notes of solemn warning,
  This the burden of them all:
Let each voice call forth another,
Be in earnest, friend and brother,
  Life will soon be done.

Toiler! for thy home bread-winner,
  By the sweat upon thy brow,
Be in earnest, for the blessings
  Thy strong arm may gain thee now;
What although thy path be lowly,
Let its aim be high and holy,
  And its end is won.

Son of genius! be thou earnest,
  See the harvest ripe to reap;
Labor to fulfill thy mission,
  And thy heavenly gift to keep.
While the noonday sun is shining,
Lo! the shadow is declining—
  Merit now thy meed.

Son of wealth! why wilt thou languish
  When thou may'st be earnest too?
The reward is more exceeding,
  Easier is the task to do:
While thy cup is overflowing,
To be liberal in bestowing
  Upon all who need.

Be earnest for each blessed truth
  In the wisdom from above,
Give to God, and to thy fellows,
  Earnest faith and earnest love.
Earnest in fulfilling duty,
Earnest in creating beauty,
  Be in word and deed.

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WATERLOO THIRTY YEARS AFTER THE BATTLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF LEON GOZLAN.

BY A RETURNED TRAVELER.

Five leagues or so separate the plain of Waterloo from the city of Brussels, which, despite of its metropolitan airs, is very poor in rural locomotion. Brussels has not its squadrons of omnibuses, diligences, and hackney-coaches, ready at all hours of the day and night to convey you to all possible places within the confines of the department. It requires a whole day's negotiations at Brussels to procure, even at a very high price, a vehicle firm and light enough to carry you to Waterloo. If you add to this lost day the entire exigencies of your pilgrimage, the excursion will be seen to have occupied time sufficient to have gone twice from Brussels to Cologne. The tourist generally makes this temporal calculation, looks at his purse, exhales a sigh of regret mingled with resignation, and does not go to Waterloo. The English, the poets, and commissioned travelers alone are privileged to cast under foot these considerations of time, money, and space.

At last I was enabled, not without a little difficulty, to secure the essential parts of an equipage—horse, vehicle, and coachman—and at the same time I managed that my coachman should know a little French. I insisted upon the last advantage, because it is a very common error to believe that everybody in Belgium speaks the French language fluently. It happens that the Belgians—and I do not except the inhabitants of Brussels—do not speak French further than to expose their ignorance of it. I am far from blaming that ignorance; I wish, on the contrary, that it was more complete. My firm conviction is and has been, that their decadence in the arts dates from the day when they renounced the Flemish tongue to speak and write a language that was not made for them.

In leaving Brussels, we passed through the Faubourg Louise—a new quarter, which shall be worthy, one day, of the royal name which it bears, that of the Queen of the Belgians. The buildings in that aristocratic quarter display the stately proportions of our hotels in the Rue de la Paix at Paris. They have the same majesty, without the same amount of paint and varnish. The dazzling whiteness of the stucco with which the Belgians cover the fronts of their houses, tames down the entire city to the estimable, but certainly not monumental, character of a public dining-room. The sand with which they strew the pavements of their streets renders the comparison still more just. At the extremity of this rich faubourg, one touches, in passing, the branches of the trees in an immense park, the shade and coolness of which envelop you all at once, and the resinous perfumes of which accompany you for a long time upon your route. That park, which, like a crown with a jewel in its centre, contains an elegant kiosk, surrounds the property, nobly acquired, of a twice famous artist, M. Beriot, the husband of Madame Malibran. Malibran! that name always causes a feeling of sadness to thrill from the depths of the heart, and especially when one pronounces it at the entrance of that long and melancholy way that I was about to penetrate.

In departing from that mass of verdure and shade, and when approaching the forest of Soigne, I repeated those verses which were composed by M. de Lamartine at the foot of that statue which has been erected to the sublime cantatrice in the beautiful cemetery of Laken,* where she is interred:—

"In her the name of woman comprehended
Three thoughts celestial—beauty, genius, love;
And in her glance, and voice, and heart they blended,
A glorious presence from the realms above:
Under three forms to heaven belonged that soul.
Weep, earth, for her, and you, ye heavens, thrice gently o'er her fall!"

"Monsieur," said my coachman to me, rousing me quickly from my revery—"Monsieur."

"Well, what is it?" said I.

* Laken is a royal burgh, situated about three or four miles from Brussels. The King of the Belgians has made it his habitual residence. It was at Laken that Napoleon resolved upon his plan of the Russian campaign.

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"Pardon me, sir, if I disturb you; but, before arriving at Mont St. Jean, I wish to warn you to guard against a certain branch of industry of which you have not perhaps heard at Paris."

"A trade unknown at Paris!" I exclaimed; "that is certainly speaking strongly. But what, pray, is this said trade?"

"You will easily suppose," pursued the driver, "that after the battle of Waterloo there remained amongst the earth many balls, buttons, little copper eagles, fragments of swords, bayonets, and sabre handles, and many other things besides."

"Without doubt," said I.

"Ah, well, for thirty-four years the country people have sold to strangers these rusted debris, earthy, corroded, and half demolished with oxide."

"It seems to me, my friend, that they would not now have much to dispose of after thirty-four years' brisk trade," I replied.

"No, sir; and that is precisely the point to which I wished to direct your attention. Those who make it a business to sell these relics of the battle, sow, once a year, upon a space of several leagues, bushels of imperial eagles, thousands of copper buttons, and cart-loads of balls. They allow these to repose from seed-time till summer, for in winter strangers never visit Waterloo. When summer comes, they disinter their lead and copper impostures, which, after a sojourn of eight months in a humid soil, receive a color of age that would deceive the most finical, and which excites the admiration of the partisans of the great emperor."

"But is not this a low, mean deception?" cried I.

"What would you have, sir?" replied the driver, coolly; "the country is very poor. And what ill does this do?" The coachman quietly added, "This year the trade in eagles has been pretty good."

We entered the wood of Soigne by a narrow and covered way, but one which afforded us ample means of seeing, upon both sides, cluster upon cluster of foliage that delighted the eye. The poplars, elms, and plane-trees seemed to vie with each other to attain to the greatest height toward that heaven which they closed from our view. There were so many of these trunks, too, whose gray, soapy bark emitted a polish like stone, that one with propriety might have called the wood a Druid temple which no sunbeam could penetrate. The soil retained, at the foot of the trees, the decayed leaves of several years. They are all strewn in beds—the fresh upon the rotten, the yellow upon the green, the pale upon the purple. A coat of thick green moss covered the trunks of several trees for some yards in height, as if to guard them from the cold, which must always be very intense in that forest, if I may judge myself from what I experienced in it as I passed through on the 18th of June, 1849. Despite of my cloth vestments and a cloak, I trembled so that I could easily have believed that it was December. It was nine o'clock of the morning, and still the vapors of night were not dissipated. Behind their blue veil, which seemed to hang in rags from the lofty branches of the trees, that appeared to be arranged like the dark rafters of an ancient Gothic cathedral, I saw several luminous points sparkle, and then become suddenly extinguished; they were the kilns of the charcoal burners, the last flames of which had expired. One peculiarity made a lively impression on my mind in the midst of this sombre and savage wilderness. I did not hear the least sound; not even the most feeble palpitation of the air. During a two hours' course beneath those great umbrageous galleries of trees, no cry of a bird excited my attention. A forest without birds! One might easily believe that, on the formidable day of Waterloo they had all departed at the sound of the deadly cannon, never to return. Oh, it is sad—sad and solemn—that beautiful forest of Soigne! I believe that Providence made choice of it for the scenes of which it has been the theatre, and as a repository of the dark mysteries which it conceals in the folds of its leaves and in the depths of its gloomy shades. An army of a hundred thousand men lie buried there!

"Truly," said I to the coachman, in order to change the current of my reflections, "do you not think it very roguish of the country people thus to prey upon the curiosity and credulity of strangers who come to visit Waterloo?"

"Ah, monsieur," replied he, "I have not told you all the tricks that are played upon the poor credulous foreigners. In fact, it would be very difficult for me to tell you a tithe of them; if you will allow me, however, I will tell you one thing of which I was an eyewitness, one day when I drove a French painter and a Prussian from Waterloo to Brussels. The Prussian held proudly upon his knee some object carefully folded up in his pocket-handkerchief. As we moved along, he said to the Frenchman, 'Do you not bring away with you any souvenir of your pilgrimage to Waterloo?'—'On my word, no,' replied he. 'I was indeed on the point of making a most original acquisition, but they demanded too much money for it—a hundred francs; besides, there would have been some embarrass-

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ment in carrying that curious purchase.'—'And, pray, what was it?' demanded the Prussian.—'You will not grow angry if I tell you?' responded the French painter. 'It was the skull of a Prussian colonel—a magnificent, admirable skull; and the most remarkable and interesting circumstance connected with it was, that it was pierced in three places with balls—the balls of Waterloo—one in the centre of the brow, the others in the temples. I do assure you I should have much liked, begging your pardon, to have made a lamp with the skull of a Prussian colonel killed by the French. And you, monsieur,' continued he, 'what have you got?'—'I,' replied the Prussian, with a certain air of inquietude, at the same time loosening the packet upon his knees—'I!' then suddenly looking up, he exclaimed, 'I am astonished at the wonderful resemblance of the incidents that have occurred to us both. I have purchased this morning the skull of a French colonel, slain also at Waterloo.' 'You have!' cried the Frenchman. 'I have,' whimpered the Prussian, 'and I calculated upon making a cup from it, with which to drink the health of Blucher on each anniversary of our victory.'—'And the skull is pierced in three places?' cried the Frenchman.—'I do not know exactly, but it seems so to me,' said the Prussian, slowly. 'Let us see, let us see!' cried the Frenchman, readily divining that the object which the Prussian carried upon his knee was the skull in question. He took it, unrolled the handkerchief which enveloped it, and began to examine it. The skull had also three perforations, made by bullets or something else. The confusion of the Prussian was proportionate to the excessive gayety of the Frenchman. It was identically the same head which they had wished him to purchase—the skull that was French when offered to the English or Prussians, and which became Prussian or English when offered for sale to a Frenchman. This, you will imagine, is coming it rather too strong," added my guide; "not only to impose false imperial eagles and buttons upon the credulous, but even to make a trade of the skulls, pretended to be of colonels slain at Waterloo."

In the meantime, we had left behind us the most notable parts of the forest, and the moment had arrived when all at once it cast off its gloomy shade, as if by theatrical effect. The sun burst through an opening of the trees, the fresh air fanned my cheeks, and on our right lay the open country.

I need not remind anybody that the 18th of June is the anniversary of the celebrated battle I had expressly chosen that unfortunate day in order to make my historical promenade of Mont St. Jean, in the expectation of meeting on my route many of the veterans of the grand army making their pilgrimages to that field of bones. That army had been so vast, so numerous, that I had insensibly supposed that some of the living debris thereof might be found till the consummation of the century in which it was fought. The route was deserted, however—that unfortunate route by which the English, on the 18th of June, 1815, were forced twice to take refuge in Brussels, and which they repassed with astonishment to victory at Waterloo.

We were not long before we came up with a carriage which, according to my coachman, contained an Englishman, and which I had predicted to belong to a French traveler. Strictly speaking, both of us were wrong, for that equipage contained only a woman; but as she was an Englishwoman, of course I gave in to the driver.

She traveled alone, and that isolation appeared very disagreeable and tiresome to her, if I might judge from the eagerness with which she entered into conversation with me. She did not speak much French, but she understood it marvelously. I do not understand much English, but with some attention I could guess. Each of us, with the aid of our half faculty, could comprehend the other without forsaking our particular vernacular.

"Monsieur, you go to Waterloo?" said she.

"Where could I go else, in this country, save to its one historical spot, Waterloo?" I replied.

"Do you suppose, sir, it will be possible for me to have breakfast at Mont St. Jean?" was her next inquiry.

"I am sure it will, madam, because I am convinced that you can find breakfast, dinner, and champagne anywhere, provided you are not particular about the quality of them."

"You reassure me," said the lady, with a gracious smile.

My new companion suddenly exhaled a long, deep-drawn sigh, as she threw her eyes around her, and we entered the immense circle where the great battle was concentrated on the 18th of June, and where it was finally decided. "You have come, sir, to weep over some personal loss?" said my lady friend, turning to me.

"No, madam, I have neither that sorrow nor glory."

"Ah, my poor William!" said she, at the same moment putting her pocket-handkerchief to her eyes.

"William was doubtless the father or the husband of this respectable lady," said I to myself. "It must have been either the one or the other, for if she ever had sons fit for being killed, it was

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impossible to suppose that they had been at Waterloo."

"Then, sir, you really think," exclaimed she, "that I shall find some tea, milk, and butter at Waterloo?"

"Certainly, ma'am, and plates full of eggs."

She remained silent and thoughtful for a few minutes, at the end of which period a new sigh burst from her heart, her handkerchief was again applied to her eyes, and she exclaimed, "My poor James!"

"I am mistaken," said I, "this time. It cannot be her father for whom she comes here to weep. She has not had two fathers, but she is of very likely age to have had two husbands. Yes, but two husbands slain at Waterloo on the same day—that is impossible."

"I am in the habit," pursued my most enigmatical Englishwoman, "of taking something more substantial in the morning than eggs."

"Beef-steaks, for example?" I ventured to say.

"Precisely so, sir," was her complacent reply.

"Ah, well, you shall have beef-steaks," said I.

We gained the low road that leads from Mont St. Jean to Waterloo, when my companion uttered another sigh, exclaiming, "My poor Tom!"

"Ah, madam," cried I, with impatience, "so you have lost three relatives here?"

"I lost eight brothers at Waterloo," she replied. "On the same day, and within the same hour, my eight brothers fell. You are astonished, but there are several families in Ireland that had to deplore the loss of twelve sons and brothers upon that fatal day."

"I beg your pardon, madam, for my astonishment," said I. "I sympathize with your grief. You certainly discharge an honorable duty in coming here."

"And obligation," added she.

"How obligation?" said I.

"I have inherited all the patrimony of my brothers," she replied, "but I shall lose the same unless I fulfill a condition imposed upon me by my father in his last will and testament, which is, that I shall weep every year here upon their tombs."

"And do you know where they lie?"

"No, sir; so I weep over the whole field."

We at last were on the road to Genappe, and rolled along the paved way—and very badly paved it is—that unites Waterloo to Mont St. Jean. Although placed under the authority of one burgomaster, that of Waterloo, these two hamlets are still at a very great distance from one another. They are of no higher a status than the meanest villages of France, without having the admirable arrangement of their houses. The church of Waterloo affects some character, but it is a character which may be termed above its position. It has a sort of pediment, a sort of dome or stone balloon, and a sort of portico, which do, indeed, some honor to a population of three thousand souls, which Mont St. Jean and Waterloo combined can scarcely muster. On the pediment of that church there is an inscription, from which you learn that the Marquis of Gastanaga, governor of the Netherlands, in the reign of Charles II., king of Spain, laid the foundation-stone thereof in the year 1690. The battle which the English have called from this village, Waterloo, bore with us for a very long time the name of the battle of Mont St. Jean; and to this day the Prussians style it the battle of Belle Alliance. These three qualifications are natural enough, from the circumstances of the armies. The French occupied the ground behind Mont St. Jean; the English covered the opposite position, and consequently approached Waterloo; and the Prussians, toward the end of the combat, fell back upon the farm of La Belle Alliance, where Wellington and Blucher met after the victory.

Immediately on entering Waterloo, one is assailed by the guides. In general they are lean, tall men, with robust figures, clear and keen eyes, dressed in a style altogether military, and fluent also of speech; but this fluency is marred by a mannerism which they have contracted from constantly repeating the same language. They are professed reciters of poetry—poor poetry! from their lips it bears no spirit of emotion. There are three classes of guides—the French, English, and German. When a stranger appears, his nationality is easily determined, and his countryman is allowed to monopolize him. The English guides gain much more than the French guides, whose profits, however, are much more considerable than those of the Germans. The reason is obvious; the French visit Waterloo less than the English, and the Germans least of all. At one period you could not obtain a guide for less than ten francs; now they are content with five, and even three. Most of them recollect the battle of Waterloo, in which they took a part, not as soldiers, but as grave-diggers. Willingly or by force, they, their fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, dug, during more than eight days, ditches, into which were precipitated ninety thousand corpses. It was a little before harvest, and the crops were lost—on the following summer they were magnificent!

The Hotel of Mont St. Jean, of a construction long anterior to 1815, occupies a spot, the heights round which the bullets and broken iron of artil-

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lery ploughed without cessation during the whole brunt of the engagement. It happened to be placed between the two contending armies, and became a bridge of fire, which no traveler but one could cross, from the rising to the setting of the sun, and that traveler was death.

We reached the extremity of the village of Mont St Jean, and immediately at that point where the battle was most hotly contested. At this spot there are two simple monuments, erected on the right and left of the road where the armies met, and to the memory of those who toiled and bled for the success of that day, and who never felt one thrill of joy over the bloody triumph. On the 18th of June, an enormous barricade stood where each of those monuments now stands. The monument to the right has been erected to the memory of Sir Alexander Gordon, aid-de-camp of the Duke of Wellington. It is a very simple tomb of blue stone, surmounted by a fluted column, and is entirely surrounded by an iron railing of spears. The monument to the left has more of grandeur, without losing the simplicity that generally appertains to that sort of funereal monuments. It is in the form of a pyramid, with a large basement, and is dedicated by the officers of the German Legion to their Hanoverian brethren in arms who fell on the 18th of June, 1815. It bears, upon three of the façades, the names of the officers who were killed; and upon the fourth the following English inscription—"To the memory of their companions in arms, who gloriously fell on the memorable 18th of June, 1815, this monument is erected by the officers of the king's German Legion." These two monuments, from their isolated and obscure positions, indicate the changes which have occurred since 1815 upon the ground where the battle of Waterloo was fought. It is so little what it then was, that Wellington, when revisiting the field several years after the carnage, exclaimed, "They have spoilt my Waterloo!"

In going from Haye Sainte to Mont St. Jean, the earth forms a double escarpment, which is traversed by the road to Charleroy. To construct the Mountain of the Lion, the architects were constrained to take the earth from these two mounds; and the ground, diminished by this means in thickness, has begun to fall considerably, leaving the two monuments on each side of the road to mark its ancient level. Thus the spot where the carnage raged in all its fury—where the belching showers of the cannon were most certain and decisive—where blood flowed most copiously, and death reveled most terrifically—where victory and defeat left their most stern imprints—that memorable arena has disappeared. They have raised it several feet, then built a mount upon it, in the form of an inverted barrel, a pillar about two hundred feet in height, and about seven hundred in circumference. It may be said, without the charge of exaggeration, that that monstrous and fantastic construction has been formed of human bones, and petrified with human blood, from its base to its summit.

On a lower elevation than the tomb of Sir Alexander Gordon, and at the same angle of the escarpment of which I have recounted the geological vicissitudes, one might have seen, until within a few years, the tree under which Wellington remained during the time of the battle. It was impossible to be more exposed. Twice during that terrible day he was separated from his staff, and found himself in the midst of the shouting French cavalry on all sides. Several English speculators bought the tree, and, after they had imported it to London, sold it in the form of chairs and tables. It is probable that they are making a great stock of furniture from it to this day, and that, like the cane of Voltaire, and the pen which signed the deed of abdication at Fontainebleau, there will be no end of it.

The distance between the monuments of which we have spoken and the Mound of the Lion, is very small. The base which supports the lion is of that perpetual blue stone, so common in Belgium. It is composed of three steps, each three feet high. This basement supports a square block, about eighteen or twenty feet high, on the summit of which stands the lion, and on the side of which is this simple inscription—"XVIII JUNE, MDCCCXV." Upon account of the diverse points that intervene, and the narrowness of the platform, one cannot tell from the foot of the monument whether the lion has four feet or not, nor can you easily distinguish its head from its tail. It is not bronze, as several travelers have said, but iron bronzed, and its paw rests upon a great ball of the same metal.

On leaving the Mound of the Lion, I wished to see some other places, no less celebrated in the feats of that horrible day, so I took the road of Haye Sainte and of the Chateau d'Hougoumont, which are not very distant from one another. In 1815, the farm-house and chateau were united, and surrounded by a wood, which does not now exist. The ground has been cleared, and is sown with wheat, oats, and lint. In looking at these beautiful fields, covered by a luxuriant vegetation, it required the affirmation of my readings to persuade me that that space surrounding the farm-house and chateau had borne the bloody corpses of so many men. During more than four hours, the balls and bullets mowed down, without

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relaxation, thousands of Frenchmen and Englishmen; and, to crown all, fire consumed the chateau, and the wounded men of both nations perished in the flames. About mid-day, nothing could be seen save the black clouds obscuring the face of heaven, a bloody stain upon the ground, and the bony timber-work of the chateau rising between those two phenomena like a gigantic skeleton. La Haye Sainte has been probably several times repaired since 1815. It is a farm-house, in the full simplicity of the term, and one which cannot compare with those of France for the richness of its dependencies.

The Chateau of Hougoumont, to which I went immediately on leaving Haye Sainte, still looks desolate and ruinous. It remains pretty much what it was after the fire. It has never been a very remarkable place, despite of the ambitious title of chateau, with which it is honored. Less damaged than the chateau, the farm-house of Hougoumont is still habitable, although it had not many inhabitants when I introduced myself to it. The exterior wall which enclosed both the farm-house and chateau has never been repaired since the battle of Waterloo—since the sad morning when that wall, at first so silent and inoffensive in appearance, suddenly became a gallery of homicidal musket-holes. Those embrasures still remain. In the holes which vomited a hurricane of balls upon the French, and mowed them down so suddenly, I have seen, living in perfect security, beautiful lizards lying amongst lichen, curtained with moss and white roses. It is well known that Napoleon, when he saw his forces paralyzed at this part of his line, cried, "Several cannon, eight bomb-mortars, and it is finished." He was obeyed, and in an instant the yells of the wounded and dying mingled with the roaring of the conflagration, and then shortly afterward Hougoumont was finished.

It was about three o'clock when I entered this tragic and historical spot. There was nobody in the outer court to notice me. The people of the farm are in the fields, thought I, and I advanced toward the main body of the building, constructed to the right of the chateau. I then heard a murmur of voices. I advanced still further, and found myself at last in an immense barn full of fodder, of which the doors had been left half open, and to which the farm-servants had retired from the heat of the sun.

I tarried till night was advancing, and hastened back to Mont St. Jean, taking a long circuit in my route, and at last I passed before the farm-house of Belle Alliance. I stood for a moment to look upon this spot, where so many of the stirring incidents of that fatal day had occurred thirty-four years before. The sun was setting now, as it did when Napoleon, drawing up his horse, gazed at it sinking like the blaze of his own glory. The Duke of Wellington and Blucher embraced each other in one of the rooms of that mean farm-house, just about this hour, for then the battle was over.

"To Mont St. Jean—to Mont St. Jean!" cried I to my guide.

"Do you not wish to enter the farm-house?" said he.

"No," was my response.

I arrived at the Hotel of Mont St. Jean, exhausted with fatigue and emotion. Ten minutes afterward, I was on my way to Brussels. And the Englishwoman? I forgot to ask what had become of her.

A SPRING THOUGHT.

The rod that budded was a sign,
To all who saw, of power divine;
But now th' anointed eye may see
An Aaron's rod on every tree.

G. D., Jr.

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DIARY OF A CLERGYMAN.

THE TWO NEIGHBORS.

JUNE 7.—What diversity in the unity of humanity! Man is one. Men are innumerable—a series, a chain, a procession of uncounted individuals, each an organism—according to Plato, a world—having his own peculiarities, traits, characteristics, habits, idiosyncrasies; yet all obviously, anatomically, metaphysically, united with one common origin, root, stem, race! It is the harmony of discord, the unity of "number without numbers infinite," the great soul of one family of sons and daughters, whose aggregate number would baffle the figures of a celestial Babbage, yet whose individual unities call Adam "father," and Eve "mother." And what a mystery is the human heart! In one person it is hard, cold, stern, unimpressible. In another it is soft, warm, yielding, sensitive. Some men never shed a tear; others are moved deeply by the whimpering of a child. Some are ignorant of the idea of self; others are unconscious of any idea but self; and between these extremes there are as many varieties as would belt the old earth and make another ring for Saturn. Now, as my diary is a sort of quiet confidential friend, to whose bosom I can commit anything, grave or gay, in the certainty that, according to the certain newspaper advertisements, it will "not be repeated," I shall amuse myself for an hour by a slight sketch of the two neighbors.

They live in the same town and in the same street, but at opposite sides; they are both caterers for the wants of the human body, but they tend its opposite members, one caring for the head, the other patronizing the feet; according to their own shewing, both are patriots, but they take opposite sides at every contested election; they sit in the same church, but at opposite sides of the gallery; both respect the minister, but one selects the doctrinal, the other prizes the practical part of his sermons; and both are men of influence in the burgh, but Thomas Milbank succeeds by the utterances of the heart, Peter Rees by appeals to the understanding. Oddly enough, these men are fast friends, although, of course, they are continually disputing. "How can such men be friends?" asks Philosophy, she having laid it down as an axiom that friendship supposes similarity. Well, let her answer her own question. I record the fact, as anybody who knows the parties will attest. Thomas quietly smiles at Peter's eccentricities and obstinacy, for he will not submit to be conquered at an argument; and Rees utters an uproarious laugh at Milbank's simplicity, who prefers drying a tear to sacking a city. Thomas is afraid to open a newspaper, lest his eye should fall upon some "alarming accident," "serious occurrence," "fatal casualty," or "painful circumstance." Peter, with a long pipe in his mouth, and the police reports before him, is always at home. When Thomas sits down to a good dinner, prepared by his thrifty wife, whom he married for the antiquated reason that he loved her, it would frequently "stick in his throat," to use his own expressive vernacular, when he thinks of "many a better man destitute of the necessaries of life." When Peter is similarly employed, with his haughty dame, whom he married for the improved modern reason that she had money, at the head of his table, he thinks of nothing but his superlative self. Thomas cannot enjoy the comforts of a warm fireside during the severity of winter, because of the oppressive feeling that the poor are shivering in wretched huts, whilst the frost-winged winds are making melancholy music through their crevices. Thomas is a "man of feeling." Peter is a "thinker." The motto of the former, literally understood, is, "Do good unto all men, as ye have opportunity." The motto of the latter, wretchedly apprehended, is, "Do thyself no harm."

Such are two specimens of our common humanity! "Look on this picture—and on this!" Thomas is often the victim of canting hypocrisy, and Peter chuckles with intense satisfaction. Peter is sometimes overmatched by an ingenious device, and Thomas wishes very quietly that the lesson may tend to his profit. And, finally, Thomas is saving money every year, with all his liberality, and notwithstanding his marriage to a penniless girl; whilst Peter is losing an annual per centage, with all his attention to "number one," and notwithstanding his union to five thousand pounds.

I went to the house of Thomas Milbank yesterday afternoon. The weather was very sultry,

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and the state of the atmosphere indicated the approach of a storm. On entering, I perceived some little agitation, as if there had been one of those domestic arguments which sometimes mar fireside tranquillity, and which, according to a certain fair authority, tend to relieve the monotony of married life. The usual mutual inquiries respecting health and friends satisfactorily answered, Mrs. Milbank very gravely said, "I dare say, sir, you will smile at my question, though I hardly like to ask it, yet I should very much like your opinion." She paused.

"Pray, what is it?" I inquired.

I perceived that her worthy husband was deeply interested; and, anxious myself to hear the weighty problem about to be submitted for solution, my expectations of something sublime were driven violently into collision with the ridiculous, when the lady solemnly asked, "Well, sir, is it wrong to kill flies?"

It is not polite to laugh at a question proposed by a lady, except the laugh proceed from her husband, which in this case it did, and happily relieved me from the choking sensation which had suddenly visited me.

"I dare say, Mrs. Milbank," I replied, evasively, "were a public meeting of flies summoned to decide your question, they would unanimously answer in the negative."

"A public meeting, sir! they hold public meetings from morning till night in every cupboard and corner of the house, and that is the very thing against which I protest."

"You are the best of wives, my dear," interposed her husband, "but the nature of your protest, being nothing short of capital punishment, appears to me too severe."

"And you are the most tender-hearted of husbands, dear; for it is literally true that you would not hurt a fly, although they would eat, or rather poison, everything in the house, if I would let them. The fact is, sir," she continued, turning to me, "Mr. Milbank and I have had a warm discussion in this very hot weather about these nasty things. If it be wrong to kill them, I sincerely wish they were all transported!"

By this time the copious and refreshing rain had begun to fall, and the servant announced Mr. Rees, who, as he entered, said, with mock formality, "May a stranger find refuge from the storm in the house of one who is reported never to have refused an act of kindness to man, woman, or child?"

"Then," said Milbank, "he shall not spoil his character by beginning with you. Be seated."

"No, neighbor, there's nothing like *leather* when the streets are flooded," said Rees.

"Then I judge you have *felt* the storm," replied Milbank.

"For once I am answered, and, as our worthy minister is here, I had as well confess it," said the hatter, with a subdued smile.

It struck me, during the varied conversation which followed, that something disagreeable troubled the mind of Mr. Rees. He frequently appeared absent and uneasy; and, notwithstanding the courteous attention of Mrs. Milbank, and the use of the "soothing weed"—bah! the barbarism!—it was obvious that the mercury in his mental glass was sinking. Milbank noticed these symptoms of anxiety also, and, having communicated his purpose to me by the silent telegraph of the eye, by which soul speaks to soul, he said aloud, "Come, Mr. Rees, this is unusual; what *is* the matter? You are dull. I don't press for the cause, but I'm sorry to see the consequence."

"Spoken like you, Mr. Milbank! Kindness without curiosity. Sympathy with visible trouble without prying into its causes. Well, it may be feminine—beg pardon, Mrs. Milbank—it may be even foolish, it may be ridiculous, but I confess I sometimes admire it when I despise it."

"Good," said Milbank, looking toward me; "I fancy our friend Rees is approaching a transition state. But I wish you would take advantage of the half-confession he has just made, and say something which might be useful to us all."

"My sentiments," I replied, "are well known to you all, my friends. The language of the heart is, in my judgment, the most beautiful, melodious, poetical, and precious of all languages; and it has one vast advantage above the thousand tongues of the nations, that it is universal. It is the same everywhere. The labor of translation is not necessary. Many years ago, an effort was made to introduce the language of signs. It had, like every other scheme which promises any advantage to the human family, several enthusiastic advocates, but the thing suffered the fate of many a fine-sounding speculation before and since. But the language of the heart—no matter though I be met with the objection that good men sometimes suffer loss by listening to it—is neither beset by the difficulty of the symbolic speech, nor liable to the gross errors of ignorant translators. It speaks in the bosom of the African mother as eloquently as in that of the affectionate mother now hearing me; and when it is baptized by the spirit of religion—I mean the religion of Christ—it becomes a holy and a heavenly thing. It is the power, the life of all practical Christianity. It is the charity of St. Paul, otherwise the love which the Gospel infuses into the human breast. Without it there is no real religion; but with it

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even a deficiency of doctrinal perception is seldom very injurious. The highest intellectual attainments can never prove a substitute for this God-like attribute, and the grand design of Christianity will never be realized until men everywhere speak this sanctified language of the heart. I may illustrate my meaning by the two men now hearing me. Nay, start not, Mr. Rees. I must be faithful. Unfaithful ministers are a curse to any country, and, by the blessing of God, I shall never be guilty of shrinking from duty, even at the risk of offending the objects of my solicitude. But in this case I have no such fear, for I fall back upon your understanding, which is both keen and correct, generally speaking. Now, to proceed with my illustration. The two gentlemen hearing me are both virtuous; no person can charge either of them with immorality. They are both men of strict integrity; they cannot be charged either with a voluntary breach of promise or with intentional fraud. Both are consequently respected in the town in which they live, and those who know them only superficially see no difference between them. It so happens, however, that one of them is loved, and the other is not, by those who know them intimately. Here is the first loss, and it is no small one, which Mr. Rees sustains because he systematically refuses to speak the language of the heart. His virtues are all of the selfish class. Yes, selfish virtues—interrupt me not. That is to say, doing right, not from supreme love to right in itself, but in consequence of the mental perception, that to be virtuous is most conducive to one's health, long life, and personal prosperity. Now, mark, I don't fall into the absurdity of calling this sin. I have called it selfish *virtue;* but it is not religion, it is not practical Christianity, it is not one of the fruits of the Gospel. The same reasoning applies to integrity and fidelity. They are, in the case supposed, nothing but modifications of selfishness. And there is one thing more—an acquaintance with the doctrines of revealed religion. This may be accurate and extensive, as in the case of Mr. Rees; and yet, after all, 'Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.'"

"Well, sir, you have read my character," said Mr. Rees, rather sharply.

"And you are angry. But with which are you offended, the character or the preacher?"

"Both. But let us hear Milbank's homily. *His* picture, doubtless, will be perfect."

"Yes, it shall be a perfect likeness of the man, but I am sorry to say it will not be the likeness of a perfect man. Milbank knows himself too well to put in a claim for perfection, and he would despise me if I taught him that he was faultless. But to proceed. He is, like Mr. Rees, a virtuous man, but, unlike Mr. Rees, his virtue is unselfish; it is a thing of principle, the growth of deep conviction, the fruit of a purified heart, and ever associated with the most humble thoughts of himself. So of his fidelity and integrity; they are the outbreaking of principles of light within the man. They are not the result of calculation at all; he has struck no bargain with them; he would hold by them if they brought him to the workhouse; in short, he would 'swear to his own hurt and not change.' The world might call such a man a fool, and he might reply, 'I am a fool for Christ's sake;' for it is in the school of the Great Teacher that men learn such lessons. But Mr. Milbank is deficient in his estimate of character sometimes, and consequently unprincipled persons impose upon him and injure him. Truthful himself, he credits the statements of others too readily; yet, upon the whole, I will venture the opinion that the cautious, intellectual, and doctrinal Rees has lost more money by rogues in ten years, than the generous, credulous, and benevolent Milbank."

"I have," said Mr. Rees, rising and holding forth his hand to me, whilst he expressed thanks for what he had just heard. "Only this morning I received intelligence that the dashing Captain Rosefield, to whom I lent £100 a month since at ten per cent. interest, is in the 'Gazette.' Fool that I am to be captivated by show and glitter!"

"And I," said Milbank, "received last week a most gratifying letter, enclosing a check for £50, which I advanced three years ago to poor William Morton, never expecting to see a penny returned. But with that money and the blessing of heaven, he has succeeded well. He is now a well-paid reporter on one of the London daily papers."

"Is it possible?" said Rees. "Morton applied to me for help, but I refused him."

"I know you did," said the other, "and did it not sound somewhat selfish, I should say I am glad you did, for the exquisite gratification I have received from his long and well-written letter would have been denied me, had you listened to what our pastor has called the language of the heart."

"You owe part of that gratification to me, Mr. Milbank," said I.

"To you, sir? How is that?"

"In young Morton's distress he called on me for advice how to act. I was convinced from his conversation and manners that the fear of God was in his heart. Unable to give him money, I advised him to call on you, but charged him not to say so. I wished your charity to be voluntary. It was so, and you are rewarded."

"The rain is over," said Mr. Rees. He wished to be alone. Solitude aids reflection.

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WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

The intelligence that Wordsworth is dead will fall upon many a heart with a heaviness of grief with which few are ever mourned who sustain no other or closer union than the tenuous though beautiful tie of genius and taste. The admiration of the great and good man has been so long growing; the spell of his noble thoughts has woven itself so unresistingly and completely with the best susceptibilities of the heart, that with more than the interest of the poet he has had his place among the most venerable objects of our affections. Slowly, like the uprising of his own great fame, has his influence spread over the world; and, after living to see its supremacy unquestioned, and reaping the honors that genius always merits, but seldom gains, in ripe, hallowed old age, surrounded by loving friends, and in an atmosphere of universal benediction, the Poet of the Age has gone to the world whose spirit he breathed, and whose truths and glories it was his distinction to shadow forth. What an end of what a life!

Thirty years ago, those self-constituted censors of literature, who established the "Edinburgh Review," and hoisted the banner on which was presumptuously inscribed the motto of "*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*," who, with the recklessness of youth, and the petulancy of irresponsible power, treated authors like convicted criminals, and the public like a jury of straw, voted Wordsworth a puerile poet, and almost dismissed his greatest effort with the passionate sentence of "This will never do." The criticism of the "Excursion" in the "Edinburgh Review," although somewhat blemished with the levity and acerbity of youth, was nevertheless sincere. Its author earnestly denounced, and he candidly pointed out what he conceived to be both the weaknesses and the beauties of the poet. It was also the fiat of the reviewers which was received; the readers of poetry generally accepted this judgment of the "lads of gayety and talent" who conducted the "Edinburgh," and Wordsworth was voted "silly." There are positives and negatives in criticism as well as in dynamics, however. The bold and summary mode of judgment at first practiced by Francis Jeffrey and his coadjutors, although popular, was not universal, and he whom these imaginative and idealist reviewers smiled at for his puerility, was venerated by Coleridge for the depth, and tension, and originality of his genius.

The Wordsworth of thirty years ago, when viewed through the general medium of criticism, and tried by the general poetic taste, was indeed, however, what Jeffrey characterized him. He was puerile, diffuse, and often absurdly silly. The present generation, however, has outgrown the prejudices of poetical diction, and has charitably thrown into oblivion the laughing memories of his weaknesses; and now we view him less through the medium of parody, and more exclusively through the medium of admiration with Coleridge. The intrinsic merits of the poet, despite of the absurd forms in which they were sometimes developed, have out-tired and outgrown the ridicule which assailed him, and the general neglect which the novelty of his subjects, the ludicrousness of his images, and the common character of his expressions induced; and now he is regarded with admiration by a numerous and enthusiastic school of disciples.

William Wordsworth was born in Cockermouth, in the county of Cumberland, on the 7th of April, 1770, and he has since lived and poetized amidst the beautiful lake scenery of an adjacent county. His father was law-agent to Lord Lonsdale, and was in circumstances which enabled him to provide for the mental cultivation of his children. Wordsworth received the rudiments of a liberal education at Hawkesworth school in Lancashire, and was entered of St. John's College, at the University of Cambridge, in 1787. Long prior to even this early period, however, his mind had assumed the bias and occupation of his life. The study of Nature delighted him more than the study of books; and poetic reveries, as he wandered by the fells or streams, were more delightful to his feelings than the loftiest classic memories.

Wordsworth ripened into manhood just as the French Revolution reached its grand crisis, and his genius flung down its first enthusiastic glowings at the shrine of liberty. His soul had become filled with the idea of the Revolution, and his ideas found expression in his "Evening Walk" and "Descriptive Sketches," which appeared in 1793. After finishing his studies and taking his academical degree, he had set out

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with his friend, R. Jones, on a tour of Switzerland. The "Walk" was a rescript of his feelings while wandering among the mountains of Westmoreland; the "Descriptive Sketches" painted his impressions of the places which he visited upon the Continent.

During those fresh and glowing years of his youth, Wordsworth, like his friends Coleridge, Southey, and Lloyd, was a zealous and devoted republican, whose enthusiasm found vent in poetic aspirations for liberty, and who denounced "dark oppression with her thick-ribbed towers," and every "presumptuous sceptred child of clay," with all the warmth and zeal of a St. Just. This single volume contained the first and last poetical expression of Wordsworth's republicanism, however; Southey, Coleridge, and he experienced a triple conversion about the same period; and having shuffled off their youth, they assumed more fashionable views with their manhood. In 1797, Wordsworth had determined upon the regeneration of English poetry. The English poets, he supposed, had for centuries been cultivating a glittering and inane form of phraseology, which had usurped dominion over, and corrupted the public mind. With this established form Wordsworth determined to combat; and he also determined to supersede it with an appropriate, simple, and manly diction.

In 1798, he published, in concert with Coleridge, a collection of "Lyrical Ballads." The majority of these pieces were his own, and were designed as an experiment in his grand literary revolutionary enterprise. Their publication, instead of producing, or tending to produce, the object contemplated by their author, only produced ridicule or neglect. The grand old form of poetry, which had flowed down from the pen of Chaucer, and which garmented the ideas of Byron, remained invulnerable still. The common language of common men, and the illustration of common incidents, which were perfectly incapable of any exaggeration of feeling, found no favor either with the public or the critics. Indeed, had the "Ballads" of Wordsworth been those of an inferior mind, both the poet and his theory would have been long ago forgotten; but amidst the puerilities and peculiarities of the theorist, there beamed the everlasting beauties of genius and the enduring elements of a future poetic fame. Wordsworth's volumes were read by a few admirers—men who understood him, and who sympathized with him, and he was encouraged to publish other two volumes of poetry in 1807. The theory of Wordsworth formed no part of his genius; it was an opinion which he had conceived relative to the character of poetry, and which he could easily forget in his moments of poetical inspiration. There was in him the elements of a poetical philosophy, which often rose superior to his own dogmatical creed, and assumed its form spontaneously and totally in independence of his verbal system. He dwelt on Nature's influences upon man with all the wrapt enthusiasm of his meditative spirit, and his descriptions of thoughts and things were full of luminous and rich imaginings. If he could not command an audience, he formed a school. If he did not take captive the popular heart, he secured the devotion of those who were destined yet to render the spirit of his poetry popular.

Wordsworth's life has been a poetic revery. He has experienced few of the trials and crosses of the tuneful tribe. He married his cousin shortly after his continental tour, and settled down into the calms and sweets of matrimonial life amongst the mountains and lakes of Westmoreland. An ample legacy left him by a gentleman in his neighborhood, who had formed the warmest attachment to him, rendered his circumstances comparatively easy; and the subsequent addition of other bequests, built up for him an independence. In 1814, appeared the "Excursion," the work which has stamped him as the first metaphysical poet of the age, and which was produced amidst scenes in every respect favorable to lofty reflection, and during the grateful leisure purchased by his easy circumstances. The plan of the "Excursion" is loose, and the execution is often disfigured by prolixity and a want of keeping; the hero moralist of the tale, too, is a Scotch pedlar; the work is, nevertheless, brimful of splendid thoughts, clothed in splendid words, and it breathes a spirit of enlightened benevolence and charity, which seem wondrous, grand, and beautiful in their drapery of glowing eloquence when tested by the poet's own theory. It has been almost uniformly objected to the "Excursion," that it ostensibly represents the mind and musings of a pedlar, and violates all the laws of probability. It is true that we never associate the ideas of a pedlar and poetry, but is the criticism just on this account? The want of development may consign many mute inglorious Miltons to a nameless grave, and may not modesty confine within the bosom of a pedlar even the consciousness of philosophic and dialectic power? We see how often, by chance, geniuses are stumbled on in some obscure corner; but do we find them all? Perhaps there are pedlars, in this world of ambitious men, who have drank so deep of poetry and philosophy, as to know that the peace and freedom of humble obscurity are much too precious

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to be exchanged for the slavery of high renown; and perhaps Wordsworth thought so when he constructed his noblest poem. About the period of his publishing the "Excursion," Wordsworth obtained the situation of distributor of stamps. The patronage of the Lowthers secured for him this office, the duties of which were so light, as to leave the poet almost completely master of his own time; and the emoluments of which were so considerable, as to secure his family in affluence. Wordsworth retained this situation during a period of twenty-eight years, retiring in 1842, upon a pension of £300 per annum, while his son stepped into the place thus left vacant. In 1843, Southey died, and Wordsworth was appointed poet-laureate in his stead, in April of the same year.

Those specimens of Wordsworth's exaggerated simplicity with which, in 1798, he sought to test the public taste for the new poetic effort, have never attained to higher consideration than they then acquired; the poet rose above them himself, however, and as he grew older and wiser, he imparted to his poetry the vitality and purpose of his being. During the last thirty years, the regenerat ve power of his genius has so operated upon the public taste, that the pure, the simple, and the good, are now the more regarded elements of poetry, while the Laras and Gaiours, and the other distempered objects of a feverish imagination, are ceasing to be amongst the attractive imagery of song. Perhaps the most remarkable triumph of his genius is, its conquest over that very "Review" which scorned and sneered at him in the beginning of his career; for his spirit now undoubtedly pervades this very organ which so bitterly scoffed at him, and even rejected his language as too puerile for the nursery.

Numerous works succeeded the "Excursion," all of which are impressed with the peculiarities of his genius. The "White Doe of Rylstone" is a romantic narrative poem, but through it there flows Wordsworth's own peculiar vein of reflection.

Wordsworth's life has been spent amongst the most beautiful and romantic scenery of his native island. He has frequently visited every place worthy of notice in England and Scotland, and has as frequently published his impressions concerning them. Local manners and local scenery have formed the staple of his descriptive writings; and his own metaphysical musings have constituted the other grand element of his productions. Nature is his *vade mecum*—the all-engrossing circumstance of his thoughts, in which he perceives a mind that is ever addressing itself to the mind of man. Nature's appearances are the symbols of that intelligence which reigns and lives in her; they are sympathies which often touch the soul with thoughts too deep even for a poet's tears. In its habitual devotion to Nature, Wordsworth's spirit seems to have shut out all other than a natural religion, to which his poetry serves as a medium of expression. Wordsworth has classified his works according to a system, and in the order in which he considers it necessary they should be read to be appreciated. The classification is arbitrary and capricious, and appears to be more a conceit of the author than the effects of a system.

In 1842, appeared a volume of his works, combining, as if it were, the extremes of his genius. The poems were written very early and very late in life; and the tragedy which accompanied them had long lain beside the author. The tragedy is a very poor dramatic performance indeed; for, despite of Wordsworth's fine descriptive powers, and the masculine command which he possesses of rich and brilliant language, he has totally failed in producing a play with even common interest or effect. He is too subtle in his fancy, and too intellectual in his imagination, to command the concern, or stir the passions of the common crowd. He neither possesses the graphic individuality nor lyric passion which gains dominion over the general heart. He began his poetic career with a theory of perfect simplicity in diction, and upon this basis he built a few extravagantly ridiculous specimens, which excited nothing but derision and sarcasm. In real simplicity he never equaled Goldsmith; but in grandeur of conception, intensity of feeling, and appropriate opulence of imagery, he is almost second to no English poet.

In the "Excursion," and his larger poems, there is observable a diffuseness which detracts from their vigor and power of impression. His sonnets, on the other hand, are chaste and sweet; and, at the same time, they are as vividly impressive in effect as they are lofty and simple in their construction. The poetical faith and action of Wordsworth may be summed up in the following sentence of a friendly reviewer:—"The impassioned love of nature is interfused through the whole of Mr. Wordsworth's system of thought, filling up all interstices, penetrating all recesses, coloring all media, supporting, associating, and giving coherency and mutual relevancy to it in all its parts. Though man is his subject, yet is man never presented to us divested of his relations with external nature. Man is the text, but there is always a running commentary of natural phenomena."

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The Christian Graces, No. 3.—Charity.

POETRY BY CHARLES JEFFERYS, MUSIC BY STEPHEN GLOVER.

Moderato.

1. Meek and low - ly, pure and ho - ly, Chief a - mong the "blessed three," Turn-ing
2. Hop - ing ev - er, fail - ing nev - er—Tho' de - ceived, believ-ing still; Long a-

Rall. a Tempo.

sad - ness in - to glad - ness, Heav'n-born art thou, Char-i - ty! Pit - y
bid - ing, all con - fid - ing, To thy heaven-ly Fa - ther's will: Nev-er

Rall. a Tempo.

dwell-eth in thy bo - som, Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart, Gen-tle
wear - y of well - do - ing, Nev-er fear - ful of the end; Claiming

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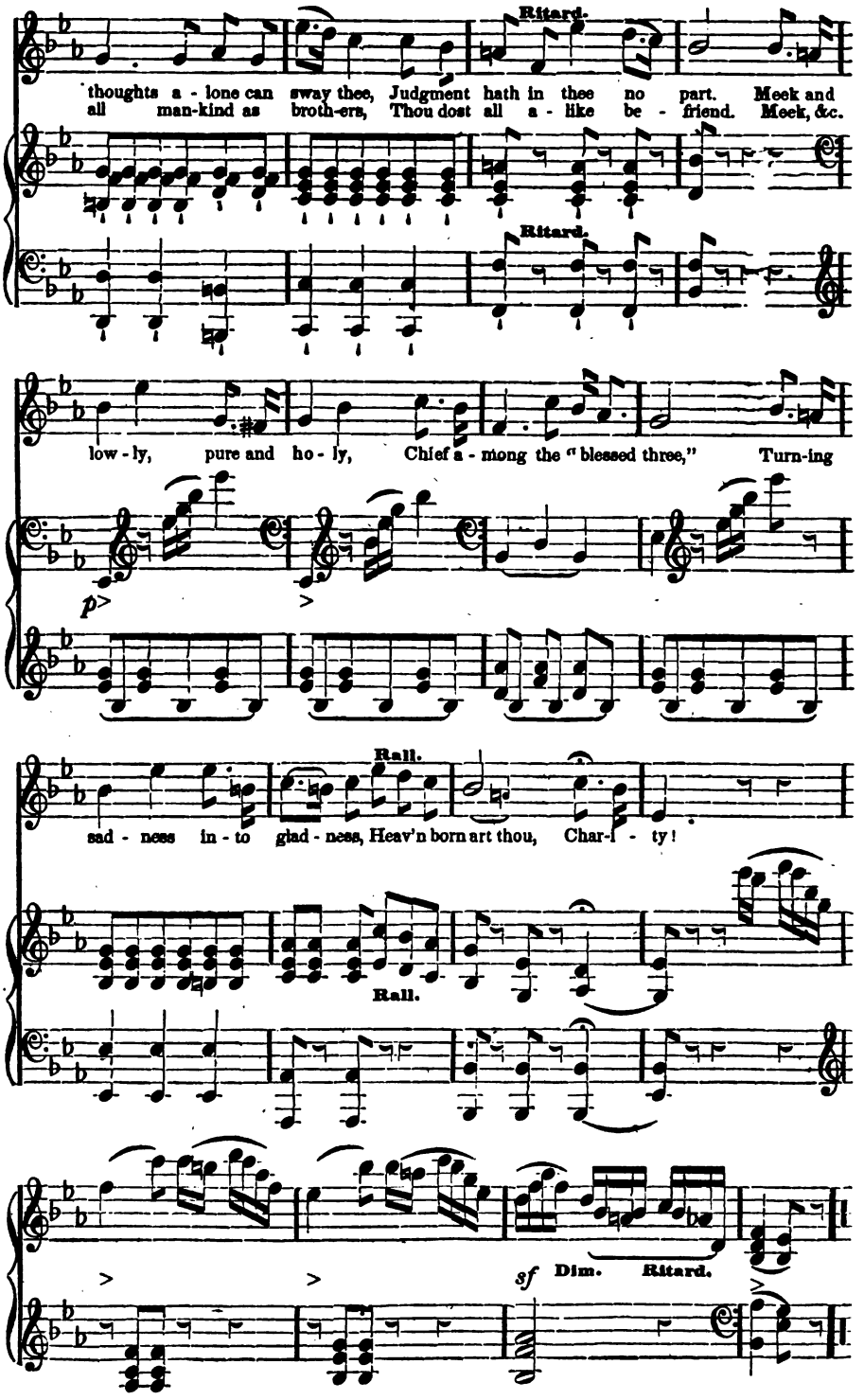

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THE HEROIC PERIOD OF THE CHRISTIAN HISTORY.

BY REV. ALBERT BARNES.

The peculiar character and claims of Christianity subjected it to the severest scrutiny, on its first promulgation to the world. It struck at all existing institutions. It demanded absolute supremacy over human things. It claimed authority to dictate in regard to all opinions and laws, and movements of individuals, and nations. It opened a warfare against all philosophic doctrines, all customs, idols, altars, that had usurped dominion over men; and claimed the authority of dethroning all supremacies, and of sitting down in the vacated seat of influence and power. It moved on to displace all the pontiffs of superstition; to close all pagan temples, or to re-consecrate them to a holier service; to annihilate splendid and imposing rituals; and to break up establishments of grandeur and pomp, that had been securely based on the opinions and customs of centuries.

It was impossible that these apparently arrogant claims should make their way without meeting the most determined resistance. Men do not surrender ancient opinions and religious rites without a conflict. We should expect, therefore, to trace among the men who have opposed or defended Christianity, some of the profoundest movements of intellect that ancient or modern times could furnish. We should be surprised if we did not find, that the chief talent of the world had met here, as on an arena suited to all that is great in intellectual strife, keen, acute, and profound in discussion, or tender, thrilling, and mighty in appeal. Never was there a finer field for eloquence and argument, than was furnished when the Christian fathers presented their "apologies" to the Roman emperors. Never were the acuteness and power of pagan philosophers more demanded, than when they saw the imposing rites of the ancient worship neglected; the temples of their gods beginning to be forsaken; the "execrable superstition" of Judea, as Tacitus called it, advancing to take possession of the Roman empire; and the last remnant of the system which had received the homage of her warriors, and orators, and statesmen, in the pride of her conquest and glory, departing from the capital of the world. It is curious, therefore, at least, as part of the history of the human mind, to look at the Christian controversy. It presents struggling champions, in some of the most interesting attitudes in which we can contemplate them. The dying efforts of paganism, the throes and contortions of this mighty system, expiring in the greatness of its strength, might be expected to exhibit scenes of the highest interest and power. The grand question which presented itself to the Roman world at the advance of Christianity, was, how it might be crushed. The strength of the Roman arm was put forth. The emperors expected to destroy it by power. They deemed it unworthy of an intellectual struggle. They knew no other way to conquer it, than that by which they had conquered the world—by arms. Still it lived. Philosophy next entered the lists, and paganism summoned men to defend its system by eloquence and argument. The battle was fought where it should have been at first—not with the *bodies* of men, and amid the fires of persecution; but in the arena of intellectual warfare, and by the power of reason and persuasion.

The history of the opposition to Christianity is one of the most curious records which this world furnishes. Opposed it must be, and would be, but infidelity has found itself often greatly perplexed to know with what arguments to assail it. Trial has been accordingly made of *all* the modes of warfare which have been hitherto discovered; and Christianity has survived them all. The question could not but occur to the pagan world, when it contemplated the rapid progress of the new religion, In what way is this to be met? It was then too serious a thing to be laughed at. There was no power in a jibe to stay the progress of the advancing system. There was no shield in the laws, no sacredness in ancient opinions, no power in legislation, to oppose it. It made its way toward the seat of power, and as early as the time of Nero, threatened to subvert the entire Roman system.

The first test which was applied to Christianity, when it had passed beyond the regions of philosophic contempt, and exalted itself to the

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notice of the State, was to bring to bear on it all the energy of the imperial power. It was deemed possible to crush it at a blow; and the emperor seemed to be engaged in an employment worthy of the purple, in endeavoring to arrest the progress of the daring intruder. All the power of statutes, and the force of terror; all the authority of the Roman name, and the horrors of persecution, were employed to extinguish the rising religion. Through ten of these fiery trials Christianity made its way, and survived them all. The scene was new. The experiment on a large scale had not been made. Though there had been opposition to religious teachers in other times, and a few philosophers had been sacrificed in the struggle; yet such a thing as a general persecution to extinguish a rising sect by the sword and fagot had never occurred. It was reserved for Christianity to experience and to survive the trial—apparently the most feeble and unprotected of all systems which had ever been presented to men. On some accounts, it was well that the grand experiment was then made effectually. It was a favorable time to settle a maxim of vast importance to the world—that the mind is free: that it cannot be trammeled by power; and that the flames of persecution are the direct means of perpetuating and enlarging the system which is sought to be destroyed. Happy would it have been, if even *ten* persecutions could have held this up to view so effectually, as to instruct succeeding enemies of the church of God. Streams of blood that have since flowed in the inquisition, and the vales of Piedmont, and everywhere under the fiery domination of the papal power, might then have been spared. But though nominal Christians have been slow to learn this lesson, yet it was effectually taught the pagan world. The records of the early Christian church have told the nations, that it is a great settled principle that no system of religion can be destroyed by the fury of persecution. It seems wonderful that amid these scenes, it did not occur to the philosophic Romans, to meet the Christian religion rather by argument, than by the sword. It might have been supposed, that they would have challenged the early Christians rather to intellectual combat, than to strife, with gladiators, and wild beasts in the theatres. But when the imperial arm had kindly undertaken to manage and dispose of the new religion, philosophy seemed contented to look on and view the strife. In the contests of Nero, and Domitian, and Diocletian, they did not deem it proper to interfere; and hence a religion depending on argument, appealing to conscience and to thought, and offering the rewards of heaven, was doomed to make its way in a contest with the sword, and to plead for protection while imperial power sought to suppress it on the rack, or amidst the flames. Every reader of the Roman writers of that period, must have been struck with surprise, that they so seldom referred to the Christian religion; and still more that none of them took the controversy from imperial hands, and made an appeal to the only authority which can ever decide the claims of a new religion. Tacitus once mentions it—with contempt;—Suetonius bestows on it a passing notice; Longinus has a solitary reference to Paul and to Moses; and Pliny mentioned it, because he was compelled to do so, in virtue of his office. But the truth was, they deemed it unworthy of argument. They regarded it as suitably disposed in the hands of persecuting emperors. And though by such persecution the new religion acquired *a reputation*—yet it was, in the view of philosophers, a most unenviable notoriety. It was such a fame as a highwayman or pirate obtains, when he dies under the curses of an offended world.

Yet though the philosophers of the Roman empire did not regard the Christian religion as worthy of debate; though for more than a hundred years, there did not occur a formal argument against it, yet the fathers of the Christian church were by no means content, that the controversy should be settled by the fagot and the sword. They seised the occasion to present their views to the Roman emperors. They made formal statements of the reasons why they were Christians. They vindicated their religion from the gross and indecent charges which were alleged against Christians. They seized the occasion when the public mind was agitated, and the empire was roused to the case of the Christians, to make their appeal to the Roman people, and to fix the arguments for the truth of Christianity deep in the public mind. It was then that the fathers presented their "apologies" for Christianity. They came before the world, and showed that the persecuted scheme had claims to other treatment than contempt, and the sword. Many of them were qualified to grapple with the mightiest spirits of the Roman world; and they *commanded* the attention of those who claimed the right of controlling mankind.

In these circumstances, it was impossible that the appeal should always be to fagots or to arms. Christianity assumed to the eye of man, a more intellectual and elevated character. It gradually rose, until it came to be regarded as worth debate. It began to be a matter of grave inquiry whether, after all that imperial power could do, it would not yet supplant the national

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religion. It *commanded*, therefore, the attention of intellectual men, and *compelled* them to enter the field of argument, and defend, if possible, the system of paganism. The subject came up in no form that would admit of contempt, or that would suffer the Christian fathers to avoid the controversy. About the year 176, Celsus attacked Christianity; and brought to bear on the subject the reputation of a philosopher, and the keenness and wit of an able controversialist. The book is lost, but we have no small part of it preserved in the answer of Origen. These portions show, that he was at least a diligent and indefatigable collector of all the charges which had ever been made against the Christian name. There was nothing of ribaldry or abuse, of sober argument, or blasphemous railing, that he was willing should pass unemployed in his controversy with the Christian faith. Origen met, with a master's hand, this first champion of unbelief; and his work is still a repository of argument in defence of the Christian religion. Porphyry and Hierocles succeeded Celsus in the argument against Christianity; and were like him met and foiled. These men were skillful controversialists, and distinguished philosophers; and, being bitterly opposed to the Christian name and religion, it might be supposed they would exhaust the argument against Christianity. The Roman emperors had assailed it by arms;—they renewed the attack in the field which was best fitted to test the strength of the Christian argument In that strife, the balances were not long equally poised. In the estimation of the Roman people, the defenders of paganism were foiled by the advocates of Christianity; and the new scheme of religion was as triumphant in the field of argument, as it had been amidst the flames of persecution. The defences of the early Christians against their assaults are still monuments of their talents, their skill, and their piety. They stand in the past as memorials, that up to *their* time the citadels of the foe had been taken, and the field was in the possession of the sacramental host of God's elect.

One other conflict was needful. It was desirable that some single man should bring the combined power of the imperial arm and of argument to bear on the Christian cause, and to test the new religion which had come to dethrone the ancient system. Persecution had burned and blazed alone. Philosophy had fought by itself. Both had been foiled. But how would it be, if both could be *combined* in one individual? Could the Christian system still survive, if argument should come enforced by the power of the sword, nd if the flames of persecution should shed a lurid blaze on the supposed demonstrations of a philosophic emperor? Such a man was Julian; and it was reserved for him, to blend the power of the purple, and the argument of the philosopher; the might of the imperial arm, with the keenness and satire of an accomplished disputant, to *test* in view of the Roman people, the power of the Christian religion. Never was a man better fitted for his purpose. If Divine Providence had designed him solely for this end, his existence might be adduced as a striking proof of that boundless wisdom which adapts instruments to ends. If we may believe Gibbon, who seems to have exhausted all his eloquence and talents in his description of Julian; who supposed he was, in drawing *his* character, aiming a deadly thrust at Christianity; but who, in this instance, furnishes a most striking illustration of what is apparent throughout the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," that he was "led by a hook in the nose;" Julian was a man of most splendid endowments, of vast enterprise and skill, of consummate art, and of profound learning and wisdom. He wielded the power of the Roman empire—then mighty and grand in its movements. All this power he brought to re-establish paganism, and crush the Christian scheme. In addition to this, he had been carefully trained in the Christian religion. He had professed to be a Christian. He had been destined to the purple, and was expected to complete the scheme contemplated by Constantine the Great. All his power and learning he brought to crush the Christian system. But the infidel emperor was met. Christianity then had enlisted, in its defence, many of the mightiest minds of the empire; and on every hand it was easy to find men qualified to defend the Christian faith against the arguments of Julian. God also opposed the daring emperor. The elements "in their courses fought against" him. His plan for rebuilding the holy city, in defiance of the predictions of God, was defeated; and Christianity gained a signal triumph over the most artful and mighty assault which had ever been made on its existence.

It is not a little remarkable, that with the opposition of Julian, ends for many centuries the controversy respecting the truth of the Christian religion. The great enemy of the Son of God, foiled in this his most mighty effort to overturn the Christian faith, apparently withdrew from the field of strife, and yielded the victory to the triumphant church of God. The utmost power of persecution had been tried. The arms of the empire had been wielded in vain. All the resources of wit and argument, of abuse, contempt, and raillery, of malice and intimidation, of philosophy

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and of sophistry, had been exhausted, and the humbled foe appeared to retire discomfited from the field, and to leave its possession to triumphant Christianity. Yet it was in *appearance* only. It was the master movement in the tactics of the great prince of cunning and delusion. Christianity was suffered to retain the field; and the attention of the world was *diverted* from the scheme itself, and its primitive purity and comeliness. An effort was made, gradually, to revive the system of idolatry, baptized with the Christian name; and to turn the professed advocates for Christianity to the *real* defence of paganism. When Julian, with the power of empire, could not re-establish it; when arts and arms only enlisted the entire church against it; and when it was compelled to retire with shame from the field, it occurred to the grand adversary, that all the skill and force of the Christian cause could be enlisted in his service. If idolatry could be introduced *into the church itself*, the victory would be gained, and gained too without the hazard to the cause of Satan, which had been experienced in the times of persecution and of conflict. It was done: and after the times of Julian, we are introduced to a different scene. The din of controversy and the shouts of alternate victory die away. The noise of strife is gone. The field is yielded to the Christian; and the banners of the faith float peacefully over all the palaces and cottages of the empire. The foe has suddenly disappeared, and the church has the aspect of peace. Instead of the foe now visible, a thousand pious hands are seen bearing into the church the trophies of conquest, and the spoils of victory. The ancient temples of the gods are stripped to adorn the churches of the Saviour. The altars are removed to grace the triumphs of the Christian religion. The robes of the pagan priesthood now adorn the ministers of the Christian religion; and paganism is everywhere reminded of its defeat, by witnessing the triumphal movements of the church of the Redeemer. With the pomp and splendor of paganism; with the imposing rites of the ancient Roman worship; with the gorgeous vestments, the titles, robes, and crowns, of the heathen priesthood, Christianity walked in triumph and in state. Paganism, humbled and subdued, saw everywhere the memorials of its ancient grandeur, now passed into other hands—and smiled. The *name* was changed. The *thing* remained. The church became the defender of that which it had for centuries steadily assailed; and dreaming of triumphs, it reclined on the arm of the vanquished, and pressed to its bosom that which it had struggled so long to overcome. Henceforward it became the defender of the trappings and pomp of the assumed paganism. It blended the rites of the ancient superstition with the doctrines of the cross; and we know nothing more of Christianity on the spot of her triumph, except as vanquished in her victories, subdued in her laurels, and a slave led captive amid her triumphal arches.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

"Out of darkness the light cometh, and the sun breaks through stormiest clouds."

Is it thus God deals with His weak ones,
  Weakening them more,
And for ever increasing the burdens
  That bowed them before?

Are His buffetings all for the tender,
  And none for the strong?
Must the minor of suffering ever
  Be heard in our song?

Hush! sad soul, and cease thy complainings;
  Art thou, then, so wise
As to know all the good from the evil?
  In gratitude rise,

And thank God for heart-trouble. Not always
  In anger 'tis sent,
But oft-times in mercy to bow us,
  Till, in penitence bent,

From the depths of our sorrow, uplifting
  Our tear-blinded eyes,
We catch, shining down through the darkness,
  A glimpse of the skies!

Sad soul, art thou press'd nigh to breaking?
  Be trustful and calm;
For the Lord of the storm and the whirlwind
  Will shield thee from harm.

The sky may seem shut to thy praying,
  And heaven be unknown,
But the dawn of a new day shall show thee
  Thyself at the throne!

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THE WIVES OF HENRY VIII. AND THE REFORMATION.

BY MRS. M. E. DOUBLEDAY.

The motives which induced Henry to cast off the supremacy of the Pope excited strong prejudices against all innovation, and strengthened the opposition to the Reformation. He inflicted a double injury upon the Protestant cause. He brought odium upon it, while he neither embraced the principles nor defended the persons of the reformers. If by an act of despotic power he hastened the separation of the English Church from the Roman See, by that same power he prevented the diffusion of Gospel truth, and retarded the progress of its principles among his people. Although he had abjured allegiance to Rome, he still maintained all her errors and superstitions; and while he clothed himself with the authority he had wrested from her, and assumed a new title as the "Head of the Church," he was careful to unite to it his old office of Defender of the Faith, and he strenuously asserted all the powers thus conferred.

Ever despotic, now absolute from the union of the highest ecclesiastical to the civil power, his will became at once the rule of faith and law of action; and he persecuted all who questioned his infallibility, or presumed to doubt the dogmas he imposed. To believe either too much or too little was alike criminal. The Catholic who clung to his ancient head, and the Protestant who would embrace a purer faith, were alike obnoxious. He was merely Pope of England instead of Rome; and those argue truly who argue that the English Church was not a Protestant church in the days of Henry. He was separated from Rome, but not reformed from its errors.

As Henry cast off the supremacy of Rome that he might abandon the wife of his youth and marry another, he thus identified the opposing interests of those two women with the conflicting claims of the two systems. Catharine of Aragon was endeared to the English by a life of purity, and by the real excellence of her character; while her high descent, and the large dowry she brought the kingdom, seemed to give her additional claims. She united firm principles to deep affections, and blended the dignity of regal state with the softness of the woman, and the devoted tenderness of the wife. Shakspeare has well portrayed her character. He drew her as she was remembered by the people—although he wrote when the daughter of her rival reigned—and he has drawn her from life. You feel that he has given a portrait, not a picture. She differs from the mere creations of his fancy, and she is superior to them in the true elements of female excellence—so queenly in her bearing, so tender in her affection, so true as a mother, so faithful to the husband who cast her off.

It was among the evils following the passion of the king for the Maid of Honor, that the circumstances in which Catharine was placed threw her entirely into the arms of Rome. She was of a character to have embraced the principles of the Reformation, for she was deeply pious and truly conscientious, and she felt the need of a higher standard of piety in the Church of Rome, and the reproach the lax lives of the clergy and their open indulgence in sin brought upon the church. Had Catharine of Aragon been the patroness of the Reformation—had Henry introduced the changes he wrought from the convictions of conscience, rather than the impulse of passion, very different had been the history of the English Church and nation. The change might then have been effected by constant progression, as the nation were enlightened, and ages of commotion and oceans of blood been spared.

But as it was, as Catharine was placed, she clung to Rome as for more than life,—as she would maintain her rights—as she would save her name from shame, and her child from dishonor—as she would preserve her purity as a woman, her dignity as a queen. And the great body of the people united in their feelings her rights with those of the church which protected them; and the sympathy for an injured woman an abandoned wife, quickened their zeal for the faith to which she adhered, and the church which defended her rights.

Although from her position, the interests of Anne Boleyn were blended with those of the re-

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formers, and she undoubtedly regarded them as her partisans, and they hoped much from her influence, there is no reason to suppose that she ever took the trouble to investigate, or had the courage to enhance the principles of the Reformation. And in her character and life she surely did not afford a very gratifying illustration of their power. The reckless levity and giddy thirst for admiration, are contrasted very unfavorably with the pure life and pious example of Catharine; and the adherents to the Romish Church would not be slow to note the difference. She was willing to lend her influence to those who from the purest motives were pursuing a course which abetted her ambitious policy; yet she had no true sympathy with the conscientious reformers. She acquiesced in the changes which promoted her ambition; but she never reverenced the doctrines of Rome. Had she dared to think or reason on disputed points, she would have been made amenable, and the proof of her contumacy had not been disregarded when occasion was sought against her.

The character of the individual stamps the nature of the influence exerted: that of Anne was most unfortunate, both as it affected individuals and the nation, as divided by the great questions of the day.

The difference between Catharine and Anne was exemplified by the course of the king—by the change his passion wrought in his character. He was a Tudor, and the race were ever despotic and arbitrary; but his earlier years were unmarked by gross profligacy or great cruelty. He was vain and arrogant, but his people were proud of his handsome person and gallant bearing; and he proved himself occasionally, as in the case of Suffolk and his sister, the queen of France, capable of the kinder feelings and gentler sampathies. He honored Catharine, and lived peacefully with her, while he was a fond father to their only surviving child. The passion for Anne drew forth all the fierce passions and malignant feelings. All were concentrated by his strong self-will upon the desire of exalting and possessing her.

Yet the influence of Catharine was not easily cast off. It long restrained him. Compare the long delay of her divorce with the speed and haste of the subsequent trials and executions. Motives of policy—the power of her royal friends—may have had their influence; but that of her character was greater. Not easily or lightly could he shake off or disregard the claims of one whose life had attested her worth. By her arts and coquetry Anne at once stimulated and piqued the passion of the king, but she forfeited his respect when she encouraged his love. He cast aside all restraint, as he violated all principle, when he married her; and she who had unchained his fierce nature was among the first victims to it. The obstacles which opposed his wishes stimulated his self-will, and kept alive his passion; when these were overcome, the gratification which strengthened the one extinguished the other, and the despotic will which had led him to place Anne on the pinnacle of earthly greatness, now induced him to cast her into the abyss of destruction.

She was doubtless guiltless of the darker charges against her, but in her prosperity she had been vain, arrogant, and presumptuous; and the levity which encouraged the lover, disgusted the husband. She had disappointed the expectations of the king, who desired a son, and who saw not the future greatness of the queen in the infant princess; and the sufferings of a mother impaired the charms which were now opposed to the fresh beauty of the fair Jane Seymour. Anne might have foreseen the future as she recalled the past, when she found her attendant acting toward herself the same part that she had played toward Catharine; and her agitation was followed by a result which precipitated her ruin. A son was born, but the heir so impatiently desired was lifeless; and the brutal husband poured forth his wrath and denunciations upon the pallid sufferer, even while she touchingly reminded him that "had he been more kind, it had not been thus."

Catharine had died in January; and her death awoke some feeling in the heart of Henry. He commanded the court to wear mourning; but in defiance Anne flaunted in robes of yellow, while she called upon her friends to rejoice in the death of the former wife; "for now," she exclaimed, "I am indeed a queen." Short was the exultation! In May she was beheaded,—and the shot of the cannon from the tower which announced that her head had fallen was the signal for the king to start with his bridal train to wed Jane Seymour.

In the hour of trial Anne needed the consolations of religion, and she resorted to the offices of the Romish Church. She early in her imprisonment besought that she might have the Host in her closet, and she must have then rendered it worship; while by confession and absolution she tried to prepare for the fearful change, she feared that she had not embraced those doctrines which had opened to her "the way, the truth, and the life,"—that she had no sympathy with the great principles of the Reformation. If to Protestants who were taught to regard her as the patroness of the Reformation, the friend of the reformers, who, from a conviction of benefits conferred by her

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upon the cause of the Reformation, have been led to pass lightly over her errors, and to regard her almost as a martyr to their cause, it is startling to find that she died a Catholic, it seems a fact well proved.

From the time that Henry yielded to his passion for Anne, every malignant principle rapidly developed, and unruly passions and fierce tempers from thenceforth ruled his soul and desolated his kingdom, every indulgence strengthened his despotic self-will, religious persecution aided political proscription, and the kingdom was blackened by fire and marked by blood, as the rack or the stake secured the victim. None were so high as to escape his power, none so low as to be beneath his persecution; and the royal Blue Beard alternated the cares of state with the wooing, beheading, or divorcing his fair brides.

If the English, as a nation, had reason to deplore the change thus wrought, there was yet one who, suffering deeply from the guilt, folly, and injustice of others, in after years fearfully avenged upon the innocent the injuries she had received from those who made the Reformation a covert for their selfish designs. The Bloody Mary, at the period when the dalliance between the king her father, and the Lady in attendance upon her mother commenced, was in the first years of womanhood. Always treated as the Princess Royal of England, the premature deaths of the other children of the royal parents, had seemed to confirm to her the succession; and she had been presented to the world as the heiress of the throne, while her father had appointed her an establishment suitable to her rank and expectation. She had been carefully educated, and was learned and accomplished, pleasing in person and manners, and while her father was both proud and fond of her, her mother watched over her with most tender affection.

The change which separated the husband from the wife, alienated the father from the child; and Mary was involved in all the trials and sorrows of her mother. The clouds which darkened her youth, destroyed her health, and embittered her temper. She was deprived of the right of succession, branded as illegitimate, and exposed to every species of contumely. By a peculiar refinement of female malice, when Elizabeth was born, Anne transferred the household and establishment, appointed Mary, as the heiress of the throne, to the infant who had supplanted her in the rights of inheritance, while Mary was still forced to remain as a mere appendage to the state of her sister; a dependent in a household of which she had late been the head. Such a course was enough to engender all the bitterness often displayed between the sisters. During the decline of Catharine, the mother was not permitted to see her daughter, and the daughter was forbidden the sad privilege of receiving the mother's dying blessing. Alike crushed and trampled upon, their rights violated, their feelings outraged, they were denied the sorrowful consolations of communion in woe. It is some gratification to the heart to know that in her disgrace and sorrow, Anne repented of her treatment of this unhappy princess, and sent a message beseeching forgiveness.

Like her mother, Mary was thrown into the arms of the church which hurled its anathemas against the monarch who had dared to annul his marriage without its sanction, and thus she ever clung with the warmest devotion to the papacy; and the bitter prejudices she early imbibed against the reformers, who to her appeared but as the partisans of her enemies, led her the more readily to sanction and encourage the cruel persecutions which disgraced her reign and darkened her memory.

Although the memory of Jane Seymour is cherished, as she was the mother of the first Protestant king, she could have exerted little or no influence upon the religious sentiment of the age. Dying in the hour when a mother forgets her sorrow, and while the exultant shouts of a nation rejoicing in the birth of an heir to the throne were ascending, her fate excites a sympathy which keeps us from scanning her character too closely. While she conformed to the demands of the king, she probably did not enter into any vexed questions; and it is only known that, as dying, she received the rites of the Catholic Church, she was buried with all its forms, and was doubtless in heart a Catholic.

Anne of Cleves, a Protestant princess, was a mere Dutch housewife, and could have exerted little influence. Yet it is somewhat curious that while Henry married her to strengthen his interests by uniting with the Protestant cause, and she came to England a Protestant, she afterward renounced the Protestant faith and embraced that of Rome.

Catharine Howard was a frail, fair child. Her sad, short life teaches the need of maternal care, of watchfulness, of instruction; and her fate proves the danger of any departure from the paths of rectitude, while it confirms the common assertion, showing us that in the highest ranks, as in the lowest walks of life, it is almost utterly impossible for a woman, once erring, to retrace her steps and regain the path of virtue and hon-

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or. A sadder romance was never written than that acted by the fifth wife of Henry; and her life might well be dwelt upon—but not in this connection. She could have taken little interest in, or have exerted little influence upon, the great movement of the age,—so young and so ignorant, that it is supposed that she could neither write nor read the letters addressed her. The shame of an exposure, the disgrace, the degradation which would have allowed a period for repentance, had been a sufficient and meet punishment for one so early betrayed, so utterly unguarded. Blood, blood alone could expiate an offence against the royal tyrant, in concealing the levity of early girlhood; and the bride of six months died upon the scaffold—before twenty—for the errors of fifteen.

There was a marked similarity in the characters of Catharine of Aragon and Catharine Parr —the first and last wives of Henry, which happily did not extend to their fate. Yet while there was a general resemblance, there was an opposition in particulars. They were both immeasurably superior to the interesting Jane. They were both learned, accomplished, and exemplary, in the fulfillment of every domestic duty. Both united acquirements, not common to the other sex, to a love of female occupation. Yet the one was the daughter of the loftiest royal house in Europe, the other a private English gentlewoman; and while the one was the patroness of the reformers, the friend of the Reformation, the other was one of the most faithful devotees at the feet of the Roman Pontiff.

Catharine Parr was a true Protestant,—the first Queen of England who truly embraced the principles of the reformers; and as by a diligent discharge of every duty, a careful fulfillment of every obligation, she commanded respect, while she conciliated the love of the various branches of the royal family, the influence thus acquired was all eventually made to subserve the cause of the reformers.

The royal household was composed of very discordant materials. There were the children of three different mothers. The two princess-daughters—the one of a mother supplanted and divorced, the other of a mother disgraced and beheaded, and each declared illegitimate—with the young heir to the throne, might well be supposed to regard another step-mother with jealous dislike, or at least apprehension. Yet by her judicious kindness, the new Queen preserved her own dignity, and introduced something like harmony into the royal circle, while she secured the affection of the individual members. Even the morose and unhappy Mary, bigot as she proved to be, was won by her kindness, and assisted her in the translation of portions of sacred writ. Elizabeth, early politic, felt or affected fondness; and Edward honored the wife of his father; and her example and her approbation were a stimulus to him in his studies. There were more distant members of the royal family who were brought under the influence of the Queen—the daughters of the sisters of the King. The Ladies Suffolk and Douglas composed a part of her circle, and these became among the firmest friends of the Reformation; while the example and the influence of Catharine doubtless encouraged that attention to study which gave so many learned women to the succeeding courts of England.

Yet Catharine was surrounded by enemies, and suspected of favoring too much the principles of the reformers. Her life was more than once endangered, and on a memorable occasion, there seemed but a hair's breadth between her and the scaffold. We must admit that the address which turned the scales and saved her life, deprived her of a martyr's crown, while it saved her from a martyr's fate. And while this incident shows the exceeding cautiousness she was obliged to exercise to preserve her own life, it proves, too, that she was obliged to conform to the rites and ceremonies which had been still retained, and the dangers incurred by Catharine prove how difficult it must have been to disseminate the doctrines of the Bible and the Reformation, in the highest circles of the kingdom.

Henry continued to insist upon the appointed observances, and to uphold the Mass and Transubstantiation, while he lived by the stake and the fagot. Yet when he died, the court was found to be reformed,—and during the ensuing regency, the church was purified from many of its superstitious observances, and its articles conformed to those of the Protestant churches. Many of the principal nobility, many ladies nearest to the Queen, with her, became openly and decidedly the patronesses of the reformers. The leaven of truth had been hid, but it now appeared that court and kingdom were leavened, and the principles of the Reformation embraced and acknowledged by those who never abandoned them. While we regard the influence of Catharine as having been propitious so far as she dared exert it, we believe there were others, more obscure, but more efficient agents, who had prepared the way for these results. The seeds of divine truth have ever been sown in toil and painfulness, in want and self-denial—it has still been watered by tears and blood.

The great, the powerful, the high, the rich, may

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have sheltered, and fed, and clothed, and protected the laborers in the vineyard of our Lord, whose "field is the world;" but such have seldom been the efficient husbandmen, such have seldom gathered therein, although He who knoweth man, all that is in him, all his infirmities, graciously accepts this service, and assures the reward, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto me, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Thus we would trace that influence which penetrated the recesses of the Court of Henry, to an individual very differently situated from Catharine, the Queen of England—to a woman obscure, unknown, save by a death at the stake, in adherence to the truths she had embraced.

Among the Martyrs of Fox, we find the name of Anne Askew. He tells us that she was burned with others for denying the doctrine of transubstantiation, and rejecting the mass. Hume mentions her slightly, among the victims of Henry's intolerance and cruelty, as young and beautiful. She was a gentlewoman of good family, connected with that of Catharine, and early embraced the principles of the Reformation, but probably after she married; for her husband made these a reason for separating from her, and banishing her from his house. Thus cast out, she sought the protection of her kinswoman, the Lady Latimer; and perhaps Catharine first heard the principles of the reformers from her persecuted relative, for her husband, Lord Latimer, was a staunch Catholic, and had even despised the royal power in their behalf. When Lady Latimer became the wife of Henry, Anne was still retained in her train, and thus she was brought into the royal circle. She certainly did not conceal her belief; there is no proof that she was arrogant or presumptuous in the assertion of her faith. She probably sought to enlighten the ladies with whom she was thus associated, and to advance the principles of the Bible, both by conversation and by circulating books, doctrinal and devotional works, and even the word of God.

That affinity to the queen which might have been presumed a protection, proved the immediate cause of her arrest. The enemies of Catharine were ever on the watch for an occasion of complaint; and Anne was apprehended, that through her her patroness might be assailed. In addition to the charges of denying the doctrines above specified, she was accused of circulating heretical or improper books among the ladies of the court. Her life was offered, if she would recant and betray the ladies who had taken the books; if not, the rack and the stake were before her. She stood firm: she neither denied her faith nor betrayed her friends. She was accordingly placed upon the rack, and then questioned; and, as she was still firm, and the officer too gentle, the Chancellor of England, the notorious Rich, threw off his robes, and applied his own hands to the rack, so that in the words of Anne, "she was almost drawn asunder." She was then taken from the rack and placed upon the stone floor of the dungeon, and for two hours plied with promises and threats.

What a scene was that—where a woman, delicate, young, fair, lay on the stones of that dungeon, with quivering lips and pallid brow, and form convulsed with agony; while the highest judicial officer of the kingdom strove by entreaty and threat to induce her to deny her principles and ruin her benefactress!

Unable to walk, Anne was carried to the stake and tied to it, as she could not support her own weight. Yet she cheered her fellow-sufferers, and some few friends gave expressions of sympathy, while the Chancellor followed and sat on the steps of an ale-house near, hoping that fear might yet lead her to implicate the queen, to save herself from further torture. Such scenes as these were too common in those days. And we allude to this instance because we think we can trace the influence which this death, in connection with the previous life, exerted in the court of England. The martyrdom of Anne Askew, of one like themselves delicate, fair, refined, nurtured in luxury, inspired a deep interest and sympathy among the highest class of women in England, and we find that many associated with her became the warmest friends of the Reformation. Among these were the queen herself, and the Lady Jane Grey, who died a victim rather than a martyr.

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YEARS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Years are the foes of beauty. So, the fair
Takes counsel with her mirror, how to cope
Best with their domination. O'er her locks
The fragrant oil she pours,—perchance, her brow
Tints with carnation,—watching jealously,
Even as the mariner some pirate sail,
The incipient wrinkle. When old Time first sends
In embassy, the silver-coated hair,
Up goes the hated herald, root and branch;
No truce, no parley. Lady! 'tis in vain,—
Grave Autumn may not wear the buds of Spring.
Secure the beauty that surmounteth age:
The changeless charm of an unselfish soul,
Full of sweet love to all whom God hath made.

Are years the foes of Love? They may be so.
Yet only of the lighter love that rests
On charms that perish. Yet the one who lives
To be admired, doth shrink at their approach.
Costume she studieth much, and ornament,—
In company, she laugheth loud and long,
Moving her body with a jaunty air,
As if from superflux of gayety
And youthful spirits. Vaguely doth she speak
Of things coeval with her early prime,
And shunneth those who do remember well
Birth-days and dates—counting such antique tastes
Vulgar and common-place. Oh! break the chain
Of vanity that keeps thy spirit poor.
Each season hath its charms. Seek thou for those
That wait on ripen'd age, and be content.

Years are the friends of wisdom; and the sage
Doth bid them welcome, while he hoards the gold
Their pinions scatter o'er his studious hour;
Regarding not, although by stealth they take
The flush and vigor of his prime away.
Contemn not hallow'd Science, ye who bask
Like butterfly amid poetic flowers,
Or on the honey of Hymettus feed.
Lo! from her mountain cliff she cometh down,
Like the Nile-cradled Patriarch, in her hand
The stony tables, by God's finger trac'd,
And on her brow the light of thoughts that show
Converse with Him. Probationer of Time,
Make earnest friendship with such glorious guest.

Years are the friends of piety. Be strong,
And full of peace, ye who possess a wealth
Beyond this world—a freehold in the skies.
Each hour doth bring thee nearer home. Be glad.
Thy vesture on thy travel waxeth old,
But in thy Father's house are fitting robes
Of immortality. The wearied foot
May halt, and fail—wings are provided thee.
Dimness must gather o'er the eyes that know
The weeping of the world, and the tir'd sense
Grow dull to sound. But who can tell the joy
When on the blind a cloudless light shall break,—
And the seal'd ear, long dead to earthly strains,
Be open'd, 'mid the harmonies of Heaven!

SONNET.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

Did I not love thee well? thou in whose heart
Love was the essence of a thought divine:—
A thing in which no earth-desire had part,
But pure and beautiful lost love of mine!
My heart's betrothed! thou noble, earnest, true—
And full of tender thoughtfulness for me,
Filling my spirit with the holy dew
Of light and love, and bloom and melody.

Spirit of perfect Love, that now dost stand
All sanctified in the pure sight of God—
O! for the clasp of thy fond, faithful hand,
To guide me still along my thorny road:
Light were life's toil—and less death's agony—
Oh, my soul's friend! for one brief glimpse of thee!

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DEATH AND HEAVEN.

BY REV. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

FAITH in the word of God concerning heaven has a different strength and tone in the experiences of various Christians. Some are able to perceive so distinctly the realities promised, as to be like Paul, desiring to depart, whilst others are not honored through life with such joyful views, and in consequence a certain shrinking is visible when death is mentioned as about to happen to them. On the contrary, very timid Christians, through the grace of Christ, become as bold as lions, when the death struggle actually begins. Such was the case of a Christian not long since called to die. Although a laborious and consistent follower of Christ, she had always looked forward to death with great terror. The peace of many hours was disturbed by this dread. At last death came, as he commonly does, suddenly, and so sweet and gracious was the sustaining power of her Comforter, that she almost doubted whether this could be the scene she had so much dreaded. "Have I, indeed, entered upon the valley of the shadow of death?" she inquired. "Where is its darkness? It is light—all light to me. Oh, how beautiful—beautiful—beauti——" and she expired with that unfinished word of glory lingering on her lips.

It is no infrequent occurrence that death is greatly magnified as to its terrors, and this, too, among those who have stood repeatedly by the dying. I knew a physician whose medical skill was only exceeded by his professional honor. He was an enthusiast, whose impulses were moderated by a consummate judgment, but professional zeal sometimes made large encroachments on the specific obligations of a Christian. In the meridian of usefulness and strength, he was laid aside. The most independent of men became dependent for the most trivial thing. Never was there a sadder struggle *to say* and *act out*, "Thy will be done," and yet never was there a more sincere longing for that very submission. To add to his multiplied afflictions, the disease which had bound him down sometimes terminated in death, which was preceded by the most agonizing convulsions. The premonitions of just such a death to him were not few, or unmeaning.

At first the "very terror of hell gat hold of him," and he found no comfort even in reviewing his years of kindness to the sick and dying. He seemed given up to the agony of doubt, and the fear that he was forsaken of God. His approaches to the mercy-seat were affecting. And thus he struggled on until his Redeemer saw it to be enough. The refined silver gave back the refiner's image, and then he was delivered from the heated furnace. Then he saw the working of all things for his good, and was wont to say, "In faithfulness thou hast afflicted me; before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I keep thy law! I would not, if I could, reverse the wheels of Providence, and bring back my former prosperity, if with it I must cease to enjoy my present peace!"

At last death came, not with those frightful convulsions, but like a peaceful sleep. God had heard him in that he feared, (Heb. 5 : 7) and delivered him from the fear of death. So calm and imperceptible was his translation, that his weeping companion and children could well have said,

> "Our very hopes belied our fears,
> Our fears our hopes belied;
> We thought him dying when he slept,
> And sleeping when he died."

There is one saying of the Apostle which is verified in the exchange of worlds: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." A diligent laborer all the day is usually favored with a marked welcome at night. A few years since an intemperate man was converted, and the truth of his conversion confirmed by years of the most devoted piety. He sold his property and placed it where it gave him no anxiety, and then missionated from one place to another. His education was very deficient, "his bodily presence weak," and "his speech contemptible," and yet that man would wring tears from eyes not accustomed to weep, and relentings in hearts which commonly showed no fear. A member of the bar confessed that he had never been so moved by any preaching as by the simple and earnest appeals of this unpromising layman. I was a boy when this good man was performing his pilgrimage through the mountains of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and yet his form is present to memory. The very tones are not forgotten; and many a time have I wondered at the extreme tender-

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ness, earnestness, and length of his prayers. I verily believe he spent as much time on his knees as on his feet; and such was the conviction of the truth of religion wrought by his presence, that the most abandoned and hardened were subdued. A very curious and imposing scene was exhibited in the open street in Milford, Pa. This man met one day several rough Catholic Irishmen, with their shovels in hand, going to their work. He stopped them in the middle of the street, and placing his hand so winningly on the shoulder of one of them, began to speak of Christ to him. The man wept, and the sympathetic feeling was caught by the rest. At last, under a holy impulse, and altogether regardless of the usual proprieties of fashionable religion, he said, "Let us pray!" Swayed as a by an irresistible influence, those rough men kneeled with him in the street, and sobbed audibly whilst he commended them to God.

And so Father Carpenter lived on just as the sun shines, "more and more unto the perfect day." We might with some degree of certainty predict that to such a one death would have no terrors. One of his Christian friends, referring to some particular symptoms in his case, said to him one morning, for the purpose of trying him, "Mr. Carpenter, I think you will wake up some morning in heaven!" "Do you think so?" he inquired with a most beautiful expression of countenance, "do you think so? I wish it might be to-morrow morning!"

His friend predicted his manner of death correctly, nor was it long delayed. As I am informed, he went to rest one night, and the next morning he was in heaven. He had passed away as it were in sleep. He walked with God and was not, for God took him.

Not every diligent worker for Christ is permitted to sleep over the death-agony. There was another good man who worked among the same mountains, and left his mark on many minds. He labored in a hard region, and yet of him it might be said, "he has done what he could." He loved the Bible, and his principal work was to instruct the ignorant in its truths. A multitude still live to bear witness to his faithfulness and success.

At last the advances of death were not to be mistaken. He was constantly afflicted with a sense of suffocation. His labored breath was to be heard in all parts of the house. He had great pain, and yet his submission was equal to his pain. He had no unusual ecstasy, yet he had no fear. Christ's legacy to him was not the rapture of a Payson, but was comprised in the single word, PEACE. And yet but few could speak with such cheerfulness of the heavenly world. I well remember one conversation on this point. His breathing was very difficult, and his conversation was carried on in a low whisper, as his strength would permit. I had asked him how death appeared, and what were his views of heaven? Concerning death he had no fear, because that thing he had submitted entirely to Christ. The time and manner of his departure gave him no anxiety. But concerning heaven his words were remarkable.

"I love to think of heaven as a place of rest from pain, and yet a place where active duty is performed, where the mind grows and the heart expands. I love to think of it as a place where *no one will be ashamed to recognize me.* Now suppose I should go to Washington, and the President and Heads of the Departments, and other distinguished men, should recognize me, I should feel honored. But suppose not only that they would not be ashamed to have me in their company, but I should be able to bear my part properly in their conversation, my happiness would be greatly increased!

"Now in these illustrations you will have some idea of my views concerning heaven. I shall be introduced to very many whom I wish to know, and among those distinguished saints who are in heaven I have a great longing to see the Apostle Paul. Great as he is, he will own me as a brother. But the greatest of all whom I shall see in my own likeness, shall be 'one like unto the Son of Man.' They will none of them be ashamed of my society. Besides this, I shall be able to say something of redeeming love, and these heavenly companions will not deem it beneath them to hear me!"

Then said he, "My own parents I expect to see. My sisters, my wife, and my children will be there. My venerable uncle will not be far behind me, and perhaps I shall see some there whose feet were directed to the cross through my means. I am filled with wonder at these anticipations, and take great comfort in ascribinig all the glory to the grace of God altogether undeserved."

Such were the cheerful words of this dying saint. A few days after this he stopped breathing, not because he was suffocated, but because his body was all worn out. Fully conscious that this was death, without a struggle "he fell on sleep."

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

"Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ,
And while eternal ages roll,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

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THE MYSTERIOUS KNOCKINGS.

"Here's a knocking, indeed!—Knock! knock! knock! Who's there, in the name of Beelzebub? Knock! knock! Who's there, i' the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator! Come in, equivocator. Knock! knock! knock! Who's there? Knock! knock! Never at quiet! What are you?"—MACBETH.

STRANGE noises have been heard by human ears, before the Rochester ladies converted the mysterious knockings into an article of traffic. In some cases they have been the contrivance of deliberate imposture,—in others, they are to be put down to the account of self-delusion,—while in others, no satisfactory explanation has as yet been attained. On any supposition, the facts present a curious chapter in human history. If they are the results of mere trickery, the performers are accomplished artists, beating all hollow the pretensions of every-day jugglers like MacAllister and Blitz; if they proceed from certain natural laws, not yet brought within the domain of science, they show up a marvelous phase of the myriad-sided Universe; and if they are to be traced to the world of the departed, either in its nether or its upper spheres, "be they spirits of health or goblins damned, bringing airs from heaven, or blasts from hell," they fill a niche which has hitherto found no place in "our philosophy." The existence of the facts can now scarcely be called in question by the most stiff-necked skeptics. The sounds have been heard too frequently, in too great a variety of places, have been attested by too competent witnesses, to allow any doubt of their occurrence. But the true character of these strange noises is another question. Opinion will probably be long divided on this, as on other points, beyond the limits of actual experience. Some may think them the voices of angels, others the exhibitions of deception and quackery, others the old thunder in a new form. For ourselves, we have nothing to affirm or deny on the subject. The electric theory has much in its favor, but we will not discuss it. As "honest chroniclers," we shall confine ourselves to a few historical statements.

The experience of the Wesley family has often been alluded to, in connection with this subject. The father of the celebrated founder of the Methodist persuasion was visited with strange knockings for a long time. They were often heard by several members of the family. The first manifestation was to a couple of the domestics. They were sitting in the dining-room about ten o'clock at night, when a knock was heard at the door. The knock was repeated several times, and accompanied with groans. The sounds were afterward heard by the sisters of John Wesley, then by his mother, and at length by his father. When he was informed of the occurrence of the noises, he became very angry, rebuking his wife for her credulity in listening to the tales of the children, and desired her to say nothing more on the subject. But at family prayers that evening, a demonstration was made to the old gentleman himself. While offering the petition for the king, a knocking commenced all over the room, and the Amen was saluted by a thundering knock. This was repeated, both in the morning and the evening, during the prayer for the king. Mr. Wesley was more and more indignant at the intrusion. On one occasion, he pulled out a loaded pistol, and was only prevented from firing at the place whence the sound came by the interposition of a friend. He then went to the spot, and in a stern and authoritative voice, commanded the "deaf and dumb devil" not to frighten the children, who were trembling in their sleep, covered with a cold sweat, but to come into his study, where they would meet a man. A loud knock, resembling that which he was in the habit of using at the gate, was at once given, and with a force, as if the door would be shivered in pieces. Before that time, no sound had been heard in Mr. Wesley's study. He subsequently received frequent visits from the unwelcome intruders. The noises became still more violent, and various harmless pranks were performed in different parts of the house. Mr. Wesley was advised by several of his clerical friends to change his dwelling. But his blood was up, and he would not listen to the proposal. He determined to fight it out. "Let the devil flee from me," was his answer, "I will never flee from the devil." The sturdy Englishman at last had it his own way. After continuing for about two months, the noises dis-

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appeared as suddenly as they came. They were not heard again in that house. It is stated, however, that one of the daughters, Emily, was accustomed to hear them at times for a period of at least thirty-four years. In the case now described the mystery was never solved. Dr. Priestley, the obstinate Sadducee, tried to explain it on the supposition of a trick by some of the servants, but brings no evidence whatever in support of his theory. Dr. Adam Clarke speaks of the explanation as "ridiculous and absurd," and founded merely in the "deference of the author to his system of materialism."

Mackay, in his "Memoirs of Popular Delusions," relates several instances of mysterious knockings, which turned out to be nothing but trick or accident. One occurred in an antiquated and forlorn old mansion in Aix-la-Chapelle, which no one could muster up courage enough to inhabit, on account of the strange sounds which had been heard in it, for several years, both night and day. The sounds were wholly inexplicable; nobody could imagine how they were produced; the wonder ran and the terror grew, until the street was almost deserted, and the inhabitants went to reside in other parts of the town. The house at last, from neglect and desertion, fell into decay, its damp and dingy walls looked as if they would invite a reunion of witches, and the whole external appearance became so gloomy and preternatural, that people were afraid to pass it after sunset. The noises were heard in the upper rooms, not very loud, indeed, but with a spectral, shuddering monotony. Every attempt was made to exorcise the spirits. Holy water was sprinkled over the rooms, priests adjured them into the Red Sea; but "bell, book, and candle," were all in vain. The mystery was at length brought to light by accident. The house had changed hands, the original proprietor selling it for a song in order to avoid the pestilent annoyance. The new owner was examining it one day, when he heard a door fly back and forth, producing the sounds that had caused the alarm. On looking into the matter, the whole thing was cleared up. The latch of the door was broken, and it swung almost entirely on the lower hinge. A pane of glass in an opposite window was also broken, and when the wind was in a certain quarter, a draught was produced, which set the door in motion. A neighboring glazier now exorcised the ghosts with a little putty, and not a sound was heard from that day in the haunted dwelling.

A similar story is told of one of the old college houses formerly belonging to Harvard University. A strange, low, moaning, unearthly sound was often heard to proceed from one of the chambers. It continued for a long time, and became the theme of popular gossip. It had a plaintive, beseeching tone, which was interpreted to mean, "Oh, don't! oh, don't!" and many came to the conclusion that it was the ghost of a person who must have been murdered in the building. There were no traditions of such an event, however—nobody had been missed,—no name was "syllabled by the aery tongue,"—and no purpose for such a manifestation could be divined. Some time afterward, it became necessary to repair the chimney, and the secret was discovered. The remains of an old-fashioned smoke-jack were found in the throat of the chimney, and at certain states of the wind, the creaking of its rusty and paralytic wheels produced sounds that might easily be construed into the voice of a spirit. The old smoke-jack was deposed, and the moan of the murdered victim from that moment ceased.

Sir Walter Scott relates a story of certain strange knockings which he had from the gentleman who figured in the affair. They were heard shortly after he came into possession of his property, and were supposed to indicate something wrong in the descent of the inheritance. The old family servants whispered with each other, and shrugged up their shoulders with a peculiar emphasis. The gentleman was determined to ascertain the cause, and set himself on the watch. He traced the sounds to a small store-room, where various kinds of provisions were kept for the family. Going into this room, he did not hear the sounds for some time. At last they were aga in heard, but lower down than they had appeared before, giving some food to an excitable imagination. Pursuing the search, he came upon an old box trap, in which an overgrown rat had been caught. This animal, in pursuit of a "larger liberty," had succeeded in raising the door to a short distance, but it would drop before the rat could effect its escape, making an effectual knock whenever it fell.

Other cases of mysterious sounds have been explained in a manner more discreditable to human nature, showing great credulity on the part of the dupes, and greater audacity on the side of the performers.

The marvelous disturbances which took place at the Royal Palace of Woodstock, in the year 1649, have often been described. After the death of King Charles I., the Long Parliament dispatched commissioners to take possession of the palace, and to remove from it every vestige of royalty. They proceeded to the discharge of their duty, under a strong impulse of puritanic zeal. With a fanatical violence, from which the best minds of that age were not altogether free, they

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offered the grossest indignities to the memory of the late king,—converted his apartments into their sleeping chambers,—made the beautiful drawing-rooms and chambers the place for the most sordid domestic offices,—turned the council hall into a brew-house, and stored their firewood in the dining-room. They were attended by a clerk, named Giles Sharpe, who professed to be a devoted Puritan, and who seconded all their plans, with the most officious assiduity. During the first two days of their residence in the Royal Palace, they heard certain strange noises, in various parts of the house, which excited their attention, but produced no serious alarm. On the third day their suspicions were aroused; they found a lank, shaggy monster of a dog, under the bed, which devoured the clothes with preternatural voracity; and on the next day the chairs and tables began to dance with a degree of agility for which there was no apparent cause. The fifth day brought new and still more wondrous marvels. The door of the chamber was opened; a strange being strode across it with spectral solemnity; bringing the warming-pan from the drawing-room, and making an infernal din, like the ringing of half a dozen church-bells at once, in their ears. The next scenes in the comedy were even more peculiar. The plates and dishes began to be thrown up and down in the dining-room. The pillows were spirited away from the beds, and huge logs of wood put in their place. The bricks in the chimneys set up a tremendous rattling, and danced about the floors and the heads of the commissioners, giving them no rest either night or day. Their clothes disappeared in an unaccountable manner; their beds were filled with pewter platters; the glass was shivered to atoms in all parts of the house; and at last, a noise, like the report of forty cannon, was succeeded by a shower of pebble-stones, which fairly set the commissioners at their wit's end. They were struck with great horror, and cried out to each other for help.

They at first had recourse to prayer. This was unavailing. It proved to have no power over the evil spirits. Then they made up their minds to desert the premises, and leave the devils free scope. But they did not like the disgrace of being defeated by infernal machinations, and concluded to make a further attempt. Having confessed their sins, they girded themselves for the remaining combats. There was a temporary lull. They began to hope that the arch-enemy was conquered. But they reckoned without their host. Soon, they heard a ghostly tread in the drawing-room, pacing up and down with portentous regularity; showers of stones, bricks, mortar, and broken glass, rained in horrid showers over their heads; a large warming-pan was thrown on the table, and the storm of stones was closed by the jaw-bone of a horse. Fearing to go to sleep, they sat up all night, making large fires in all the rooms, and lighting an immense number of lamps and candles. This brought no help. Buckets of water came down the chimneys, and quenched the fires. The candles were blown out by invisible lips. Noises like the loudest thunder, or the firing of a heavy park of artillery, filled the house. At length, wearied out with these various annoyances, they were driven away from Woodstock, wholly at a loss to explain the strange agencies by which they had been so signally discomfited, or rather fully convinced that they were the immediate operation of the devil and his angels.

After the lapse of several years, the secret was brought to light. It was found that the whole witches' holiday was the work of Giles Sharpe, the clerk of the Commissioners, before alluded to, Giles was at heart a Royalist. He had passed his early life at Woodstock, and was familiar with all its localities, including the trap-doors and secret passages with which the palace abounded. The Commissioners reposed the most entire confidence in him as a stanch Puritan, and with an infinite share of shrewdness, audacity, and love of adventure, he contrived, with a few secret confederates, to keep the ball in motion, before which the valiant Revolutionists were obliged to flee, in perplexity and quaking terror.

The famous Cock Lane Ghost, which is said to have even acted on the superstitious tendencies of Dr. Samuel Johnson, kept all London in commotion for several months, presenting so many proofs of its supernatural origin as to baffle the coolest judgments, and to inflame the credulity of the ignorant to the highest fever heat. This made its first appearance in the year 1762, in the house of a man named Parsons, in Cock Lane, near West Smithfield. A quarrel between him and a stock-broker, one Kent, who lodged in his house, was the beginning of the excitement. Kent having lost his wife, had taken her sister as a housekeeper, and cherishing a mutual affection, they each made a will in favor of the other. Soon after, the young lady died, and Parsons at once began to scatter hints that she had come to her end by unfair means. He intimated by expressive suggestions, that her death was caused by the agency of Kent, who wished to gain possession of the property which he knew would fall to him by will. The first alarm was given by the announcement that the house of Parsons was haunted by the deceased,

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and that her ghost had been seen by his daughter, a girl of twelve years of age, informing her that she had not died a natural death, but had been poisoned by Kent. In answer to all inquiries on the subject, Parsons declared that strange knockings had been heard in his house for nearly two years, in fact, ever since the death of the young lady. The subject began to attract attention; Parsons made himself busy in spreading the facts; and several gentlemen, including three clergymen, resolved to look into the case. Agreeing upon a night, they went to the house, intending to sit up all night, and watch for the appearance of the ghost. Parsons stated that nobody except his daughter could see the ghost, but that it would converse with any of the visitors present, and answer all questions that should be put to it. One knock was to express an affirmative answer, two a negative, while a certain scratching was used as a sign of displeasure. After several hours, a mysterious knocking was heard in the wall of the chamber, when the little girl was in bed with her sister. The child asserted that she saw the ghost, which was immediately subjected to a series of questions, propounded, for the most part, by one of the clergymen. The answers implied that the manifestation took place on account of the treatment received by the deceased from Mr. Kent—that he had given her poison in a beverage, and that her troubled soul would be relieved by his execution. Several questions of a general character were correctly answered; others received palpably erroneous replies. At four o'clock in the morning, the hour which had been previously designated by the ghost for its departure, the knockings ceased, but were repeated in a neighboring public house, to the great consternation of the landlord and his wife. The noises at length gathered such crowds around the scene of operations, that Cock Lane was blocked up with the rush of visitants, and it was found necessary to admit only those who were willing to pay a pretty round fee. The pretended spirit was then put to several stringent tests, among which was the confronting Mr. Kent at the coffin of the deceased, most of which proved to be total failures. A prosecution was, after some time, commenced by Mr. Kent against Parsons, his wife, and some others, who had taken a prominent part in the affair, and on the trial before Chief Justice Mansfield, at the Court of King's Bench, the whole number were found guilty of conspiracy, and sentenced to severe punishments. The manner in which these knockings were produced has never been satisfactorily explained, although no doubt was cherished at the time that they were the result of deception on the part of Parsons and his family.

Similar instances might be related, to an extent sufficient to fill a volume, which have been shown to be the mere tricks of artful persons, practicing on the superstition and credulity of the public.

None of them, however, have equaled the marvelous Rochester knockings, either in the duration of their exhibition, or the general curiosity which they have excited. Since their arrival in New York, they have been visited by thousands of persons, and as yet, no one has been able to present a clue to their operations.

The first manifestation of these sounds took place in the house of Mr. Weekman, in the village of Hydeville, Wayne county, New York. They were heard but in a single instance, and continuing only for a short time, did not produce a powerful impression. In December, 1847, the house passed into the hands of Mr. John D. Fox, and became the residence of his family. Mr. and Mrs. Fox sustained an irreproachable character in the vicinity, and were members of the Methodist Church. At the time the sounds were first heard by this family, which was toward the end of March, 1848, the family consisted of Mr. Fox, his wife, and three daughters, the youngest about twelve years of age. At first—according to their own statement, which we now reproduce—a slight knocking was heard on the floor of one of the bed-rooms, accompanied with a tremulous vibration. The sound was heard just after the family had retired to bed. It was heard by all the members, who rose and searched for the cause of the noise, which continued near the same spot. From this time, the sounds were heard regularly every night.

On the last night of the month, the girls, who had retired, began to snap their fingers, in imitation of the sounds, as soon as they were heard. The attempt was first made by the youngest girl, and the sounds were repeated as often as she snapped her fingers, rapping the same number of times with the sounds made by her. One of the other girls then said, "Now do as I do; count one, two, three, four," and so on, at the same time striking her hands together. The number of sounds were repeated as in the former case. This indication of intelligence then alarmed the girls, and they stopped their experiments. Mrs. Fox then said, "Count ten," and ten distinct strokes were heard. She then asked if it would tell the age of the youngest daughter, and was answered by tender raps. Mrs. Fox then asked if the noise was made by a human being. There was no answer to this question. She then asked,

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if it was a spirit, and if so, to rap twice. Two sounds were heard. After various questions, it was ascertained that the spirit professed to be that of a man who was murdered in the house many years ago. Meantime, the neighbors had heard of the strange sounds, and flocked in crowds to listen to them themselves. Subsequently, a part of the family removed to Rochester, and were followed by the sounds, while they continued to be heard by that portion of it which remained at Hydeville. They now began to appear in different houses in Rochester, as well as in some of the adjoining towns.

Since that time, the sounds have exhibited the same general character, and no attempt has been able to trace them to any adequate cause. We hardly need to say that it will be entirely illogical to attribute them to any supernatural cause, till the agency of all other causes are excluded. There are many causes short of supernatural ones, which may be assigned.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

BY MRS. E. MERCEIN BARRY.

Farewell! not that my childhood's home
  Hath lost its power to charm—
That it no more enhances joy,
  Nor yields in grief a balm—
No! dear the Home of infancy
  To my full heart, as when
The frolic hours flew sportive by,
  Nor left one trace of pain!

Farewell! yet think not I resign
  The fond maternal care—
No! for thy eldest-born still breathes
  A Mother's sacred prayer;
And the undying tenderness
  Thy heart will ever feel,
Shall meet in mine an answering glow
  Till death there sets his seal!

Farewell! dear Father! e'en to thee,
  To whom I've ever bowed
In fond idolatry, and felt
  Of the pure homage proud!
And though I trust that added ties
  Will added joys impart,
No claim shall e'er divorce from thee
  The worship of the heart!

Farewell! the fond fraternal tie
  Hath not the power to bind
My wayward heart, yet still I weep
  The joys I leave behind:
Ye who have shared my every joy,
  Have wept my trivial care,—
Think of me in the social hour—
  Remember me in prayer!

Farewell! to thee, dear younger ones,
  Who early have been taught
Their Eldest Sister scarce could err
  In deed, or word, or thought.
Oh! when maturer years shall sit
  In judgment on the claim,
Condemn her deeds, reprove her words,
  But shield her thoughts from blame.

Farewell! but still the trust is mine,
  That should the fell Simoom
Of dark misfortune blight my hopes,
  Now in their opening bloom,
I yet shall find my Childhood's Home
  Unchanging and unchanged,
And prove a father's, mother's love
  Can never be estranged!

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JENNY LIND, THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE.

Looking back to the early and obscure career in Sweden of this artiste, now become so distinguished, we find that she was the daughter of poor, but respectable parents, who earned their livelihood by keeping a school. Whether or not singing was taught by them is not said. Jenny, however, from the first years after emerging from infancy, began to put forth the treasures of her voice, with which she consoled herself for the drudgery which must everywhere be the lot of the children of the poor. It is very natural to suppose that this must have been the case, because we are all, more or less, impelled by a sort of instinct to exercise the talents we possess; though, if it had been otherwise, the partiality and weakness of biographers would probably have induced them to invent the circumstance. It is not our intention to describe minutely all the events and incidents of Jenny Lind's life, for which we refer our readers to the ordinary biographies. Her biography has, properly speaking, not yet been written; but we know that it was to an actress who accidentally heard her sing that she owed her introduction to the world. This actress was Madame Lundberg, who urged upon her parents the propriety of having her instructed in music, and devoting her ultimately to the stage. But how came Madame Lundberg acquainted with the schoolmaster and his wife, who, it is said, entertained, a peculiar aversion for theatres? Was it only to the houses themselves that they objected, while they delighted to live on terms of intimacy with those who acted in them and lived by them? Some day, perhaps, these points may be cleared up. At present the whole of this part of Jenny Lind's life lies enveloped in the thick mist of accident.

Hitherto there may be said to be no anecdotes in circulation respecting the early period of Jenny Lind's life, though many, doubtless, will be recollected or invented. It is said that she softened the hours of sickness or toil by singing. But what were her sicknesses and what was her toil? When the illness of a child is severe, it seldom takes refuge in music, and, least of all, in singing; whereas, if its labors be not altogether disproportioned to its strength, nothing is more common than to hear it accompany them with a song. So far, therefore, there is nothing at all remarkable in what is related of Jenny Lind's childhood. But the fault, we fully believe, is in the biographers, and not in the subject, for though it sometimes happens that remarkable persons have not made an early display of their faculties, the rule is that they should be uncommon from the beginning, and evident to all who have the quickness to observe indications of their coming powers.

Already, at the early age of nine years, did Jenny's voice possess the power of exciting emotion, which is the most distinguishing quality of it now. Count Puche, with that exaggerated enthusiasm which belongs to nearly all foreigners, especially in what relates to music, professed to be transported by it; and with that wrong judgment, which is the habitual accompaniment of false enthusiasm, precipitated Jenny Lind into the acting of parts well enough calculated, indeed, to display her youthful powers, but still better calculated to blast them. In all kinds of study, the aiming at premature distinction is almost always fatal to lasting fame, and music forms no exception to the general rule. To tax beyond means the powers of the voice or mind is to make imminent risk of destroying them, which the wise men of Stockholm very nearly accomplished for Jenny Lind. They placed her in a hot-bed of adulation and excitement. They amused themselves by those displays which were rapidly undermining her constitution, mental and physical; and it seems to us extremely probable that it was the consciousness of this that made old Croelius relinquish the instruction of his youthful pupil, being, probably, determined that if she was to be ruined it should at least be by others. The post relinquished by this Porpora of the North was accepted by Herr Berg, who is said to have been deeply versed in the science of music, and to him, we are told, Jenny Lind is chiefly indebted for her profound acquaintance with the principles of this science. It may be so, but in our opinion a girl of ten years old is little qualified to penetrate into the principles of any science whatsoever. The probability is, that he carried on with more severity the system of discipline commenced by Croelius, and so far proved his inferiority to that master. At any rate, Jenny Lind was expected to produce more material results than her constitution would permit, and by the assistance of Herr Berg and Count Puche she was forced into a premature develop-

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ment, which nearly deprived the world forever of one of its greatest singers. For three years Herr Berg, with an ignorance of human nature fully equal, at least, to his knowledge of music, incited his youthful pupil to unremitting exertion, at the end of which period, suddenly, without any visible cause, Jenny Lind became voiceless altogether. She was then twelve years old, and her form unfitted her to shine in those children's parts, in which she had hitherto distinguished herself, while she was, of course, altogether unfit for those representations of womanhood which required fully-developed form and mind. But the connoisseurs of Stockholm were blind to the indications of nature, and applied every kind of excitement to re-invigorate the flagging powers of her mind. To no purpose. Jenny, as far as concerned singing, was dumb.

At twelve years old, Jenny Lind may be said to have touched upon the critical period of her life. She had to pass through the interval which separates the child from the woman. Should she be suffered to traverse it wisely, that is, silently, without making any more foolish effort to antedate the gift of time? Or should she be made the victim of the vanity of those around her, who, to display the effects of their own system of teaching, were obviously ready to offer her up on the altar of their self-love? Fortunately, it was found that she could not, at that time, sing at all, and so they left her to herself, and suffered her physical system to acquire strength, and her mind, in comparative solitude, to generate those habits which, under the name of virtues and talents, have since charmed the world. At this period of her life it seems to have been Jenny Lind's greatest ambition to perform the part of Agatha in Weber's opera of "Der Freischutz." Upon this part, therefore, it is probable she bestowed much silent study and meditation, in the hope of being one day enabled to command that applause which is the very breath of life to the lovers of fame.

When four years had elapsed in this comparative eclipse, it happened that a young person was wanting to sing the solo in Meyerbeer's opera of "Roberto il Diavolo," and the good-natured, though injudicious, Herr Berg, bethought him of his neglected pupil. The thing in itself was of little importance; but Jenny Lind acquitted herself so well in it, that the entire part of Agatha, in "Der Freischutz," was shortly after assigned to her, and she enjoyed an engagement as *prima donna* in the opera of Stockholm. This was at the age of sixteen. We have known in Italy a *prima donna* of eighteen, who, whatever may have been her subsequent fate, was no less devoted to her profession than Jenny Lind herself, except when some gust of wild and stormy passion came to disturb the tenor of her studies. Habitually gentle and reserved, she devoted ten hours every day to music, besides three hours, during which she performed in the evening, and with this laborious life she was as happy and light-hearted as a bird. Under the influence of the sombre skies of the north, Jenny Lind may have been equally cheerful, though her gayety must have had less of sunshine in it, for the mind, after all, is more or less a mirror which reflects faithfully the accidents and circumstances surrounding it.

And here again we feel painfully the extreme meagreness of details in the published biographies of Jenny Lind. This absolute barrenness some attempted to conceal by swelling and extravagant phrases, which, however, it must be obvious, cannot mend the matter. What we want are details, and these have not yet been given. We know that the girl of sixteen got by degrees to be eighteen, but there is very little other important information to be acquired on the subject, with the exception of one fact, which, for good reasons, we shall notice briefly: The celebrated Garcia was at that time esteemed the best musical teacher in Europe, and Jenny Lind, whose voice had not yet acquired or regained all its sweetness and flexibility, earnestly desired to study for a short time under him. But he was unfortunately in Paris, and funds were wanting for the journey. Under these circumstances Jenny Lind applied to no patron, not even to the government, which is the usual resource, in semi-despotic States. Her independent spirit urged her to rely on her own exertions. In company with her father she made the tour of Sweden and Norway, singing at the principal cities and towns at concerts, and thus collected the means of defraying her expenses to the French capital. This indicates a vigorous and masculine spirit, and does Jenny Lind as much honor as anything in her subsequent career.

The history of Jenny Lind's residence in Paris has a sort of tragi-comic aspect, difficult to describe. To her, for a time, it was productive of nothing but vexation and deep anguish; but, now that it is past, it is difficult to avoid laughing when we think of the solemn pedantry of Garcia, who, no doubt, thought himself a person of as great importance in this nether world as the founder, or saviour, of an empire! If our readers have ever looked into the delightful memoirs of Gozzi, they will remember the comic style in which that jovial old Venetian describes the life he led among the actresses; how he taught them

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their parts; how he explained to them difficult passages; how he educated the ignorant; how he subdued the angry and the passionate; how he reconciled the quarrelsome—in one word, how he cast oil on the troubled waters which rolled within the precincts of dramatic life. In his little scenic commonwealth he was as great, in his own estimation, as Solon or Lycurgus in their respective republics; and so precisely was it with Garcia. He saw musical pupils flowing unto him from all parts of the civilized world, and regarded himself as a great legislator, whose business it was to give laws to the principal amusement of modern society.

While here, Meyerbeer heard her sing in three several operas—"Roberto il Diavolo," "Norma," and "Der Freischutz," from which, perceiving the extent of her powers, and the exquisite grace and felicity of her execution, he invited her into Prussia, with a flattering offer for the Berlin theatre. But the sweetest fame is that which we taste at home among those who know and love us. Gil Blas felt this when he returned to act the fine gentleman in his native village. But the townsmen of the Spanish adventurer were much less generous than those of the Swedish singer, as Jenny Lind experienced on revisiting Stockholm, where she was received with increased admiration.

The fondness for music becomes a passion only by indulgence, and by having no loftier object to interest the feelings. In Stockholm this passion would seem occasionally to degenerate into a rage, which renders men incapable of appreciating what they hear, and makes them think and act like children. Still, when the result of any taste is to produce disinterestedness and generosity, we cannot withhold from it our praise. The listening to Jenny Lind soon became a pleasure of which the good people of Stockholm could not voluntarily consent to be deprived, and therefore the wealthy bankers of the city conceived a plan by which they hoped to attach her permanently to her native place. They offered annually to deposit a considerable sum for ten years, by which time it would amount to a large fortune. But though touched by this mark of the respect and sympathy of her countrymen, the singer was urged by ambition to display her talents in the various capitals of Europe, and to gather laurels more valuable and enduring than the Stockholmers, with all their enthusiasm, could bestow.

We shall not attempt to accompany Jenny Lind on her peregrinations through Germany, or to copy the exaggerated style in which her performances there are spoken of. She visited Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna, and in the dominions of the King of Prussia, displayed her powers before the Queen of England. What, perhaps, was far more flattering to her, Henrietta Sontag, now Countess de Rossi, pronounced her to be the first singer of the age. Compliments like these often mean nothing, and are taken for what they are worth. But we believe the Countess Rossi is an earnest and sincere woman, and, having herself been the wonder of her day, and enjoyed her full share of praise, may be supposed to have spoken frankly of one with whom she could have no rivalry.

The career of Jenny Lind in England was that which imparted completeness to her reputation. She herself felt that she had achieved nothing till she had charmed a British audience. Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna were forgotten in the blaze of London. Here her powers grew up to maturity, and here she took her leave of the stage. To describe the effect of her singing upon the public would be impossible. But they are altogether deceived who imagine it is unlike what has taken place before in the case of other singers. Madame Catalani excited, in her day, precisely the same kind of admiration; so also did Madame Pasta. The triumphs of Malibran, as more recent, will be better remembered. We were present when this superb singer, the daughter of Garcia, made her début, in company with her father, in the "Barber of Seville." The applause she excited was not very great, yet there were those present who, in the half-shrinking and timid girl, then foresaw what the woman would be. She was just sixteen, and her rich and animated Spanish features glowed with pride and confidence as she listened to the admiration of the house. It was genuine, and she felt it; and continually, from that day forward, rose in the estimation of the public, till she stood in Europe without a rival. Her sudden and lamented death in the midst of her fame, when public admiration was at the highest, will long be looked back to with regret.

When Madame Pasta performed, for example, in the "Medea," it is impossible to exaggerate the pleasure she afforded to all true lovers of music or the drama. In singing she excelled all her contemporaries; in acting she equaled Mrs. Siddons, as far, at least, as the range of the opera enabled her to suggest a parallel. If in a certain sense she was less popular than Jenny Lind, it is to be accounted for by anything rather than the supposition of an inferiority. Madame Pasta was probably inferior to no one that ever sung, and her acting was incontestably superior to anything ever beheld on the opera boards. Yet in the voice and manner of Jenny Lind, there is

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something more congenial to the taste and feelings of the English people. Her voice is altogether *sui generis*. Words convey no idea of tones and cadences, and cannot enable those to judge who have not themselves listened. Emotion has no lengthened vocabulary, and criticism exhausts itself in vain in the attempt to give permanence to those forms of art which are more fleeting than a summer cloud. In all other creations of genius, the type of the idea exists without the mind, and though it cannot suggest precisely the same conceptions to all, it remains to be appealed to and consulted by one generation after another. But the merit of a singer is an affair of testimony. You can embody it in nothing, not even in language. You express yourself pleased, gratified, intoxicated, if you will, with delight—when you have rung the changes a thousand times on this fact, the expression is all you have accomplished.

Connected with Jenny Lind's stay in England, there is, however, something else to be observed: she filled a larger space in the public mind than any other artist of any class whatsoever. In every society her name was mentioned. While the rage continued, you never went into company without hearing discussions of her merits, which were sometimes carried on with as much vehemence and anger as a theological controversy. Much of this is to be accounted for by vanity. Those who had heard Jenny Lind, fancied themselves superior in some respects to those who had not, and it was thought a great distinction to have met her in private. We remember to have seen a Swedish author, who, during his visit to London, chiefly attracted attention by the fact that he was acquainted, very slightly, perhaps, with Jenny Lind.

But this folly by no means touches the great singer herself, who seems to have preserved altogether the balance of her mind, and never to have been puffed up for a moment by what would have sufficed to ruin a thousand other performers. Numerous anecdotes are related to prove the kindness and goodness of her nature, but no one is more characteristic than the following, which, we believe, has not been made public before. During her visit to Bath, she happened to be walking with a friend in front of some alms-houses, into one of which she entered, and sat down for a moment, ostensibly to rest herself, but in reality to find some excuse for doing an act of charity to the old woman who lived in it, and whom she had seen feeble and tottering at the door. The old woman, like the rest of her neighbors, was full of the Swedish nightingale, whom she had heard was just then at Bath, entertaining with her voice all those who were so happy and fortunate as to be able to go to the theatre. "For myself," said the old woman, "I have lived a long time in the world, and desire nothing before I die but to hear Jenny Lind."

"And would it make you happy?" inquired her visitor.

"Ay, that it would," answered the old woman, "but such folks as I can't go to the play-house, and so I shall never hear her."

"Don't be so sure of that," said the good-natured Jenny, "sit down, my friend, and listen;" and forthwith she sang, with all her richest and most glorious powers, one of the finest songs she knew. The poor woman was beside herself with delight, when, after concluding her song, her kind visitor observed, "Now, you have heard Jenny Lind."

If she had given the woman a hundred pounds she could not have afforded her half so much pleasure. It was an act of noble charity, of the tenderest and most delicate kind. Money it would have been easy for her to give, and money no doubt she did give; but to sit down in an alms-house, and there to call up the enchantments of her voice for the amusement of an obscure and poor old woman, was a touching proof of goodness of heart, which nothing we have heard of Jenny Lind surpasses. After this, we could readily believe of her any act of gentle and affectionate kindness, and we would be glad to see collected, for the honor of art, all the numerous proofs of sympathy and charity which she has given during her residence in England. It is a great thing to be universally admired. It is a still greater thing to be universally beloved; and we believe that the admiration of Jenny Lind's vocal powers, great and unrivalled as they are, is second to the admiration of her moral qualities. For this reason, we may be allowed to express a hope that, though she has now left us for France, England will be her future home. Her manners are already those of an Englishwoman, and the analogy between the Swedish character and the English character is so great, that the transition from Stockholm to London would scarcely be felt, except for the change of language.

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MOTHER, DEAR, WHERE ART THOU?

Mother, dear, where art thou? Dost thou hear me calling
In the early morning, or when eve is falling,
Through each darksome midnight, and each cheerless morrow,
Since I closed thine eyelids on that night of sorrow?

Mother, dear, where art thou? Dost thou heed my weeping
In the dreary midnight, when light hearts are sleeping?
Doth thy spirit hover near me when I slumber,
Or when, through the darkness, sleepless hours I number?

Mother, dear, where art thou? Weary hours of sadness,
In our lonely chamber, once a home of gladness,
Weighing down my spirit, pass unheeded o'er me,
While thy chair, deserted, ever stands before me!

Mother, dear, where art thou? Spring hath come and parted,
But it brought no gladness to thy lonely-hearted;
Through the blessed summer all was dark around me,
For its fragrance breathed not through the grave that bound thee.

Mother, dear, where art thou? Autumn winds are blowing,
And within our dwelling bright the hearth is glowing;
By our pleasant fireside youthful tones are ringing,
But thine ancient ballads no sweet voice is singing.

Mother, dear, where art thou? There is no one near me,
In my hour of anguish, who will care to cheer me,
Who will smooth my pillow when my head is aching,
Or a prayer will whisper when my heart is breaking.

Mother, dear, where art thou? I have none to cherish
With the love that cannot in death's darkness perish;
At my step approaching no fond brow will lighten,
And my smile of gladness no kind eye will brighten.

Mother, dear, where art thou? Hast thou left no token
That the tie which bound us still abides unbroken,
But the vacant pillow where I watched thee dying,
And the silent grave-yard where thy dust is lying?

Mother, dear, I know that our Redeemer liveth,
And that life unfading to his own He giveth;
Though *thy* place is empty, He will still be near me,
And thy parting counsel, "Trust in God," shall cheer me.

Mother, dear, in heaven, where thy voice is swelling,
Angels' hymns adoring, blessed is thy dwelling!
Safe from fear of evil, free from toil and sadness,
Waiting for thy lone one, till we meet in gladness! M.

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THE WIFE AWAITING THE RETURN OF HER HUSBAND.

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THE MINISTER OF A MIND DISEASED.

BY AN OLD PHYSICIAN.

It is now many years since, in the course of my official duties, I undertook a tour for the purpose of inspecting the prisons and hospitals of France. For this purpose I visited, amongst many others, the city of ——, and commenced an inspection of the Lunatic Asylum there. I had already passed through that portion of the building appropriated to the male patients. The superintendent and the physician had accompanied me from cell to cell, exhibiting, with all the indifference of habit, the sights of misery they presented.

We went into the women's apartments. I was first taken into a large room where several Sisters of Charity were acting as nurses to the sick patients. After having addressed a few words to the superior, we were leaving the room to continue the tour of inspection, when I saw one of the sisters approach the physician, and ask him, in a voice trembling with emotion, "How is he to day?" I looked at her with more attention: she was young, and I thought her beautiful, but the expression of her countenance was that of the deepest sadness. The physician answered, "What do you hope for? there can be no change." Then, turning toward me, "She inquires," he said, "for a lunatic in whom she is much interested." I asked the cause of this interest. "It is a very sad story," answered the physician. The fair young sister had moved away, anguish marked on every feature of her lovely face, and the superior, observing what had passed, thus addressed me:—"If you should wish to know the terrible affliction which decided the location of my sister Margaret, I can give you the account that she herself has written. When she became one of us, the poor girl had not the power of telling me her sad story; she therefore wrote it, and placed it in my hands."

I hastened to end my visit; my imagination was deeply impressed with what I had seen, with what I had heard. The mournful beauty of the sister Margaret was ever before my eyes. I felt no more interest or emotion at the sight of the other patients. I finished mechanically my duties of inspection. When I was leaving the establishment, the superior gave me the promised manuscript. I hurried home and read as follows:—

"I am the only daughter of an eminent physician in the province of ——. He bore the deserved reputation of wisdom, skill, and, probity. He had particularly devoted himself to the study of mental maladies. After the death of my mother, he even established a lunatic asylum, and devoted his time to its occupants, influenced as much by feelings of benevolence and charity, as by the love of his art. This establishment was on a very large scale; the house contained numerous apartments, and the garden was very extensive. The patients were not numerous, so that each individual could be cared for with particular attention. As for me, I lived with my father in a cottage at some distance. He would not allow me to run the risk of witnessing any of the horrors of the asylum. I never approached the body of the building where the lunatics, who required the strictest treatment, were confined. However, their cries sometimes reached my ears, never without filling me with horror and affright.

"Those patients who were calm and gentle, or whose convalescence was assured, were allowed to walk in the garden belonging to the establishment. They were almost entirely at liberty, frequently they even approached our cottage, and could easily have opened the trellised gate which separated from the garden the small enclosure appropriated to us. This, however, was not permitted; but the keepers were not always there, and, besides, my father wished his poor patients to be always treated with extreme consideration.

"One day when I approached a grassy bank, where I was accustomed to sit at my work, or reading, I found a stranger there; I drew back hastily, with a sort of terror. 'Ah, lady!' he exclaimed, "how bitter is the feeling of inspiring so much disgust that pity is forgotten.' These words pained me. The idea of having excited an emotion which might either increase or renew the stranger's malady, instantly presented itself to my mind. I had heard my father say that even a slight annoyance might bring back former crises

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of alienation, and renew mental disease. 'Sir," I said, 'do you wish to speak to my father?' He understood that I affected to suppose that he had come from a distance. 'I belong to this establishment,' he hastily answered; 'I am one of those wretches whom your father seeks to benefit, and you know it well. I frighten you, but fear not; I do no harm; they even say that I have become much more rational latterly; as a proof, I am going away; I ought not to be here. It is forbidden, is it not?' He rose as he spoke and moved slowly away, leaving me deeply agitated.

"I spoke to my father of what had happened. 'He is very gentle,' he remarked, in answer to my recital. 'His mind never appeared to me much diseased; I have even hesitated about receiving him into the establishment. To any one but me, he would indeed have appeared as completely in his right senses as most of the people one meets with in the world; but I am so experienced in the symptoms of this melancholy disease, that I feel sure, in his case, of its ultimate increase. I have therefore subjected him to a salutary regimen; and have especially taken care to guard against those circumstances that agitate him." 'Father,' I asked with much curiosity, 'can you tell me the turn his madness takes?' 'It will seem to you very strange, and yet it is far from being singular: he believes himself mad; he has a deeply rooted belief that his reason is hopelessly gone. He examines his own mind, he proves to himself that he is mad, and is filled with anguish at the conviction. Nothing can dissuade him, nothing can console him. No labor, no study serves to divert his mind from the one fatal thought. He cannot keep his attention fixed on any book, and he affects not to understand it, not to be able to follow the connection of ideas, and sometimes this is really the case. It was he himself who came and asked to be admitted amongst my patients. 'It is there I ought to be,' said he, 'it is my proper place. I am no longer fit to live amongst people of sound mind.' He then asked to see the rooms; he chose his own, had his furniture carried there, made all necessary arrangements himself, and took up his abode here on the day fixed upon, about three weeks ago. He is better since he came; the regularity of the system here does him good. Besides, when he was at large, the raillery or the apprehension of his friends excited him. His fixed idea took deeper root, because others disputed its truth. Here, no one mentions the subject to him. I do not try to prove that he is of sound mind, but, without acknowledging it, he compares himself with the other patients; the disordered state of their intellects forcibly strikes him; unconsciously to himself, he is becoming gradually convinced that he does not resemble them.'

"About a week afterwards, I beheld him opening gently the gate of our garden. As he was passing onward, one of the keepers ordered him, in an angry voice, to go back into the garden of the asylum. The patient shuddered; a strange light flashed from his eyes; the harshness of the keeper had excited him. I was terrified: his eyes were now fixed upon me: he saw what I felt, and became instantly calm; a gentle, soothed expression stole over his features, and he was retiring, in obedience to the keeper, when my father, who had been looking on from a window, exclaimed, 'No, leave him there, he will do no harm.' The young man turned round: 'Ah, sir,' said he, 'how good you are!' The sound his voice dissipated all my fears. He approached and seated himself beside me on the bank. 'I have suffered much,' he said; 'I have been betrayed, abandoned. I was alone in the world; no one pitied me, no one understood me. My reason fell beneath repeated trials. It is here, it is in a mad-house, that for the first time I have met with pity and sympathy. Thanks to you, father, thanks to you, who speak to me so gently, whose looks soothe my troubled heart, and make me hope that I may become like the rest of mankind.'

"Without being frightened, I was uneasy; I saw that he was becoming excited; but at that moment my father approached us. His presence imposed silence. His patient stood before him like a child before the master he respects. 'I am very glad that you have paid us a visit. You may come from time to time, but unless you are gentle and rational, I cannot leave you with my daughter."

"He come again—often. His fits of violence did not return; by degrees he ceased to speak the unsoundness of his mind. He related to me those events which had marked his infancy and colored his early youth. He had been long an orphan, deprived of both parents; his father had died mad, and that had given him the earliest impression of his own danger, believing as he did that the fatal malady was hereditary. He described to me the solitary life he had led in the country; his melancholy habits of mind; then his residence at college, where he was made wretched by the ridicule of his companions; his indifference for the amusements of the young; his contempt for worldly pomp and show; and how it always seemed to him that his acquaintance thought him disagreeable and ridiculous; that

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every one seemed to be conspiring against him; that he fell into fits of deep melancholy by indulging fancies whose falsehood he afterward recognized: in short, he told me the history of a timid, doubting, diseased spirit—a spirit, as it were, destined to the loss of reason.

"I felt that it did him good. I knew that what he said was true, and I enjoyed the sweet consciousness of power and beneficence. I listened without ever contradicting him, naturally taking an interest in everything he told me. I took care to interrupt him without any appearance of design, whenever he became excited in conversation, or his ideas began to be indistinct and confused. Often, to soothe him, I took a guitar and sang. This was a great pleasure to him, and never failed in producing the effect I wished. Then the poor young man would compare himself to Saul, soothed by the songs of David: he wept at the thought, and I wept too.

"My father soon considered him well enough to give him a room in our cottage; he became daily more attached to him, and hoped in time to effect a complete cure. He now passed many hours of the day in our society; he never wished to be alone. Solitude was bad for him, his thoughts began to wander, and excitement followed. He had, in a degree, resumed former habits of study, but he could not read with fixed attention for any length of time; his ideas became confused, and this led to danger. I took great care, however, not to allow him to speak much. We were obliged to avoid long conversations or exciting subjects; my object was to lead him to forget himself. I played and sang to him; I associated him with me in my daily occupation, together we worked in the garden, and took care of my flowers. Sometimes, when my father had time to accompany us, we wandered forth into the country and enjoyed long walks about the neighborhood. This mode of life gradually wore away every symptom of his malady. His conversation and his mind became each day more calm and settled. His countenance acquired a peaceful and open expression. What joy to me to observe the progress he was making! Unconsciously he was becoming the first object of my life. He alone engrossed my thoughts from morn till night. Between anxiety and interest he kept me in a state of perpetual excitement. My every word and action, each gesture, each look, was regulated by the one desire of preserving him from pain or harm—the one happiness of contributing to his welfare. I could not seek in him what a woman ordinarily seeks in him she loves; he could inspire no idea of protection, of support, of superiority; my feelings were those which are excited by weakness and suffering, a sort of maternal love; my tenderness went no farther.

"We had been living thus for two months when I perceived a change in his manner toward me. There had never been any familiarity between us, for whatever might have been my affection, a degree of terror always mingled with it. As for him, he feared himself more than I could fear him, but he could not exist out of my presence. Scarcely had he torn himself away and shut himself-up in his own apartment, when I beheld him returning to resume his place beside me. But he now began to exercise a stronger control over himself, he sought solitude perseveringly, and I was often obliged to go in search of him and bring him back.

"I remarked this change to my father; at the end of some days he said, 'Our convalescent is now recovered, the cure cannot be more complete He must return home.'

"The next day my father spoke to him, with gentleness and affection I am sure, for he loved him much. After the conversation he remained for a long time alone; then, when he knew that he should find me by myself, he came down into the saloon and seated himself beside me. I saw that he was exercising strong control over his emotions, and he succeeded; to all appearance he was calm.

"'You know your father's decision!' he said; 'I am to go away, to leave this house, where more than life has been restored to me—where I am so well, so happy, so rational.' He uttered this word in an accent that pierced my heart 'Do you think this prudent? Is he not exposing his patient to a terrible relapse? Here, near you, within reach of your cares, no evil can touch me. It is you who have cured me, you are my good angel—the guardian angel of my existence. Far from you I see nothing but grief and danger. Your father is so good; why is he changed toward me? Does he wish to cause my destruction? yes, he will cause it, I am sure.'

"'I cannot listen to you speaking thus,' I replied; 'have I not often told you that you have not been ill; we have done nothing but dissipate your absurd fancies; you have been with good people who loved you, and then you renounced your suspicions—your exaggerations. It is your temper and your mind that require a regimen; promise me that you will no longer take pleasure in fancying yourself unhappy—will you not promise it to me, your nurse, your friend? You will often come to see us; and I shall be angry if you are not contented and tranquil.'

"'Yes, I will come often, every day, but it is

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not the same thing as living under one roof with you, looking upon you every hour. The sight of you, the sound of your voice, has ever infused consolation and calm into my troubled heart. Now, all my safety is gone; I shall be always trembling for myself, and this fear alone will be enough to throw me back into my former condition.'

"'But it may not be that the whole of your life should be spent here; you must no longer be our patient, but our friend—an honorable friend, who has a distinguished career before him, useful occupations, a serious and thoughtful mind. Your idleness it is that has been fatal to you, your solitary indolence."

"'Always right!—always good!—always words at hand for soothing, and healing, and encouragement! Yes!' said he, rising, 'it is true that I am worthy of nothing. I only deserve the contempt of mankind, the pity of the good. The world only knows me as a miserable victim of insanity. From whom dare I ask for esteem and affection? I will shake off this stigma: I will deserve happiness. Yes, I am rational enough to know that, as I am, I can expect nothing but compassion. Farewell, I leave you. You desire it as well as your father, and there is nothing more reasonable. Is must then be.'

"I took his hand; I made him sit down again by my side. He became tranquil, and then I allowed him to depart, without uttering a word. I had long understood what was passing in his mind, but I would not suffer my thoughts to dwell upon the subject. Could I even be certain what I felt myself? All my sentiments were confused; reflection, I knew, could not enlighten me; I yielded to my emotions without examining into their nature.

"The next day he was no longer with us; the house appeared deserted, the day long. The interest of my life had disappeared. To the unceasing excitement of his presence succeeded a wearisome void. It was not, perhaps, a happiness that I regretted, but my heart was no longer occupied. I neither knew what to do with my time or my thoughts.

"He came to visit us. My father had fixed upon an hour in the day when he was to be with us. My father's presence had never been a restraint; I had no thought that I wished to conceal from him; I might have said everything I wished before him; nevertheless, I felt no longer at my ease.

"My father said to me one day, 'These visits do him more harm than good. We must invent some pretext for putting an end to them; you shall go to spend some weeks at my sister's in the country; when you come back, we shall see how he is.'

"My father went in the evening to tell him the sad news. The next day I received a letter in his hand-writing. I opened it, and read thus:—'The cruel and unexpected resolution you have taken destroys all my prudent projects, and hurries me to a step on which I am sure my life depends. I am making every effort I am capable of to be calm, that I may open to you that heart which ought to have been closed against human emotion. I wish to say nothing but what is right. My words must be measured, prudent. Alas! if I cannot now appear calm and rational—if I appear to differ from others—my fate is decided for ever. Margaret! I owe you everything, and yet I dare not remind you of my obligations; your benefits, your cares, are, perhaps, associated in your memory with ideas of terror and disgust. The first moment that I met you, the first day that I passed by your side, these hours of new and improbable happiness, I must try to banish them from your thoughts. What I have been must never return to interfere between us. Forget the past; it terrifies me; I think of it with horror. Let it then never be known how I have learned to love you, and for what reason I love you better than any one ever loved before. However, you have often told me that I was only unhappy; yes, but you alone consoled me. Is not this a bond between two souls who have sympathized and understood each other? As for me, I feel that I can live no longer without you. Margaret, I can control myself—I am rational—I shall always be so. I am strong enough to support all the emotions of life—but one. I conjure you not to inflict an injury greater than even the good you have done me. It is impossible that you have not some affection for me; pity, alone, cannot have made you so winning, so gentle. The unhappy may be cared for, but without love they cannot be cured. It is your sympathy which has saved me, which has rescued me from the abyss into which I was falling. Will you suffer me to sink back into it again? Love me! after the blessings you have conferred on me, you have no right to abandon me—you are incapable of such refinement in cruelty. I must end, my brain is fevered! No, Margaret, I mistake; I am cool, calm. It is with a sober judgment, with the most calculating prudence, with a full knowledge of the present, and a full consideration of the future, that I ask to be allowed to devote my life to you, to take upon myself the charge of your happiness. I send to you the letter I have written to your father; it is for you to give it to him.'

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"I did give it; it ran thus:—

"'I hope, sir, that you will not be surprised at the request I make to you. I owe you much. If you listen to me favorably, I shall owe you a thousand times more. I love your daughter. I could not have known her so long as I have done without forming a strong and deep attachment. Till to-day she has never been told of my love. She and you ought to become acquainted with it at the same time. My fortune is considerable. I belong, as you are aware, to an illustrious family; as for my character and my sentiments, you know them well. I have been treated as your child; will you allow me to become so forever?'

"After having read both letters, my father remained for a time silent, then he fixed his eyes steadily upon me. 'What is to be done?' he said; 'it is as I feared.'

"I did not answer.

"'How, my child,' continued he, 'can there be a moment's hesitation? I know not what your kind heart may suggest to you, but my duty as a father leaves no room for doubt. To abandon the life of my precious Margaret to this poor creature, who, notwithstanding all my care, still remains in the same deplorable condition—who is on the eve of sinking into complete idiocy. It is a thought of horror; I should be more mad than he is if, for a moment, I indulged the idea of yielding to his wishes.'

"I stood before my father motionless and silent. I was incapable of uttering a word; a mysterious instinct impressed upon my mind the firm conviction, that I should not have incurred any risk by a union with my unfortunate lover, that our life might have passed in happiness and tranquillity;—that I possessed the power of preserving that suffering spirit from the evils he had always dreaded,—that a refusal of his only chance of happiness must be fatal to him. But, how could I venture to assert all this in opposition to probability, to common sense, to all apparent evidence? How oppose my own wishes to those of my father, ever so prudent, so wise, so affectionate toward me? He was right; I knew it, I could not deny it; but, in the depths of my heart, a voice that would make itself heard assured me of the contrary. I ought to have had courage to resist. Now I experience the bitterest remorse for not having entreated, conjured my father to relent; for not having extorted a consent which involved danger to myself alone, and—full well I knew it, not even danger to myself.

"My father left me; he went to see him, and told him that other engagements had already been made for me; but these precautions did not soften his refusal. The scene that took place was violent; my father acknowledged this, but entered into no details. I lived in an agony of apprehension. I soon learned that he was again seized with paroxysms of delirium; my father said he had expected this.

"'I have had so much experience in these diseases, that I had no doubt about it. I will not see him again,—my presence would agitate him; but I watch anxiously over him, having constant and detailed accounts of his situation from those who have the charge of him. If, unfortunately, his violence should continue, I am making arrangements to have him transferred to a lunatic asylum twenty miles from here. I know the head physician well; and the best care will be taken of him.'

"This prudence, which in my father was not harshness—this chilling benevolence intimidated and silenced me. I dared not express my feelings. And what were they, those feelings? What could I have said? What could I have asked? A moment's reflection taught me that it was vain to struggle any longer against the will of Providence. But I prayed, I implored a miracle. I dreamt that it was granted, and I passed from resignation to hope.

"I saw him again. He was between two keepers. His aspect was terrible. His hair was long and disheveled, his eyes widely opened, his mouth wore an expression which would have been convulsive but for exhaustion. Suddenly he perceived me; an emotion of shame passed over his countenance; he felt the humiliation of appearing in such a condition before me; but when he heard the sound of my voice he gained courage, and spoke.

"'You have then condemned me,' he said. 'How could I have cherished so presumptuous a hope? I could not have been cured when I formed so wild a project;—to marry a mad-man!' and he laughed a terrible laugh.

"'Have I deserved that you should speak thus?' I answered. 'Have you not witnessed my affection?'

"'Yes; your goodness, your compassion, your charity,—but affection, who could feel affection for such as I am? I have been driven away from you; even you, so good, so pious, have been revolted at the sight of my misery. If I have fallen into the terrible condition in which you now see me, who is the cause? tell me.'

"I could no longer restrain my emotion. I burst into tears; I sobbed violently. He became more excited; he raised his head; his eyes flashed.

"'I am unjust and cruel!' he exclaimed.' It

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is not you who refused me. You did not will my death; you could not have been so cruel. It is your father who has destroyed me. It is his barbarous prudence which has caused my ruin. Margaret, I implore you to tell me that you would have consented, that the refusal did not come from you. Give me this assurance; it will soothe my sufferings—it may still my fury. If I can say she loves me, this will be enough of happiness to make my short life calm and peaceful.'

"The blood still freezes in my veins when I think of the answer I might have given him. Can I be thankful enough for having been preserved from such awful recollections? What danger was I exposed to! In what horror should I have held myself!

"In a few moments I recovered my composure. I reproached him gently for his ingratitude toward my father. I tried to inspire him with some hope for the future. But, while I spoke, his keepers interposed between us, and entreated me to retire; they saw that a fearful crisis was approaching. The attendant who accompanied me hurried me away by force.

"From that day his lucid intervals almost ceased. They told me his reason was entirely gone.

"How shall I end my story? How shall I come to the terrible conclusion!

"My father took care never to be seen by him; but he daily visited the place of his confinement, and gave constant and anxious directions respecting him. On one of these visits he caught a sight of my father through the grated window of his cell. The door had been left open for a moment. He rushed out, exclaiming,

"'It is he! it is he! my enemy, my murderer!'

"He darted down the stairs before any one could overtake him. He held a knife in his hand, that he had snatched up as he passed. He threw himself upon my father, and laid him dying at his feet. My father was brought back to me, bathed in his blood. The steel had reached his heart. He spoke with difficulty. 'My dear child! my poor Margaret!' were his last words, and I read in his dying looks the satisfaction he felt at having saved me from that stroke which had laid him low.

"No language can describe the agony I suffered; from that moment I have only existed for sorrow. God has willed it thus.

"To a state of mind like mine exertion is necessary. I wish to devote myself to the service of the poor and the sick. It cannot be displeasing to Heaven that it should be especially to the service of the sufferers from that fatal disease, the image of which is ever before my eyes and in my mind.

"I made inquiries respecting the unfortunate, the unconscious instrument of my terrible misfortune. He has never since had a momentary interval of reason. Never since has he recognized any one. Sometimes I thank heaven for this; at other times I reproach myself for the thought. He was immediately taken to the asylum where my father had intended to send him, only delaying his removal from kindness to his patient. It is at this asylum that I wished to be employed by the superiors of the order, into which I implore the favor of being received. Is it wrong for me to feel that I have still duties to fulfill toward him whom my father watched over with such tender care? I know that I shall not even be permitted to see him; but I shall be near him, I shall learn what his sufferings are. If he should ever recover, I shall ask to be sent away far from the place where he dwells."

I gave back the story of Sister Margaret to the superior; she told me that none of the pious sisterhood were more devoted, more zealous in exertion, more serene and placid in piety. "Nevertheless," added she, "her efforts are beyond her strength; she tries to subdue her sorrow, but it inwardly consumes her. It is never absent from her thoughts: but she never speaks of it."

Six months afterward I received the following letter:—

"Sir,—You seemed to take so much interest in Sister Margaret, that I feel myself called upon to announce to you that her sorrows are at an end. God has called her to himself. The poor young man who was confined in the asylnm has latterly been suffering more and more from the violence of delirious paroxysms. Fifteen days ago brain fever declared itself. Margaret was informed of it. She asked me to dispense with her daily services; she sought refuge in the chapel, where she continued in prayer all that day, and almost all night. The young man died the next morning. His body was carried to the chapel. When we came forward to sprinkle the holy-water, Margaret would stand in her appointed place. As she passed before the coffin she fainted. Two days afterward she died in my arms—died as a saint should die."

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I Love the Merry Sunshine.

POETRY BY J. W. LAKE. MUSIC BY STEPHEN GLOVER.

Allegro Vivace.

1. I love the mer-ry, mer-ry sun-shine, It makes the heart so gay, To
2. I love the mer-ry, mer-ry sun-shine, Thro' the dew-y morning's shower, With its

pp

1. hear the sweet birds singing, On their summer hol-i - day, With their wild-wood notes of
2. ro - sy smiles ad - van-cing, Like a beauty from her bower! It charms the soul in

Stac. Cres.

1. du - ty From hawthorn bush and tree, O, the sun-shine is all beau-ty, O, the
2. sad - ness, It sets the spir-it free! O, the sun-shine is all glad-ness, O, &c.

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Rall. *p* a Tempo.

mer-ry, mer-ry sun for me. I love the mer-ry, mer-ry sun-shine, It

a Tempo.

Rall. *pp*

makes the heart so gay, To hear the sweet birds sing-ing On their summer hol-i-

day. The mer-ry, mer-ry sun, the mer-ry sun, The mer-ry, mer-ry sun for

Cres.

Stac.

me, The mer-ry, mer-ry sun, the mer-ry sun, the mer-ry, mer-ry sun for me.

Stac.

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POETRY AND RELIGION.

BY PRES. CHARLES WHITE, D.D., OF WABASH COLLEGE.

The poetic art has been largely used for purposes of corruption and mischief. The easy supremacy which it gains over the human heart, adapts it singularly to be an engine of destruction in the hands of profligate intellect. But poetry was evidently designed, originally, to be a handmaid to religion. Its most natural alliance is with moral excellence. It puts forth its highest power and most exalted invention, as also shines with its richest brilliancy, when its conceptions, communions and utterances respect divine things, when its inner breathings are the spontaneous aspirations of a devout and devoted heart. Great poets are great divines. Mark how sacredly allied poetry was regarded by the greatest master of the art. "By devout prayer," said Milton, when contemplating Paradise Lost, "by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with fire from his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases, may I leave something so written to after times, as that they shall not willingly let it die."

Certainly the great field of religious truth, religious experience, religious accomplishments, religious expectations, is the appropriate theatre of poetry. This divine art becomes an aid to religion, by the attractiveness with which it is able to present religious truth to mankind. It has a gracefulness, an elevation, an illustrative brilliancy, which are well suited to add vast interest and effectiveness to the Divine communications. Poetic genius being an intense sensibility of the beautiful, the sublime, the pure, the true, it will not only be quick to recognize and to welcome these great qualities in religion, but also to see, value, and appropriate all that can largely and attractively develop and illustrate them. One of the Fathers calls the poet, the "mingler of the Devil's wine." He is God's auditor: he is the spectator of his unfolded wisdom and omnipotence: he is an admirer of his majesty and munificence: he is a student and interpreter of his works and his providence: he sitteth with him upon the circle of the earth, as he openeth the valleys and spreadeth out the curtains of the heavens: he walketh with him in his ways of dealing and distribution to the families and the nations which be upon the earth. With his eye thus out upon the broad scene of Jehovah's works and acts, he meets innumerable things, which are patterns and figures of things in the heavens. He has a magazine of rich and eloquent images, divine realities. He has a heart to relish them, and a skill to use them with immense effect.

Poetry also becomes an essential coadjutor to religion, by means of its earnest and vivacious spirit. It has nothing phlegmatic or dull. It shines: it sparkles: it warms. It thinks, it is true, thinks deeply, seriously; but thinks inspiringly. Religion has often failed of much of its influence, for the want of a life-like enthusiasm on the part of those who have advocated it. Men have announced the deep and infinite interests of Christianity, as they would the cold facts and accuracies of physical science. Men have heard these announcements, of course, as if they were frigid mathematical verities. Poetry, when it is made the organ and nuncio of religion, carries its declarations, and claims, and spiritualities to mankind, with a whole-hearted enthusiasm, which will wake and animate the coldest regions of moral death. While, as we have seen, true poetry loves visible nature, and holds communion with it, it loves also the interior spirit of man. It analyzes it; interprets it; reveals it. Its custom is to descend into the depths of the soul's thoughts, hopes, fears, susceptibilities. It addresses itself to the most powerful of human sympathies and passions. It is desirous not simply to dazzle, but to electrify; not specially to accumulate gorgeous decorations, but to kindle inextinguishable fire; not chiefly to multiply cold forms, but to "create a soul under the ribs of death." Such an agency religion loves. Itself spirit and life, itself on a mission to the depths of the human soul, to accomplish a resurrection and a renovation there, poetry must be a most important companion on its errands and accomplishments of mercy. We do not here identify poetic enthusiasm with a spiritual re-

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ligion, nor offer it as a substitute for devotion and the fear of God. We only commend it as a favorite messenger and assistant, to carry Christianity, with its powers and purifications, into the soul of man, and turn its currents heavenward!

What this divine art can do for the cause of religion, is not yet fully developed and appreciated. The remark, "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes her laws," has been so constantly quoted, because it is so true. The Divine Being teaches us the value of poetry in the inculcations and exhibitions of religion, by the large use which is made of this mode of writing in the sacred Scriptures. The poetical portions of the Bible have been the favorite study of the most fervent Christians in every age. By the aid of the muse of Isaiah and Ezekiel, they have found their conceptions delightfully expanded to the Messiah's character; to the final and extended glories of the millennial reign; to the great and eternal accomplishments of redemption. They have found their petitions and praises assisted upward to the mercy-seat, when they have prayed in the poetic words of David; their confessions and submissions more expressive of the soul's deep experiences, when they uttered them in the expressive language of Job. Whenever God's chosen have mourned before God over the languishing ways of Zion, they have found their fullest and holiest emotions flowing out in the tender elegiacs of Jeremiah. Whence is it, except from the charm of their poetry, that Milton and Watts have infused more theology, and piety, and consolation into the minds of common Christians, than any other, if not all other divines of their age? Young, Cowper and Pollok, are more effective preachers than most of their contemporaries. Often has the pulpit suddenly witnessed a breathless silence in a vast congregation, when the ordinary language has for a moment ceased, and divine and eternal things have flowed out to the people in the gifted words of some gifted and holy bard! Oh, for more poetry in the souls of them that minister at the altar! It would give a fervor, and opulence, and seductive power to their eloquence, which might beguile and move into the arms of mercy and into the ranks of the sacramental host, many who turn away from ordinary pulpit appeals.

The effect of poetry on men generally is not surprising, when we know its power on its authors. The Paradise Lost made Milton, as really as Milton made Paradise Lost. While Cowper was constructing the Task, the Task was constructing him. "The Course of Time," as it swept its way through centuries and ages, threw up into luminous power the youthful seer who attempted to be its chronicler.

THE SONG OF THE SUN.

I visit the bowers when the opening flowers
  Their early oblation pay,
And their incense sweet in the morning greet,
  Ascending with fragrancy.

Far down in the vale, where the primrose pale
  Her beauties to me unfold,
In her dewy eye I sparkling lie,
  Like a drop of living gold.

In my fields of light the eagle's flight
  On rushing pinion I see,
When his dark bright eye, in its brilliancy,
  Presumes to look on me.

In the balmy hour, when the gentle shower
  Reflects my shining face,
I softly diffuse, in the rainbow's hues,
  The covenant sign of grace.

In the ocean's wave, my image I lave,
  As the proud ship sails away,
And I hear the song of the mariner throng—
  The song of the sunny day.

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SUPERNATURAL BEINGS.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

From essences unseen, celestial names,
Enlight'ning spirits, and ministerial flames,
Lift we our reason to that sovereign Cause,
Who blessed the whole with life.—PRIOR.

COMMON as is the opinion that the laws of Nature are immutable, a very superficial inquiry will prove that the axiom must be received with large exceptions and restrictions. We may presume the stars to have been formed and fixed in accordance with some general law; yet several, even in modern times, have followed the lost Pleiad, while new ones have appeared; and as to the earth we inhabit, it seems to have been governed by no rule but that of incessant change, though these mutations may, probably, be in accordance with some comprehensive and final scheme, the tendency of which we cannot even conjecture. Judging, however, by what we see and know, we should be justified in affirming that the distinguishing characteristic of Nature is her constant inconstancy, her endless transformations, her abandonment of old forms, and substitution of novelties, in exhaustible and infinite variety. Geological investigations and the exhumation of tropical products in polar regions lead to the conclusion that there must have been a change in the position of the earth with reference to the sun; we know that sea and land have been, and still are, constantly changing places; while numerous fossil remains, those God-written revelations of an earlier world, incontestably prove that the whole Fauna and Flora of that period, with all their boundless and marvelous varieties, have passed away, to be succeeded by new organizations equal in the diversity though not in the stupendous magnitude of their forms. It would seem, in fact, as if the process of creation had never ceased, and that the gradual extinction of Nature's old offspring became necessary, in order to afford room for the new families which the prolific mother is constantly bringing forth.

Of the formative power and infinite inventiveness displayed in the fossil Flora a faint notion may be formed, when we state that three hundred species of plants have already been discovered in the coal formations of Great Britain alone, extraordinary in their configurations, and exceeding the luxuriance of the present equatorial climes. Several of these show that the plants and flowers of the by-gone world, and whose orders are now extinct, must have rivaled in elegance and variety the most beautiful existing products of our forests, fields, and gardens!

Still more signally do recent discoveries attest the prodigality of Nature in the ancient insect world. "Recent microscopical investigations," writes the celebrated Dr. Mantell, "have shown that a large proportion of our rocks and strata are composed of animalcules, millions of which are contained in a cubic inch of stone." And it has been ascertained by the same accurate observer, that the chalk formation which constitutes so large a portion of the earth's crust, is an enormous aggregation of shells, so minute as to be singly invisible to the unassisted eye, though his microscope empowered him to trace, classify, and delineate them with perfect accuracy. Of these once-living atoms many varieties are detected, and nothing can be more graceful and diversified than the outlines and markings which they present. As we know that everything living is doomed to die, so may we now affirm that the whole superficies of the inanimate earth has once been alive, and that its different strata are a succession of countless catacombs. Yes—this fair globe, with its over-arching sky, is but a vast sepulchral vault. We live, and move, and have our being in a burial-ground, whose walls are the horizon, and the depths of whose crowded graves have not yet been fathomed; and this world-cemetery is made beautiful and glorious, and its dust and ashes revivified by the fertilizing processes of decay and death. From generation to generation we

See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again.

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Nor does nature, in more recent æras, appear to have experienced the least exhaustion from the incessant exertion of her plastic inventions and undiminished fecundity. The hydro-oxygen microscope has revealed to us a crowd of animalcules in a drop of ditch-water; as many, but of totally different genera, have been detected in an equal quantity of sea-water; earth is not less lavish of her vitality now than in the vigor of her younger cycles. Who can see the mysterious and magnificent boon of life conferred upon such myriads of animalcules, for unquestionable purposes of enjoyment, and not feel as deeply impressed by the beneficence as by the power of the Creator?

Blind and benighted as we are, how can we duly appreciate the infinite range and inventiveness of the Divine mind, when it is probable that we know not a moiety, perhaps not a tithe of the creation, the bounds of which are undergoing a constant enlargement in every direction with the improvement of our optical instruments? Astronomers find reason to conjecture that our solar system occupies a very subordinate station in the stupendous scheme of the universe, and that the unpenetrated vastitudes of space may be illumined by other suns, surrounded by planets of greater magnitude, and teeming with more profuse vitality than our own. One more advance in telescopic art, and a revelation of new celestial worlds may burst upon our astonished vision; while a correspondent improvement of our microscopes may disclose to us myriads of fresh animalcules still more minute and various than any from which we have uplifted the veil that rendered them previously invisible. The imagination loses itself until "function is smothered in surmise," as we attempt to follow out the results involved in these bewildering conceptions.

From the inconceivable magnitude and importance of the operations constantly claiming the exercise of the Divine mind, men have ever hesitated to believe that its powers required to be simultaneously exerted upon all the petty details of each inhabited planet, upon the minute distinctions in the genera of an animalcule, or the varieties in the form and coloring of a weed. Reasoning from the analogy of human governments, they are apt to imagine, that while the supreme authority directs and upholds the grander arrangements of the universe, the management of its inferior processes may be delegated to subordinate ministers, whose various natures and attributes were adapted to the different duties with which they were intrusted. Remarkable is the fact, that all nations, in ancient as well as modern times, have believed in the existence of supernatural beings, who exercised a direct influence upon mundane affairs, and whose functions rendered them the coadjutors, or, to speak more reverently, the agents of the Deity.

Though there is nothing irreligious in this creed, it has led to a variety of fantastical and even impious superstitions. That the stars, those bright sentinels stationed around the throne of the Supreme, were also, though in a subordinate degree, administrators of his decrees, and exercised a direct influence upon human affairs, found wide credence in a very early age of the world, until it assumed a regular form, under the designation of Astrology. This science of knaves for the deception of fools was divided into two branches, natural and judicial, the former regulating the physical effects of nature, the latter having reference to moral events, and enduing its possessors, as they pretended, with a prophetical power. Superstitions have a marvelous tenacity of life, and simpletons are still found who believe that the stars of their nativity are the inexorable Fates, who decide their whole future destiny: a comfortable doctrine in one respect, since it enables them to plead, in extenuation of their own follies and vices, that "Their stars are more in fault than they."

From a supposed analogy between certain productions of nature and some of their subordinate deities, the ancient Egyptian priests consecrated these objects, and such types were addressed by the vulgar as symbolized divinities, just as in other countries pictures and statues receive the homage which should be reserved for the originals whom they represent. From this pregnant fount of idolatry sprang the twenty thousand deities of Greece and Rome, who were, nevertheless, supposed to be the representatives of one supreme authority, by which they were deputed to superintend the various departments of nature, animate and inanimate, human, animal, and vegetable. So numerous an army of celestials could not only afford tutelary and administrative guardians for hills and dales, fountains, woods, and seas, but could supply a supernatural resident, under the title of the *Genius Loci*, for each individual locality.

Northern nations, borrowing their mithology mostly from the Orientals, can lay little claim to originality; but the invention of those fanciful beings, the sylphs and gnomes, which supplied the beautiful machinery for Pope's "Rape of the Lock," is attributed to the Rosicrucian philosophists,* who spread themselves over Germany toward the close of the sixteenth century.

* A name said to be derived from the arms of Luther, which were a cross placed upon a rose.

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They maintained the existence of various ranks of supernaturals, divided into the two orders we have named, to whom separate and specific duties were assigned, the former executing their pleasant and beneficent offices as they hover in the air, while the latter often discharge their less amiable functions in mines and other depths of the subterranean world. In such abodes the "Swart Fairy of the Mine" is still believed to exercise a favoring or malign influence in the revealment or secretion of the ore. From the Peri of the Arabs, and other Orientals, has sprung the fantastical creation of our fairies, to whom we are indebted for the charming and exquisitely romantic machinery of Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Even these imaginary sprites are supposed to be ministers of a higher power, and to perform a duty somewhat analogous to that of the Grecian nymphs who presided over woods, mountains, and springs.

Though we may reject the forms, the qualities, and functions of these various existences, as the vain phantasy of poets, dreamers, and visionaries, there is nothing irrational in the supposition that intelligent and invisible beings, ancillary to the subordinate purposes of the Divinity, are perpetually hovering around us. We have scriptural authority, indeed, for the existence of millions of angels, whose names of thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers, suggest an order among them, though we know not its nature; and of whose interference in human affairs very numerous instances are supplied by the pages of holy writ. Some have thought that every kingdom, every element, every individual is under the ministration of a guardian angel,—a salutary and hallowing belief, which cannot be disproved, though it may not have sacred warrant for its support. Traditions of the Rabbis, assigning very undignified occupations to some of the fallen angels, who are allowed to infest the earth, relate that Asael, having engaged in an amour with Naamah, the wife of Ham, and continuing impenitent, is condemned still to preside over the women's toilets; a manifest prefiguration of the sylphs, who performed a similar office for Pope's Belinda.

Well would it be if we could persuade ourselves that spiritual emissaries and invisible agents encompassed us round about, that we stood in the constant presence of unseen witnesses, specially commissioned to follow us like living shadows, to take note of all our truant wanderings, to be planted as sentinels at the portals of our lips, and commit all that passes them to their indelible tablets! Gentle, but, perchance, not altogether impeccable, Reader! you start at the thought of having all your unguarded utterances registered and perpetuated, for "conscience doth make cowards of us all;" but presently recovering your self-possession, you dismiss the thought as a mere bugbear of the imagination. Be it so; away with the fear of these supernatural eavesdroppers; let the earth hide them! But are you sure that nature, by one of her laws, has not subjected you to a tell-tale apparatus, giving an unlimited and irrepressible echo to every syllable you utter? Plunge your hand into the English Channel, and you raise the level of the sea, however imperceptibly, at the Cape of Good Hope. Plunge an exclamation into silence, and you disturb silence at the extremities of the universe, if there be any truth in the theory of Dr. Babbage, that as sound is communicated and renewed by perpetual undulations of the air, it never dies, becoming gradually audible in the distances of space, as it ceases to be heard at the point of its original emission. Oh! if all the oaths and imprecations, all the angry and uncharitable outbursts, all the expressions of falsehood, folly, and ribaldry of men, have been constantly carried on the wings of air, in all their unabated sinfulness and loudness, to the throne of heaven, I know not how we could evince a proper sense of our past utterances, except by the future and constant reiteration of the word—"pardon! pardon!"

IMAGINARY EVILS.

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow;
  Leave things of the future to fate:
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?
  Life's troubles come never too late!
If to hope overmuch be an error,
  'Tis one that the wise have preferr'd;
And how often have hearts been in terror
  Of evils—that never occurr'd!

Have faith—and thy faith shall sustain thee—
  Permit not suspicion and care
With invisible bonds to enchain thee,
  But bear what God gives thee to bear.
By His Spirit supported and gladden'd,
  Be ne'er by "forebodings" deterr'd;
But think how oft hearts have been sadden'd
  By fear—of what never occurr'd!

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A PAGE OR TWO OF BALLOON-HISTORY.

BY A NATURALIST.

The ambitious desire of man to penetrate the realms of space dates from great antiquity. The winged gods, and the stories of Abaris and Icarus, attest how fondly our predecessors clung to the belief that the advantages conferred on birds might be shared by man. Archytus, an eminent Greek geometer and astronomer, who perished by shipwreck on the coast of Calabria, was believed to have constructed an artificial dove, which, by the action of internal springs, wafted itself through the air; and Strabo tells us of the Capnobatæ, a Scythian people, who raised themselves by smoke, as the vulgar at first imagined Montgolfier did.

But the glowing visions of the East received a darker tinge from the character and climate of our Gothic ancestors. Dominion over the realms of the air was given to the arch-fiend, and by his power witches were supposed to traverse boundless space with the speed of thought.

During the darkness of the middle ages, alchemists, and all those superstitious mystery men, who, in the wild dreams of heated brains, imagined the resolving of impossibilities to tangible certainties, were reported to have attained the art of flying. Friar Bacon, in his work *De Mirabili Potestate*, writes confidently of a practical flying machine. Bishop Wilkins, in his *Mathematical Magic* (1680), proposes an aërial carriage,—indeed, the bishop felt so confident that the art of flying was on the high-road to perfection, that he declared it would soon be as common for a gentleman to call for his wings as for his boots.

The most noted scheme, however, for navigating the atmosphere was proposed by the Jesuit Francis Lana, in a book with the aspiring title of *Prodromo dell' Arte Maestra*, published at Brescia in 1670. His plan was to raise a vessel by means of metal balls, strong enough when exhausted to resist the pressure of the external air, but at the same time so thin as, under the same circumstances, to be lighter than their bulk of air. Lana never imagined that any physical objections could prevent the execution of his proposition. But what most alarmed the insinuating Jesuit, and which he earnestly prays God to avert, was the danger that would result from the successful practice of his art to all civil governments and human institutions; for, says he, "it is evident that no walls nor fortifications could then protect cities, which might be completely subdued or destroyed, without having the power to make any sort of resistance, by a mere handful of daring assailants, who should rain down fire and conflagration from the region of the clouds." Lana's project excited so much interest that it eventually awakened the attention of philosophers, who, in the persons of Hooke, Borelli, and Leibnitz, examined it minutely, and soon proved its utter impracticability.

To Borelli is due the merit of being the first to prove, by mechanical and mathematical principles, the impossibility of rising, or even remaining suspended in the air, by the action of any machinery impelled by human force; and by degrees the fond hopes of being able to fly, which men of genius had entertained, began to fade away. Dr. Black, of Edinburgh, soon after the discovery of the specific gravity of inflammable air, conceived that if a bladder or bag, sufficiently light and thin, were filled with this air, it would rise. This thought was suggested in his lectures of 1767 and 1768; and he proposed by means of the allantois of a calf to try the experiment, which, however, other avocations prevented him carrying into effect. The possibility of constructing a vessel which, when filled with inflammable air, would ascend in the atmosphere, had occurred to Cavallo about the above period; and to him belongs the honor of having first made experiments on this subject in 1782, of which an account was read to the Royal Society on the 20th of June in that year.

He first tried bladders, but the thinnest of them, however, scraped and cleaned, were too heavy. In using paper, he found that the inflammable air passed through its pores like water through a sieve; and having failed in other attempts to enclose this air in a bag, he was under the necessity of being satisfied with soap bubbles inflated with inflammable air, which ascended rapidly in the atmosphere. It is not a little remarkable,

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that Cavallo's experiments did not lead to the invention of the balloon.

The practice and science of aëronautics did not, however, in any way, spring from the foregoing experiment; but, like many dazzling discoveries, owe their existence to individuals who, till the period of their invention, were utterly unknown to fame. To the skill and perseverance of Joseph and Stephen Montgolfier, sons of a paper manufacturer at Annonay, near Lyons, the world owes it that aërostation was practically brought into operation. These remarkable men, though bred in a small provincial town, possessed in a high degree the spirit of research and observation. They were in the habit of trying all their experiments together, and it appeared to them that a sort of very thin cloud, formed of vapor inclosed in a bag of immense size, would mount to the higher regions. This they tried by filling a bag made of paper and thin silk with hydrogen gas, but although the vessel ascended, it soon came down again, in consequence of the very rapid escape of the gas through the pores of the silk and paper. This might have been prevented by the use of proper varnish, but such an application was at that time unknown. Thus disappointed, though not effectually discouraged, they tried various other means to attain the desired object, and at length substituting rarefied air for the gas, they had the inexpressible satisfaction to see a small silken bag so filled ascend to a height of seventy-five feet, where it remained until the air, by cooling, lost its buoyancy. This experiment was made in November, 1782. It was now resolved to prosecute the experiment on a larger scale. Having provided a vast quantity of coarse linen, they formed it into the shape of a globe, about thirty feet in diameter, which they lined with paper. On lighting a fire within its cavity, to warm and expand the air, the globe ascended with a force equivalent to about 500 lbs. On the 5th of June, 1783, the first public exhibition was made by the Montgolfiers, at Annonay, before the Etats Particuliers of Vivarvis and an immense concourse of people. On entering the public place in the town, nothing was seen at first but immense folds of paper, 110 feet in circumference, fixed to a frame, the whole weighing about 500 lbs., and containing 22,000 cubic feet. To the astonishment of all, it was announced that this machine would be filled with gas and rise to the clouds. On the application of fire underneath, the mass gradually unfolded, and assumed the form of a large globe, striving at the same time to burst from the arms that held it. On a signal being given, the ropes which retained the balloon were cut, and it instantly rose with an accelerating motion, and attained an elevation of more than a mile. All was enthusiastic admiration; so memorable a feat lighted up the glow of national vanity, and the two Montgolfiers were regarded as having opened the road to another world. An account of the ascent was transmitted io Paris, and quickly circulated over Europe. The sensation that the intelligence created was immense; yet the tale appeared so extraordinary as to cause great doubts to be entertained of its veracity. In England, particularly, men of science were unwilling to place any faith in what they regarded as no better than an imposition. There were some, too, who would not allow that the invention could be of the slightest utility. Franklin, however, is reported to have said, in answer to the question which was put to him on the discovery of aërostation, "What is its use?" "Of what use is the newly-born infant."

The scientific men in Paris were not long in testing Montgolfiers' experiment. They succeeded admirably, and it was now determined to attempt a personal ascent. But before making the essay, three aërial voyagers were sent up in the form of a sheep, a cock, and a duck, all of which came down safely. Thus encouraged, preparations were made for an ascent. Montgolfier constructed a new balloon expressly for the purpose. It was of an elliptical form, 74 feet in height, 48 feet in diameter, and was elegantly painted and ornamented. A gallery was carried round the aperture at the bottom, communicating with a grate which enabled the aëronaut to supply the fire with fuel, and thus to keep up the machine as long as the fuel lasted. The weight of the balloon and its accompanying apparatus was estimated at about 1600 lbs. On the 15th of October, 1783, M. Pilatre de Rozier made an ascent in this machine, and contrived to keep it suspended in the air, at a height of about 200 feet, for several minutes, by feeding the fire. But in this experiment the balloon was held captive by cords. The success of the experiment determined M. Rozier to undertake a free aërial voyage. He was accompanied by the Marquis d'Arlandes, a major of an infantry regiment, whose valor seems, however, to have evaporated in a very unmilitary manner. The ascent was made at La Muette, a royal palace in the Bois de Boulogne, in a balloon similar to that above described. All being ready on the 21st of November, 1783, the voyagers took their places in the gallery. After repairing some trifling damage which the balloon sustained in a first essay, it was, at fifty-four minutes past one, absolutely abandoned to the dominion of the air, and soon ascended with great rapidity. When

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the adventurers were about 250 feet high, they waved their hats to the astonished multitude, and quickly rose to a height at which they could no longer be distinguished. The astonishing elevation of three thousand feet was attained, greatly to the terror of the marquis, and the adventurous navigators landed safely in a field near Bicetre, without having experienced the slightest physical inconvenience. The distance traversed was between six and seven miles, and they were in the air twenty-five minutes. The weight of the whole apparatus, including the two aëronauts, was between 1600 and 1700 lbs., and when they descended two-thirds of their fuel were unconsumed.

Such was the prosperous issue of the first aërial voyage ever achieved by man. It was a conquest of science which all the world could understand; and it flattered extremely the vanity of that ingenious people, who enjoyed the honor of its triumph in defiance of the doubts raised by English philosophers. The Montgolfiers had the annual prize of 600 livres adjudged to them by the Academy of Sciences; the elder brother was invited to court, decorated with the badge of St. Michael, and received a patent of nobility; and on Joseph a pension was bestowed, with a sum of 40,000 livres, to enable him to prosecute his experiments with balloons.

The first machine, inflated by hydrogen gas, was launched at Paris, by MM. Roberts and Charles, in 1783. Such, however, was the prejudice in favor of Montgolfier's smoke balloons, as they were called, that, to pacify the populace who had assembled in vast numbers to witness the ascent of the gas balloon, Montgolfier was required to let off a small fire-balloon as a mark of his precedence. The ascent of the hydrogen gas balloon was perfectly successful. "It mounted," says the reporter, "with a slow and solemn motion, allowing in its soft and measured ascent the spectators to follow with their eyes and their hearts two interesting men, who like demigods soared to the abode of the immortals to receive the reward of intellectual progress."

The most daring adventurous voyage in the early history of balloons, was that of M. Blanchard and Dr. Jeffries, across the Straits of Dover. This took place on the 7th January, 1785. The operation of filling the balloon was effected on the edge of Shakspeare's Cliff. At one o'clock, the wind blowing very gently from the N. N. W., M. Blanchard ordered the car, which then stood only two feet distant from the precipice, to be pushed off. As the balloon was hardly buoyant enough to support the voyagers, they were obliged to throw out all their ballast, except three bags of sand, of ten pounds each, when they rose gently, but made little way on account of the wind being very slight. They had now a most beautiful prospect of the south coast of England. After passing over several vessels, they found themselves descending; they immediately threw out a sack and a half of their ballast, but this being insufficient to counteract their descent, they threw out all that remained: even this, however, was found ineffectual; they, therefore, next cast out a parcel of books: thus lightened, the balloon ascended. At this time they were about midway between France and England. At a quarter past two, finding themselves again descending, they were compelled to throw out their provisions, instruments, anchors, and cords, and at last divested themselves of their clothes, and fastening their bodies to the cords of the balloon, were prepared to cut away the boat or car, as their last resource. They had now, however, the satisfaction to find that they were rising; and as they passed over the high lands between Cape Blanc and Paris, the balloon rose very fast, and carried them to a greater elevation than they had previously attained. They soon after descended safely in the forest of Guiennes. The King of France presented M. Blanchard with 12,000 livres, and granted him a pension of 1200 livres a year. Blanchard was the first who constructed parachutes, and annexed them to the balloons, with the object of effecting escape in case of accident to the balloon.

During his ascent from Strasburg he dropped a dog, connected with a parachute, from the height of 6000 feet. A whirlwind, however, interrupted its descent, and bore it above the clouds. M. Blanchard afterward met the parachute, when the dog, recognizing his master, began to bark; and just as M. Blanchard was going to seize him, another whirlwind suddenly carried the parachute beyond his reach. Having passed over Zell, he terminated his voyage; the parachute, still waving in the air, came down twelve minutes afterward. In a daring experiment which M. Blanchard had the courage to make on himself, he was less successful; for on hazarding a descent by a parachute at Basle, he unfortunately broke his leg. The more disastrous fate of Mr. Cocking, who was killed in 1837 by a descent from a parachute, which he detached from a balloon at the height of about 5000 feet, will be in the recollection of many readers.

The success attending the ascent of balloons soon led to sanguine hopes being entertained of the highest benefits resulting to mankind from the practice of aëronautics. The French instituted an academy at Meudon, for the express purpose

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of improving the art of aëronautics. The proceedings were conducted with the utmost secrecy. The management of the institution was committed to men of eminent reputation, and was under the direction of M. Conté. There was a corps of fifty aëronauts trained to the service; and a spherical balloon, thirty-two feet in diameter, was kept constantly prepared for exercising, and fastened to the great terrace of the lodge in the open air. In favorable weather it was liberated, and with the car, which contained the colonel of the corps and a pupil, was allowed to ascend from 160 to 240 yards; but was still restrained by a cord fastened from below. Balloons were prepared in this establishment for the service of the different armies. They were named with all the form of christening a man-of-war, and we read of the Entreprenant, for the army of the North; the Céleste, for that of the Sambre and Meuse; the Hercule, for the army of the Rhine; and the Intrépide, for that of the Moselle. The decisive victory which General Jourdan gained in 1794, over the Austrian forces in the plains of Fleurus, has been ascribed principally to the accurate information of the enemy's movements before and during the battle, communicated by telegraphic signals from a balloon, which was elevated to a moderate height. The aëronauts, at the head of whom was the celebrated chemist, Guyton-Morveau, mounted twice in the course of that day, and continued about four hours each time, hovering in the rear of the army at an altitude of about 1800 feet. In the second ascent, the enterprise being discovered by the enemy, a battery was brought to bear upon the balloon, but the aëronauts soon gained an elevation beyond the reach of the cannon. Another balloon, constructed by M. Conté, was attached to the army sent on the memorable expedition to Egypt. After the capitulation of Cairo, it was brought back with the remains of the army to France, and subsequently employed by M. Biot and Gay-Lussac in their scientific ascent, when the latter attained the enormous elevation of 23,040 feet above the level of the sea, and satisfactorily demonstrated that the air at that height contains exactly the same proportions as that collected near the surface of the earth.

The use of balloons by the French in war soon created a panic among English alarmists. It was reported that England would be invaded by clouds of aërial monsters, which would burn the cities and destroy the crops. Among the balloon prints before us, is one displaying a number of balloons on their way to England, under which is written:—"*Oh, dis be de grande invention. Dis will immortalize my king, my country, and myself. We will declare de war against our enemi. We will make de English quake. We will inspect his camps; we will intercept their fleet; we will set fire to their dockyards; and we will take de Gibraltar in de air balloon; and when we have conquer'd de English, den we will conquer other countries, and make dem all colonies of de Grand Monarque.*"

With practice and experience aëronauts became bolder, and ventured to ascend during the night. The first nocturnal ascent was undertaken by M. Garnerin, at eleven o'clock on the night of the 4th of August, 1807. He ascended from Tivoli at Paris, under the Russian flag, as a token of the peace that existed at that period between France and Russia. His balloon was illuminated by twenty lamps; and, to obviate all danger of communication between these and the hydrogen gas, which it might be necessary to discharge in the course of the voyage, the nearest of the lamps was fourteen feet from the balloon, and conductors were contrived to carry the gas away in an opposite direction. Forty minutes after he ascended, he was at an elevation of 13,200 feet; when, in consequence of the dilatation of the balloon, he was under the necessity of discharging a portion of gas. About midnight, when 3600 feet from the earth, he heard the barking of dogs; about two o'clock in the morning he saw several meteors flying around him, but none of them so near as to create apprehension; at half past three, he beheld the sun emerging in brilliant majesty above an ocean of clouds; and the gas becoming expanded by the increased temperature, the balloon attained an elevation of 15,000 feet above the earth, when he felt the cold intense. At half past six in the morning M. Garnerin descended safely near Loges, forty-five leagues distant from Paris.

A second nocturnal ascent by M. Garnerin, which he made from Paris in September, 1807, exposed him to the most imminent danger. In consequence of the pressure of the populace, the balloon was liberated before M. Garnerin had time to adjust the machinery of the valves; consequently, when he had risen to an enormous height, the balloon became so dilated, that M. Garnerin was obliged to make a rent in the silk, to permit the gas to escape. The unfortunate adventurer was now subject to every caprice of the whirlwind, and the balloon was tossed about from current to current. When the storm impelled him downward, he was obliged to cast out his ballast to restore the ascending tendency; and at length, every resource being exhausted, no expedient was left to him to provide against future exigencies. In this forlorn condition the balloon ascended through thick clouds, but afterward sank; and

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THE FALL OF BABEL.

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the car having violently struck against the ground, rebounded from it to a considerable altitude. The fury of the storm dashed him against the mountains; and, after many rude shocks, he was reduced to a state of temporary insensibility. On recovering from this perilous situation, he reached Mount Tonnerre in a storm of thunder. A very short time after his anchor locked in a tree; and in seven hours and a half from the time of his departure, he landed at the distance of 300 miles from Paris. Numerous nocturnal ascents have been made during late years; the most important of which was that undertaken by Mr. Green, Mr. Hollond, and Mr. Monck Mason, on the 7th of November, 1836, when they ascended from Vauxhall at half past one in the afternoon; and continuing their voyage all night, descended safely near Weilburg, in the Duchy of Nassau, the following morning at half past seven.

THE HARP TELEGRAPH.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

Harp of the mind, thy trembling strings
Now vibrate on the air,
Though silence folds her downy wings
Upon them even there.

No sound is heard, tho' burning tones
Are thrilling on each chord—
Joyous or sad, those melting ones
Fall on the soul unheard.

And oh, what power to stir the heart
With thought! most silent voice,
What music this—what magic art,
To make us weep—rejoice!

I gaze upon this harp of air,
And feel within my breast
Thoughts, thrilling to the music there,
Of sweetest consciousness.

I know some word is on the string,
And tears start to my eye,
As if some soft angelic wing
Had floated swiftly by.

Oh wondrous—wondrous Spirit-harp—
When will thy silent strains
Breathe to the world of mind and heart
A precious Saviour's name!

The time is moving swiftly now—
What wondrous changes here!
This soft, sweet song shall Nations bow—
That day is drawing near.

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THE FALL OF BABEL.

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CONNECTION OF RELIGION WITH SCIENCE AND ART.

BY ASAHEL ABBOT.

There is no moral aphorism more universal in its view than that contained in the direction of our Saviour to "Inquire first for the uprightness and truth of God's empire," if we will obtain also the best things this world is capable of affording. It would be easy to show that wherever religion has been purest, there, under equal circumstances, have most flourished the sciences and the useful arts. The ancients tell us that Abraham was well versed in the sciences, handed down from the first fathers of the race; and that he taught the Egyptians their Geometry, no less than a better form of religious life. The infancy of the race was equally remote from barbarism and corruption. The best applications of science to art have been made to subserve the cause of religion in its principal seats, and the best knowledge of the works of God has been usually held by the same persons that have cultivated the most devout regard for the spiritual laws of His empire. True, at particular crises in the religious fortunes of the world, there may seem for a time a serious interruption to this law of connection between religion and earthly science. The Exodus from Egypt separated the Hebrews from all the advantages to be procured from contact with a highly cultivated nation, and we almost instinctively assign them, in other lands, a rustic and inglorious life, spent in little else than the tillage of the ground and the care of flocks, for they have left behind them the schools, no less than the treasures of Egypt.

So, when their descendants returned from the captivity, or when they fled to the desert before the tyranny of Syrian kings in the Maccabæan age; when the infant church of our Christianity was persecuted from the centres of civilization under the tyranny of the degenerate Cæsars; or when the Nestorians or the Waldenses were forced to hide in deserts from the impious fury of more degenerate Popes and Patriarchs; or when the Puritans and the Huguenots sought the refuge of the wilderness from the corruptions and crimes of the old world; in each case the persecutors and tyrants to all appearance hold in their hands the whole sum of worldly advantages—power, wealth, science, taste—and the exiles must be fain to encounter the loss of all things, and see but remotely the turning of all earthly goods to the advancement of those who fear God, and the supremacy among nations given to those that shape their whole polity and social life most in accordance with the "righteousness,' the eternal principles of His kingdom. Let us not be carried away by appearances, however, but examine rightly the connection of those glorious exiles with the advancement of learning, and the real progress of arts and sciences in their own or in after times.

Go with me to yonder Gymnasium. Among those three hundred youths, point me out him who is destined to excel all his fellows in those qualities that make man great. Here sits one distinguished by his elegant form, his fair complexion and beautiful hair, holding in his hands a text-book printed upon satin paper, finished in morocco, and richly gilt, as if for the parlor-table of a queen. Surely this noble form, this broad and intellectual brow, this clear eye, this elegant costume and polished demeanor, this whole assemblage of fine qualities and appearances, all mark him as the future scholar and sage, who shall be able to unlock to the world the vast soul of Plato or the angel penetration of Newton; the religious imagery of Homer, or the mysterious dogmas of Paul.

No, no! the farthest from it possible. He who is destined to that office is seated in yonder obscure corner, with sun-burnt hands turning over the leaves of an old and well-worn volume. His garb is coarse, his air is rustic, his demeanor that of a laborer just from the plough. No one notices him unless to insult him, and the good old man who sits at the head of the faculty, and whose morning prayer you have just noticed as so well worded and so edifying, will hardly treat him with kindness, because he is poor and friendless. All that is known of him is, that he is the only son of his mother, who is a widow.

Or go with me through the streets of this busy metropolis. Observe those noble public squares and interminable avenues, lined with palaces.

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Surely among these are to be found the great spirits and noble characters that form the glory of our social state, and by their talents and virtues command the admiration of the world.

No: it is not that, nor anything like it. A few good men may be found among them whose wealth enriches the stream of public charities, and founds for the people their churches and their schools; but for the truly great you must look elsewhere. In a plain apartment, by the side of an humble and unfrequented street, sits the scholar, by a well-used study-table, and by the light of a single lamp, pores over the tomes of recondite and costly lore, that the great spirits of former times, or our own, have furnished, to render the world wiser and better. His pale and intellectual partner sits near, and with her lullaby soothes to sleep the latest and dearest pledge of their mutual love. The palaces of the rich are sounding with mirth and wassail until late night, and crowds upon crowds surround the tables loaded with the costliest viands, or mingle in the gay conversations or the sprightly dance. The harp and the flute, the viol and the psaltery are there, and the voice of song, too, sweet and rich as a stream of fragrance from the gardens of the Houris. But the dwelling of the scholar is passed unheeded, for he has no splendid mansion, no costly furniture, no brilliant circle of fashionable friends, no splendid suppers, nor rich old wines. Yet that pale and neglected scholar has more science, a juster taste, and in time will have more influence, than all that the wealth of the world can procure to a thousand generations, of the sensual and the earthly-minded. His wife, too, may be scouted by the fashionable world because she is the wife of a scholar, but she is happier and nobler than they all, for she fills his soul whose soul fills the whole world, and shares in his exile from its present honors, who has renounced all for God and truth, and whom God will make one of "his first born, higher than the kings of the earth."

So in the cases enumerated above. Each of them has been an instance of temporary depression and pupilage in a severe school, a course of stern and trying discipline for future greatness and power. When Israel went out from Egypt, they carried in their Moses and Aaron, their Bezaleel and Aholiab, greater treasures of wisdom and knowledge than all that was left in the land of Ham. With them, also, departed the architectural glory that has made Egypt the wonder of the world; for, with the labors of the Hebrews in that ancient land, the wonderful sepulchres, temples, obelisks, statuary and paintings of Memphis and Rameses have ceased, and the art that constructed them is lost. Hence we shall not wonder to find all the world outdone in the wisdom and glory of their Solomon, and all the gravest and wisest sages of far-off lands—Pythagoras, Plato, and their most illustrious compeers, coming over the sea to learn the highest wisdom from the lips of Hebrew Levites in Palestine, or in their dispersion through Egypt and the east. When they were led captive to Babylon, they bore with them their knowledge in the Arts and Sciences, and their oppressors vainly desired to hear those master-pieces of song that were sung at their festivals in the temple. Daniel and his three friends were put among the prime ministry of the Babylonian court, and after a short exile, a pious remnant returned to build up the ruins of their ancient city and temple. So in the time of the Maccabees, the persecuted Hebrews carried with them to the deserts the knowledge of their arts and sciences, and returned with them afterward to the building up of their desolated homes.

And when the Apostles and their infant churches were scattered over the whole earth, they bore with them in their Paul and Apollos, their Dyonisius and Justin Martyr, all the knowledge and taste of their times, and a host of scholars are numbered among the primitive martyrs. As soon as persecution ceased, the church showed herself openly as the mistress of the world, not only by her faith, but also by her knowledge. Age after age rolled away, and as degenerate Patriarchism had her Homer, Pindar and Virgil, her Demosthenes and Tully, her Archimedes, Archytas and Hipparchus, her Scopas and Phidias, her Aristotle and Plato: so degenerate Christianity had her Tasso and her Dante, her Chrysostom and her Cyprian, her Augustine, and her Massillon, her Copernicus and her Galileo, her Angelo and her Rafaelle, her Lombard and her Aquinas. So as to the persecuted inhabitants of the Alps: the seeds of their faith and piety took root in many lands, and sprung up in the Reformation, that has given to the world a Luther and a Calvin, a Melancthon and a Zuingle, a Kepler and a Newton, a Handel and a Bach, a Milton and a Klopstock, a Bacon and a Butler, a Lightfoot and a Selden, a Cudworth and a Gale, a Whitefield and a Chalmers. And when the Puritans and Huguenots came to their exile upon these shores, they bore with them the seeds of future eminence, and were themselves the chosen spirits of their age in all that makes man great; so that we do not wonder that they have already their Edwards and their Dwight, their Channing and their Webster, their Livingston and their Jay, their Fulton and their Morse, their Franklin and

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the Washington. Nor need we wonder if, as in old time, the lights of Patriarchism in Phenicia or Assyria, in Egypt or Greece, or Italy, grew pale before the advancing of Christianity, and as the lights of Mohammedanism and Popery went out before the splendors of the Reformation so now the great lights of the old world are fast expiring, to give place to a greater and better succession upon these shores, and the children of the Mayflower are destined soon to exercise dominion over the spirit of the whole world, by excelling in the knowledge and use of the fundamental principles and powers of Nature.

Indeed, the highest forms of knowledge and the noblest instances of Art have all been devoted to the establishment and enforcing of religious truth. All early poetry or books of laws we find exclusively religious. All ancient music that has come down to us is of a sacred character. The best philosophers have made religious truth their principal study. Ancient Astronomy was religious; and the noblest works of design in painting, sculpture and architecture have been used to found and decorate the temples of religion. And now that the whole force of the greatest nations is turned to subduing the earth and improving human life by the preference of those arts which make for peace and those branches of science that are most immediately useful in their application to the wants of life, we find foremost among them the Anglo-Saxon race the most aggressive and energetic, and at the same time the most religious of all nations. Indeed, the spirit of this race is the truest spirit for the promotion of human welfare over the whole earth. Freed alike from the passionate sensuality of the Italian, the indolent pride of the Spaniard, the fastidiousness and unbounded egotism of the French, and the reckless idealism of the Germans—the Anglo-Saxon mind unites passion, pride, delicacy of taste, self-reliance and a capacity for abstract studies never exceeded, and mingles them all in more just proportions than have been elsewhere known; proposing the best attainable means for accomplishing the noblest conceivable ends, and pursuing its objects without wavering over a universe of obstacles, and through centuries of delay, until, "through faith and patience," it realizes the good at which it aims.

It is only in a state enjoying the perfect freedom that Christianity inspires, that the Sciences and Arts can be most fully studied and used among the people. It was in a state of freedom that Greece became the home of all that was noble in both. It was among the privileged orders of Babylon, Tyre, Egypt and the East, the priests that were by their rank and office rendered sacred before the laws, that the loftiest attainments in both were made. The Hebrew state became great in the same while under the laws of a Theocracy that perpetually operated as a check to despotism, and a whole tribe were set apart to be the teachers of the nation in all manner of science. The despotism of Popery distorted all things intellectual, and brought forth in its Dante and his imitators, a literature full of horrors, at the same time that its music and architecture, and painting and sculpture were unexcelled. The Reformation disenthralled the spirits of men, and left the minds of the race within its influence free to follow the course of unsophisticated Nature in matters of taste and the pursuits of science.

It would prove a good idea, were some one well qualified for the task, to write another "History of Redemption," and show (what the immortal Edwards has almost entirely omitted) the indissoluble connection of religion with all proper improvement in the study of secular Science and Art; so that all may clearly see how God causes all things to work together for good to the nations and communities that honor his Word and his service. Let a full survey be taken of the best thinkers and writers in all the ancient world, and let it be shown what influence they have exerted upon modern times. Let the remnants of patriarchal knowledge preserved in the Puranus, the Iliad, the Sibyls, the institutes of Hermes, Menu, Confucius, and Zoroaster, and their pupils in the West, be produced, and let it be seen how the Divine Word and Laws have been received and treated in connection with secular science and art, and what have been their effects upon the development and workings of both. In all these we shall find that the best knowledge of both usually (with individual exceptions) has been achieved by religious men; and that, as the religious life of a nation declines all genuine love of science and all true appreciation of useful art also declines; even as within the last century the decline of interest in the purer and loftier forms of sacred music has been accompanied by an answerable decline in the scientific character of secular music, so that the Opera has sunk down from the splendor with which it was invested in the works of Handel, Gluck, and Mozart, to the common-place sensualisms of Meyerbeer and the senseless clamor of Verdi.

It is no complimentary view of human nature that we are forced to take when we consider that the first uses of all new discoveries in Science and Art are almost invariably turned against

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religion. Such is the depravity of our thankless race, and with such earnestness do they lie in wait to show their spite against the Divine Word and Laws. But the end always shows that secular science and all true and useful art must be deemed the handmaids to religion. The assumptions of its foes die of themselves, while truth alone survives, and that truth will be always found to agree with a right interpretation of the Scriptures. The profoundest Geology will carry us no farther back than the period left unassigned by Moses; the sublimest Astronomy will never bear us beyond the reach of Paul's glances, among the "principalities and powers" that sit "in heavenly places." The sublimest enginery fails before Ezekiel's wheels; the finest painting and statuary sinks to insignificance, when compared with the descriptions of prophetic visions; the highest forensic eloquence is nothing before the majesty of the prophets; the grandest lyrics become an empty sound of words compared to the Hebrew Hymns; and the loftiest flight of musical inspiration will never equal the themes of sacred song when the multitudes of the Apocalypse sing "Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"

HOME TEACHINGS.

"You taught me, mother, that the earth
  Was full of voices rare;
That the woodland blue-bells were not dumb,
  That the glad leaves stirred in prayer;
That in all God's works, His creatures still
  Might some wondrous grace discern—
But there are that call me dreamer,
  And say I've much to learn."

"Yet sure I've taught thee other things
  Shall not be gainsaid, child:
Some bright beliefs, that one from heaven,
  May not be earth-defiled?"
"You taught me, mother, that all love
  To our Maker first was due,
And I learned, while listening to your words,
  How much was left for you.

"You taught me, or untaught I learned,
  Above all dreams to prize
The joyous home-realities
  That spake from loving eyes;
With an unwearied faith to trust
  All good, though seeming stern—
But there are that call me dreamer still,
  And say I've much to learn."

"Yea, much to learn, and unlearn, boy,
  Upon thy worldward way:
Perchance too much to lose, when most
  Thy spirit needs a stay:
Too much of faith, too much of love,
  Those lights by heaven bestowed,
To guide us mid the loneliness,
  The darkness of life's road.

"Yes: thou hast much to learn of all
  Earth teaches us, apart
From those deep lessons, first and best,
  That only teach the heart;
The wisdom of the world has yet
  To teach thee worldly pride,
And from the humble walk of faith
  To turn thy steps aside!

"O, if in these, thy dreaming days,
  Thou canst look up and see
God's wondrous love and watchfulness
  Enfolding thine and thee,
Believe that it will be no dream,
  When life's brief hour is past,
To know that this, thy first true faith,
  Has not, too, been thy last!"

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AN UNWRITTEN PAGE IN OUR COUNTRY'S HISTORY.

BY L. H. HARE.

In the early colonial history of Massachusetts, the Deerfield tragedy, as related by Trumbull, which occurred on a winter's night, has excited the horror and thrilled the bosom of many a reader. Savage as Indian warfare has ever been, some of its most awful and terrific scenes were enacted in that doomed settlement.

Treachery and unmistakable signs of an Indian war had shown themselves; but no one dreamed of an onslaught so soon, so terrible and awful in its results, as followed on this eventful night. Such a scene as that needs no painting. It needs only to be told in its awful truthfulness. That has been done; but there is an unwritten page in that thrilling narrative, which I shall endeavor to fill out.

From the fear of hostilities, most of the inhabitants of Deerfield had taken refuge within the fort. But there was a family by the name of Kellogg, who lived almost under its guns, who from their proximity dreamed of no danger. The family consisted of Mr. Kellogg and wife, and five children. Martin, the oldest, was a lad nearly grown. The next a son, name now lost. The next two were daughters, their names Jemima and Joanna, respectively six and four years of age. The fifth was an infant in its cradle, seven months old.

While they were unconsciously locked in slumber, the doors of their house were suddenly burst open, and the room filled with armed and painted savages with tomahawk and scalping knives gleaming, feathers quivering, and their eyes flashing murderous vengeance, as they commenced their work of demolition and revenge. Mrs. Kellogg had just time to spring from her bed and dart into the cellar, where she concealed herself under a large tub, with its buttom upward.

Mr. Kellogg, with the four oldest children, the youngest a daughter of four years, were seized and pinioned; whether for a journey into the wilderness, immediate burning, or reserved torture, they could not imagine. One scream and a crash, and the infant's brains were literally scattered over the floor. Man meets man in the deadly fray, and with his strong arm nerved for the contest, there is something terrific and thrilling in the encounter; but when helpless women and innocent children are unresistingly butchered, there is something so awful in the scene that language breaks down in attempting to depict it.

Their savage passions gloating over the blood of the infant, and the other victims well secured, they proceeded to rifle the house of anything that might be valuable to them.

This accomplished, they proceeded to the cellar, and after gathering everything eatable to be found, they placed it upon the tub under which Mrs. Kellogg was concealed, and there the murderers of the infant banqueted over the head of the mother.

The feasting and carousing have ceased; but hark! what is that crackling and surging she hears from her hiding-place? She easily divines. Savage warfare is too ruthless to leave even the habitation of their captive or murdered victims. The dwelling is on fire, and its lurid flames attest their work of destruction complete.

Mrs. Kellogg escapes from the flames to the consciousness that she is worse than widowed. Her infant is slain; and her husband, with his strong though powerless arm, with her four tender children, are taken captive, with the probability of gracing an Indian war-dance, and dying in the flames, surrounded by hideously-painted savages, shouting and reveling around them, their hideous and terrific yells filling the air, while their poor victims are in their death agonies. Such were their future prospects as pictured to the mind of the wretched and stricken mother. But Providence ordered otherwise, with most of them, at least. But so far as their history has come down to us, we will trace them in their wanderings and final return to their homes, whither all of them, except the second son, arrived after various vicissitudes and hair-breadth escapes.

As soon as the Indians had committed their depredations and sped away into the wilderness, they separated into small parties, dividing their prisoners among them.

It was a trial to the father to see his loved infant coldly butchered before his eyes, and with

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his other tender children hurried off at midnight, amidst the snows of winter, from their loved home, and from her whose presence as mother and wife had contributed so much to gladden that home: to leave it, too, enveloped in flames, a funeral pile for his infant, and perhaps also for his wife.

To leave with this dread uncertainty with regard to the fate of his wife, and to see all his earthly prospects thus blighted in an hour, and almost certain destruction hanging over himself and the remainder of his family, must have been agonizing in the extreme.

Captivity or certain destruction awaited them. The howling wilderness and the rigor of a New England winter was before them, death and destruction behind. But his cup of agony was not yet full. He was to be separated from his children, and they from each other, and the two youngest were tender daughters of the ages of four and six years.

Little has reached us of the father's sufferings and trials after separating from his children. He, however, remained long enough among the Indians to become conversant with their usages, learn various little Indian arts, and speak their language fluently. The supposition is, that he gained their good will, assisted in their hunting and fishing excursions, and made himself generally useful. The tribe by which the family were captured is supposed to have been the Mohegans.

Mr. Kellogg finally made his escape; and after enduring incredible hardships and performing a toilsome journey, finally reached Deerfield. What was his joy on beholding his wife, which he hardly dared hope, and grief at beholding that childless and desolate home, can better be imagined than pictured.

Mr. Kellogg, from his acquaintance with the Indian dialect, afterward became a teacher among the Mohegans, gathered at Stockbridge, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, and from thence called the "Stockbridge tribe."

Martin, the oldest son, had already twice made his escape, and been recaptured. One day, as he was busily engaged chopping some wood, he was accosted by a friendly squaw of the tribe, and asked if he knew to what use the wood he was cutting was to be applied. On replying in the negative, she informed him that it was to be used at a grand pow-wow, and the pale face was to be burned. She then gave him a cake baked in the ashes, and told him to haste for his life, and make his escape. He needed no second bidding. When the sun was set, and silence reigned in the forest, on foot and alone, he stealthily left the Indian village, and with the stars for his guide, directed his steps southward toward his distant home. The first night's travel found him a good distance from his foes.

As soon as light began to streak the east, he concealed himself in a hollow, fallen tree, knowing that his captors would be on the scent in the morning. Here he slept soundly after his wearisome night's travel.

The sun had traveled high up in the heavens when he awoke; and as he lay peering into the open space beyond him, by the light which shone through a crevice in the log, to his horror he discovered that a deadly enemy had already preoccupied his hiding-place. At a short distance beyond him lay coiled up a huge rattle-snake.

He had not time to debate the propriety of leaving his retreat and seeking a covert more secure, for a party of Indians in hot pursuit had taken the same direction, and now seated themselves in council on the very log in which he lay concealed. He dreaded not the venomous snake within his place of concealment, as much as his merciless pursuers without. He feared that his snakeship, disturbed by his intruding guest, or by the noise above, would raise his tail, and by his rattling attract the attention of the Indians; but he slept on, and Kellogg lay in breathless suspense, while his enemies consulted on the course to be pursued to regain their captive.

Happy, indeed, was it for him that they held their consultations so near. He was enabled to hear all that was said, and having gained a pretty good knowledge of their language, he understood perfectly their conversation, and thus ascertained the route they would take in the pursuit.

Their consultation was short, and our hero had the consolation of hearing their steps die away as they sped on their errand of vengeance.

As soon as evening approached, he drew himself out of his hiding-place, and took a circuitous route opposite that of his remorseless tormentors. By traveling nights, and lying concealed by day, in nine days from the day of his flight, faint and weary, he arrived at his desolate home. His only sustenance during these nine days and nights of weary pilgrimage, was the single cake given him by the friendly squaw, and roots and berries gathered in the woods.

He afterward married, and lived to see himself surrounded by children and grandchildren, and his descendants are now living in the States of Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, and Connecticut, many of whom will recognize this sketch as a story handed down to them by their grandparents.

When old age had crept over him, and his grandchildren were playing in glee around him,

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and either one said they were hungry, the old man would exclaim, "Children, you do not know what hunger is." He would then gather them around him, and narrate his captivity and suffering among the Indians, and his escape and nine days' fasting.

Of the other brother nothing was ever heard; whether he died with the rude hand of violence, or was suffered to die a peaceful death, is left only to conjecture.

Jemima, the oldest daughter, aged six when captured, was ransomed a number of years afterward by her friends. She had lost all knowledge of the English language, and could not easily brook the restraints of civilized life.

When she appeared among her friends, she had grown up to womanhood, and was entirely ignorant of the customs and habits of her kindred. Dressed in her blanket, moccasins and beads, unable to converse except in the Indian dialect, you may well conceive the grotesque appearance she must have made, when welcomed home by kith and kin. There was rejoicing in that house. She was divested of her Indian attire, her toilet made, and soon arrayed in the garb of civilization. She was ushered into a new state of existence bewildered and amazed. Everything around her appeared like a dream, but not a joyous one. Unable to converse with her kindred and friends, and take pleasure in scenes to which she was so unaccustomed, she longed for her freedom in the wilderness, and the society of the unsophisticated daughters of her former captors. She made an attempt to run away and regain her savage life; but this time she was captured by her friends. The endearments of relatives soon won her confidence and love, and reconciled her to civilization and its attendant blessings. She easily relearned her native language, and afterward became pious, and a very devoted Christian. Then her gratitude knew no bounds; and she not only poured forth the warm gushings of her soul in thanksgiving to God, but she wept tears of love over those kind friends who had rescued her from, a deplorable though willing state of ignorance and barbarism.

Joanna, the youngest of the family, excepting the infant, who was slaughtered on the dreadful night of their captivity, was four years old when captured. She was educated among the Indians, and grew up as one of them; married an Indian sachem, and reared a family of children. Years afterward, in company with two of her sons, tall, straight, half-blood Indian youths, she visited her friends. But the blandishments of civilized life had no charms for them, and they returned to spend the remainder of their days in their own wild woodland home.

OUR ROBIN.

BY REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR.

Every morn upon our pear-tree,
On the very topmost limb,
Comes at early dawn, a red-breast—
Carols he a glorious hymn!

Far and wide around it soundeth,
Till he thinks its echoes clear,
Not alone the distant village,
But the rising sun can hear!

Through the crevice of the casement,
All his merry tricks I spy—
Ceremony like a curtain,
Drawn up to the very sky!

Silent through the day he goeth,
Filled with many a petty care;
On a tree, amid the clover,
He is almost every where.

Evening comes, and when the sunset
Lightens up the gorgeous West,
Joyous notes again he poureth,
Like a singer of the blest.

Not ashamed of such a teacher,
When I hear him, oft I say,
Lord, for such a heart to praise thee,
Every night and every day.

He that kills my merry robin,
(God forgive him for his sin,)
Kills a member of my household,
And my door ne'er enters in!

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WILLIAM JAY, OF BATH.

BY REV. DR. SPRAGUE.

In mentioning Mr. Jay, we bring up a name with which all are familiar, and which has been regarded by the Christian public, on both sides of the water, for many years, with high respect and veneration. In the department of religious literature which this distinguished clergyman has occupied, we are not aware that there is any name of the present day which holds a higher place; and though he is a foreigner, and personally unknown to almost every individual in this country, there are comparatively few who read religious publications at all, who are not familiar with some one or other of his writings. We desire to record our high sense of the important services which he has rendered by his writings to the cause of truth and piety; and especially to testify our conviction of the hallowed influence which they have exerted upon the religious interests of our own country.

The early history of Mr. Jay, if we have been correctly informed, is most deeply interesting. We have heard a particular account of the manner in which he was taken up from an humble situation in life, and placed in circumstances which were fitted at once to develop and direct his fine powers, and prepare him for the wide field of usefulness which he was destined subsequently to occupy. If the account which has come to us is correct, it was owing to the discernment and benevolence of Rev. Cornelius Winter, that Mr. Jay was originally put in the way to be educated for the ministry. This venerable man, preaching, as we have been informed, on some public occasion, was struck with the appearance of a youth whom he saw in the congregation; and he almost instantly formed a resolution that he would inquire respecting his circumstances, and if Providence should seem to favor it, would educate him to preach the Gospel. The result of the inquiry was entirely favorable to his wishes; and young Jay, then a mere lad, was, by the consent of his parents, taken into the family of this venerable minister, and educated by him with parental care and affection. The result, we hardly need say, was highly gratifying to the feelings of Mr. Winter: every month of his residence with him brought fresh evidence that he was educating a mind of no common order, and disposed to consecrate all its powers to the best interests of man. Mr. Winter lived to reap the fruit of his labors in knowing that he had actually been instrumental of bringing forward one of the most gifted, useful, and honored ministers of the age; and no doubt, among the visions of joy which attended the death-bed of that venerable saint, one of the brightest and most cheering must have been the prospect of having his own benevolent influence propagated through such a channel; of surviving his own mortal existence in the labors, and prayers, and combined influence of such a man as William Jay. One of Mr. Jay's publications is an interesting biographical sketch of his excellent friend and guardian; a sketch which is equally honorable to the devoted piety, and sound judgment, and distinguished usefulness, of the person whose character is portrayed, and to the talents, the gratitude, the deep filial sensibilities of him who has portrayed it.

Mr. Jay, owing no doubt to his uncommon maturity of intellect, and the adaptedness of his mind for public speaking, commenced preaching at the early age of sixteen. His first efforts in the pulpit excited great attention, insomuch that he is said, at a very early period, to have been advertised (we must suppose by some indiscreet and injudicious friend) as "the prodigy." It spoke much for the strength of his character, that a mind so youthful as his, should have been everywhere greeted with so much of the incense of praise, and yet should not have suffered by it; but the desire which he had to please his Master and to save the souls of his fellow-men, seems to have absorbed to a great extent every other; and if he was distinguished by the splendor of his gifts, he was equally so by his modesty, humility, and all the more unobtrusive of the Christian virtues. It is remarkable, too, that the popularity which he acquired in such circumstances, and of course without a large stock of theological furniture, should have been enduring; but the native vigor and versatility of his mind, in connection

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with his intense application, enabled him constantly to maintain himself in his public efforts, insomuch that his popularity, great as it was in the beginning, never subsequently declined. He had not been long in the ministry when he was settled at Bath, and has had for many years one of the most respectable and flourishing congregations in England. The liberality of his views has conspired with the superiority of his talents to render him a favorite, not only among the different dissenting denominations, but also with many of the most respected and venerable men of the Church of England; and at home, as well as in our own country, his works are regarded, to a great extent, as the common property of all evangelical denominations.

Mr. Jay's manner in the pulpit (we happen to have it in our power to write from actual observation) is exceedingly well adapted to give effect to his impressive and eloquent thoughts. His person is uncommonly good, his voice flexible and melodious, his countenance singularly expressive, his gesture natural and graceful; in short, he has everything, apart from the actual merit of his discourses, to render him an attractive and popular preacher. No one would expect him, indeed, like Hall, or Chalmers, or Mason, to overpower his audience by the burning energy of his thoughts, or the almost terrific boldness of his manner; his power lies rather in winning them to their duty by the gentle arts of persuasion. His manner is a fine compound of dignity and familiarity; while he never lets himself down to anything that even approaches the vulgar on the one hand, he is almost always level to the comprehension of the lowest class of his hearers, on the other. Though he is distinguished for the originality of his conceptions, and the beauty and propriety of his language, yet his thoughts are so clear in his own mind, and are expressed with such entire perspicuity, that the most intelligent and most illiterate may be alike benefited and delighted. Notwithstanding he has been so long upon the stage, and is now several years past sixty, his popularity is not at all upon the wane; and scarcely any other minister attracts so large a congregation, whether at home or abroad.

Mr. Jay has been before the world as a writer upward of thirty years. His earliest publications excited a high degree of interest, both in England and this country; and almost everything from his pen—we believe every work of any magnitude—has gone through several editions.

The sermons, which we believe were the earliest of Mr. Jay's larger publications, as they have been long before the world, have acquired a character which can be claimed by comparatively few homiletical productions at the present day. Like every thing from his pen, they are strictly practical; exhibiting the truth just as it lies in God's word, and its bearing upon the relations, the conduct, the destiny of men. They show a fertile invention, a most intimate acquaintance with the springs of human conduct, the power of reasoning with great effect upon common-sense principles, and of bringing men to consider the truth in its application to their own circumstances. These discourses (and we think the same remark will apply to most of Mr. Jay's writings) seem better fitted to edify, and quicken, and comfort the Christian, than to arrest and convince the careless sinner; though several of them contain very close and pungent appeals to the conscience, and all are adapted to make men reflect on the solemnities of an eternal retribution.

All of Mr. Jay's writings, if we mistake not, are peculiarly adapted to promote the study of the Bible. Not only are the Morning and Evening Exercises for the closet directly of a biblical character, being designed as a sort of practical commentary on various portions of divine truth, but nearly all his other writings abound in scriptural illustration, and are pre-eminently fitted to invest the study of the Bible with strong attractions. No writer of the present day makes a more copious use of Scripture than Mr. Jay; and we might say, that in his sermons he sometimes carries this to an extreme, were it not for the uncommonly felicitous manner in which his quotations are made. It would seem as if the whole Bible were in his memory, and he had the power on every occasion of selecting the very passage that is most to his purpose; and where a writer quotes Scripture with such an advantage, we can scarcely call any degree of quotation excessive.

Mr. Jay's writings exhibit, in the best sense, a truly catholic spirit. Not that there is anything in them that looks like lowering the standard of Christian doctrine or practice, or of yielding up anything that is essential in religion—far from it: the great doctrines and duties of the Gospel are constantly stated and urged in all their importance; and erroneous doctrines and practices meet with their deserved condemnation. But after all, the author never seems to be trammeled by sectarian peculiarities; and scarcely ever occupies ground upon which he would not be cordially met by Christians of every evangelical denomination. This, no doubt, is one great reason of the universal

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popularity which his writings have gained both in Great Britain and this country; and hence, too, we have found many who had long been conversant with his writings, who yet had never been able to discover to what denomination he belongs, and some who had always had the impression that, instead of being an Independent as he actually is, he is a (low church) Episcopalian. No doubt he has his attachment to Independency; but it is so far from being a bigoted attachment, that he opens the arms of his charity wide to every evangelical Christian, let his denomination be what it may. Men may differ from him in many unimportant particulars, and yet, instead of standing aloof from them as errorists, he cordially welcomes them as fellow-disciples of a common Master.

The spirit of Christian catholicism, which Mr. Jay's writings evince, is what we wish to see more and more extensively pervade the religious community. We are by no means disposed to plead for an annihilation of sects, or for any attempt to range all the followers of Christ under the same human banner. On the contrary, we fully believe that the division of the Christian world into various denominations, is not without some important uses; and that, if its legitimate influence is not neutralized by unchristian jealousies and alienations, it may hasten rather than retard the ultimate triumph of the Church. But while we are willing that each denomination holding the great truths of the Gospel in their purity, should have a being, and exert its appropriate influence in its own way, we are not willing that any denomination should make its unimportant peculiarities the practical test of discipleship; we are not willing that those sectarian principles should have currency, which go to unchristianize a large part of the professed followers of Christ. The true principle on this subject, it seems to us, is something like this,—let each evangelical denomination enjoy its peculiarities of faith, and worship, and church government, without being molested by others, and without attempting to force them upon others. Let each one also have, to a certain extent, its own benevolent institutions; at least, if it is disposed thus to have them, let it not be regarded by others as a just ground of complaint. And let all without this narrow circle be common ground on which all the followers of Christ may meet each other, without respect to any other name than that of Christian. And even while each sect is cultivating its own private field, let there be no spirit of unhallowed rivalry in its operations; and let all that is done be done with ultimate reference to the general good. This, we fully believe, is the only sectarianism which the Gospel permits, and all that goes beyond it is nothing better than the spirit of the world. Christians, let them call themselves by whatever human name they may, must love each other, and behave toward each other as brethren, else they will do little to honor their Master, and give out but a dubious light before the world. Their second object must be to glorify God in the salvation of their fellow-men; and if they forget this object in their attachment to the interest of a denomination, instead of making that attachment subordinate to it, they may indeed labor hard, but they may have much reason to fear that to the eye of Omniscience they will not appear to be laboring for the Lord Jesus Christ, they are fitted to form Christian character on the most lovely and attractive model. It cannot be disguised that as the beauty of Christian doctrine has some times been marred by human philosophy, so the loveliness of Christian example has been obscured by what has almost seemed a cold and lowering melancholy. There have been those, and they are yet to be found, who appear habitually gloomy from principle; who set down the playfulness and buoyancy of the animal spirits to the account of an inveterate waywardness; and who never venture to speak on the subject of religion at all, but with what seems an air of affected solemnity. There are those who, while they carry this spirit with them into all the intercourse of life, display it especially in their personal addresses to those whom they would influence to attend to their soul's salvation; and make it a point to begin every such conversation with the utmost abruptness, and sometimes in a manner to shock all the finer sensibilities. We do not doubt that this course has often been adopted with the best motives, and that the individuals concerned have supposed they could accomplish more good in this than in any other way; but we have as little doubt that such a course is inconsistent with the spirit of the Bible, and at war with all just notions of the philosophy of the mind. In all cases of this kind we would have deep solemnity, but we would have associated with it the utmost tenderness; a spirit and a manner which should be adapted to find its way to the kindest feelings of the heart. And in the common intercourse of life, while Christians should take heed that they avoid the appearance of evil, they should also manifest by their consistent and dignified cheerfulness, that religion is not the parent of gloom; and that those who come under its influence, enter a path which is in the best sense "pleasantness and peace." If irreligious persons are liable to be confirmed in their irreligion by

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the careless and trifling deportment of professed Christians, they are not less exposed to the same evil by seeing a Christian profession constantly associated with a morose and forbidding gloom. Let religion be exhibited in all its cheerful attractions, while yet it retains its appropriate seriousness and dignity, and it cannot fail to commend itself to the judgment, and conscience, and better feelings of all who witness such a manifestation.

There are few men probably to whom the present age is more indebted for whatever of consistent cheerfulness its religious character may possess, than to Mr. Jay. Other writers, as we have already intimated, may have done more than he to rouse the slumbering conscience of the sinner, and bring him into the attitude of conviction and repentance; but few, we think, have done more to hold up religion to the world in all its divine and beautiful attractions. We cannot take leave of this interesting and popular writer, without commending his writings to every class of our readers. We would commend them especially to the young Christian, as being enimently fitted to form him to a high degree of religious enjoyment, activity and usefulness. We would commend them to the man who would know much of the windings of his own heart, and would have maxims of true practical wisdom in his own mind, to regulate every part of his conduct. We would commend them even to the man who scoffs at religion as a fable; for if he can contemplate that view of the Gospel which these writings present, without acknowledging that it is consistent, beautiful, even glorious, then it is because he belies his own convictions, or because his infidelity has made him a madman.

MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

(TO SOME CHILDREN SLEEPING.)

Sleep on! Life is dawning,
  Ye will wake too soon:
Rapidly life's Morning
  Changeth into Noon;
Noon, with changes teeming,
  Varying, dark and bright,
In a few short hours
  Giveth place to Night.

Sleep on, happy dreamers!
  Lovingly ye twine—
Oh, many a care-worn spirit
  Covets dreams like thine!—
And angels' wings are o'er ye,
  Your purity adorning:
There's darker things before ye
  Than childhood's brilliant Morning!

Sleep on! ye are tired,
  Worn with too much pleasure—
Joy that mocks the senses,
  Without bound or measure;
'Tis an angel's warning,
  Heaven's fairest boon:
Oh, that such a Morning
  Should herald such a Noon!

Sleep on!—it were best
  Ye should sleep forever;
From such tranquil rest
  Better waken, never—
Than to wake, and feel
  Time but sheds a blight—
Wounds that seldom heal,
  Morning, Noon, or Night.

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THE MISERIES OF A FALSE POSITION.

A TALE WITH TOO MANY COUNTERPARTS.

"How provoking—it was my last five dollars. This is the penalty of station, my dear Clara," Mrs. Faulkner observed, turning to her cousin and early friend, who sat by her side. Be it known to the reader that the remark was made on the exit of one of those genteel beggars whose visits are the horror of style-loving people, because they fancy they *must* make a respectable subscription.

"That penalty is *self-inflicted*, Matty, however you may persuade yourself to the contrary," was the reply of the lady addressed.

"My dear cousin," Mrs. Faulkner, in a deprecating tone, interposed, "you don't know what it is to be placed in such circumstances. Your husband being in business, is not expected to make the appearance which is absolutely necessary to our station. Holding an office, as Mr. Faulkner does, it is indispensable that we should live in a becoming style."

"That word becoming is the very subject on which we differ. You deem it becoming to make an appearance beyond your means. I think it becoming to live under them, and thus keep clear of debt, with its consequent difficulties and disgrace."

"Well, well, Clara! That's an old story. Don't talk about it just now. I'm vexed enough at being obliged to pull out my last guinea for that woman."

"It was for a charitable object, and you ought not to repent of having done good."

"No. I candidly confess I did not give it from charity. I didn't feel the slightest sympathy for the people she was pleading for. I can feel for the distress I see and know, to be sure, but I can't say I take an interest in every miserable tale I hear; and I was, besides, too much absorbed with my own troubles. Low people can go begging when they want money, or get some one to do it for them, and there is always help. But when we are distressed, we dare not say so, and ours is the most pitiable case by far."

"Your case is indeed pitiable, my dear Matty; but might it not be remedied?"

"Yes, yes; I know very well what you mean. Your remedy is descending in the scale of society."

"It is. That would be the most honest, and at the same time the most pleasant mode of curing the evil."

"But that we cannot do;" and the lady shook her head mournfully. "However, what annoys me at the present moment is, that I am expecting a hamper of game from the market, and I have not a quarter to pay the carriage."

"Is it possible, Matilda, that you could be so foolish as to part with your all, from the mere parade of giving, and leave yourself in such a situation?"

"Oh! I could tell the cook to settle for it, and then pay her again; but I don't exactly like to do that, for I owe her a few shillings already, and she asked me for it this morning."

"Then you have not the moral courage to say you cannot afford five dollars to a charity, and yet you lay yourself open to the gossip of your servants, and are under pecuniary obligations to them?"

"Oh, as to that, of course I say to them I haven't got any change, and they don't suppose I'm without gold as well."

"Such people are more shrewd at guessing than you imagine them to be. Depend upon it, my dear cousin, your poverty is no secret to them."

"Well, I'll be more cautious for the future. Can you lend me a few dollars?"

This was the conclusion her visitor had anticipated, and she was not very well disposed to comply with the request, knowing it would not answer any really good purpose.

"I have but a small sum with me," she made answer, drawing out her purse.

"But you can have what you please to ask for, of your husband."

"Yes, Matilda; but it is because I never make any unreasonable demand. Indeed, I always tell him to what purpose the money is to be appropriated, though he does not exact the explanation. However, you shall have what is here. And now,"—having transferred the contents of

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her purse to the pocket of her companion—"and now I will tell you the object of my visit. Mr. Mortlake and I were talking of you as we sat at breakfast this morning, and he proposed that I should, in his name, offer to take your son, Lewis, into his business."

"Well, that is very kind; but—"

"But what? I was afraid I should have to contend with *buts* from you, Matty."

"Why, my dear Clara, Lewis is not exactly cut out for a tradesman."

"Have you any prospect of being able to place him in a better position?"

"Well, I don't know that I ought to think it would be better; but I should like to see him a gentleman."

"Ah, those are your old notions. I expected this. So you'd rather see your boy brought up to the law, spending his best days in struggles with pecuniary difficulties, or else hanging on some great man with the expectation of obtaining a situation in a Government office; and that he should endure all the anxieties of frequent, and, perhaps, ultimate failure, than enjoy a comfortable maintenance in a branch of commerce."

"Nay, I didn't decline Mr. Mortlake's kind offer; I will mention it to Mr. Faulkner. I really feel greatly obliged to him."

The conversation was here broken in upon by the entrance of the housemaid, who whispered some evidently unwelcome information in the ear of her mistress, and at the same time put a paper of most unmistakable appearance into her hand. Mrs. Faulkner could not suppress a sigh—it was the spontaneous effusion of a heart not wholly dead to the calls of justice and the sympathies of nature. "Bid the girl wait," she said; and no sooner had the young woman left the room, than the lady burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"What's the matter, my dear cousin? has any misfortune befallen you?" Mrs. Mortlake asked with much concern.

"No, no; but I don't know what to do."

"Tell me the cause of your distress—perhaps I may be able to relieve it."

"You could relieve it; but I cannot bear to ask such a thing."

"Some debt, I suppose, on your mind?"

"Yes, Clara: not a debt to a common tradesman. They charge a high price for their goods to people in our station, and can afford to wait for their money; but this is a poor creature we have employed with the view of benefiting her. She is now ill and in distress, and it makes me so unhappy that I am not able to pay her bill."

"What is the amount?"

Mrs. Faulkner opened the paper she had unconsciously screwed up, and looking to the bottom of a long list of items, read aloud—"Forty dollars."

"Don't you wish, Matty, that you had reserved the five dollars you just now gave away, that you might pay it toward this just debt?"

"Oh, I do indeed. But I could not help it."

"Don't say so, my dear cousin. It is true, it wanted a moral effort, but that you could have made, had you desired it; however, it is too late. I have—" she resumed after a thoughtful pause, "I have given you all the money I had; but I will, for such a purpose, send you ten or fifteen dollars when I return home."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, my dear Clara; but I cannot see the young woman: I have promised her so many times, that she will not believe I am in earnest."

The entrance of Mrs. Faulkner's two daughters, who had spent the morning in calls, relieved her of this difficulty. The eldest was charged with the errand, and she was too much accustomed to such missions to feel any disinclination to undertake it.

The plain homely truth, delivered by Mrs. Mortlake, was, by no means, palatable to the taste of the mistress of the mansion, but she had been accustomed to them from their days of girlhood. They had been schoolmates and playfellows, and a warm friendship had been cemented, notwithstanding the wide difference which existed in their characters. Mrs. Faulkner, unhappily for her, had been educated with the idea that respectability is synonymous with a certain station in society, and that it was excusable to sacrifice domestic comfort, peace of mind, and even strict integrity, in order to support that station. Her union with a gentleman holding an official situation, encouraged this false notion; and she really attempted to quiet her conscience with the assurance, that she was only doing her duty, when she made the above-mentioned sacrifices. As may be supposed, the Misses Faulkner were "elegantly useless" young ladies. Their mornings were divided between lounging at home, and unmeaning visits abroad, music, and the reigning fashionable work; and their evenings, in attending places of public resort, balls, and routs. Their mother thought this was the only way for them to be, what she termed, suitably married; and had one of them been discovered dusting the drawing-room, or assisting in any domestic occupation, she would have stood in need of sal-volatile. The idea of her eldest son descending, to what she deemed, the plebeian pursuits of business, was dreadful to contemplate; yet she had

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seen Mr. Mortlake so prosperous, and her cousin's home so free from the distresses which harassed her own, that she was half tempted to urge the matter with her husband.

Mr. Faulkner returned as usual at four to dine, but not with his usual spirits. There was a shade, not to say a frown, upon his brow; and to do him justice, it was not often that his family had to complain of the latter. He was what is termed an easy, good sort of man—that is, weak and yielding to the extreme, especially where the affections are concerned.

"You are low, to-day, my dear," Mrs. Faulkner observed, as he arose to leave the table, without taking his customary portion of wine. "I hope nothing serious has happened. There, go and dress for the evening," she added, turning abruptly to her daughters, "I want to speak with your papa alone. I am sure there is something the matter, Robert," the wife resumed, when the door closed on the young ladies. "Pray tell me; I have been sadly harassed to-day, and my spirits are too much fluttered to bear suspense."

"Well, my dear, I wished to postpone evil tidings: but to own the truth, I was arrested on my way to office this morning at the suit of the wine-merchant, and but for the kindness of my friend, Grover, who was bail for me, I should have been in a lock-up house to-night; and what is worse, the circumstance being made known at the office would, probably, have lost me my situation. I heard, also, that this was not the only writ out against me. I really dread going to town to-morrow; I have taken a circuitous route for the past week, though I could not distress you by telling you so."

Poor Mrs. Faulkner listened with a palpitating heart to this sad explanation. "Alas, I know not what is to become of us!" she gasped forth, as she buried her face in her hands, and wept convulsively.

"I am afraid our present position is a very insecure one," the husband resumed, with a sigh. "You know we have long overstepped the mark, and matters have been getting worse and worse! my salary has not been sufficient for the expenses of this establishment and the education of our family. I knew not how I could lessen it, but I have, for some time past, felt this to be the case."

"My poor girls!" Mrs. Faulkner sobbed forth.

"Ah, it is for them and you I feel most; I heartily wish they were settled in life; for having been brought up in the midst of luxury, what are they to do if cast upon a rough unfeeling world, with a father's disgrace attached to them withal!"

"You are drawing a dreadful picture; I hope it will not be so bad as you anticipate. Have you no friend to whom you can apply for help?"

"Why, the fact is, I have applied to my friends till I can apply no longer. Grover is the only man who would bail me, and he assured me that he is himself in a similar situation, and that it would be quite out of his power to assist me in any other way. I fear my only prospect is insolvency."

"Oh, Robert!"

"It is too true. I see no hope of escape, unless," he hesitatingly added, "your cousin's husband, Mr. Mortlake, will stand our friend; he's a kind-hearted fellow, but I rather think he is cautious."

"I have little hope from him in that way," Mrs. Faulkner made answer. "Clara has been here to-day, and she made me the offer, in his name, of taking Lewis into his business. I must say I didn't like the idea; but if matters are come to this crisis, it may be well to accept it."

"Undoubtedly it would. I am thankful to have so good a prospect for the boy. To own the truth, Matty, I am completely tired of this sort of life; I have suffered a martyrdom for years past, being in constant anticipation of the event which must come at last."

"But can nothing be done to save us from the disgrace of insolvency? Oh, to have the finger of scorn pointed at us by those who have feasted at our table; and then, the poor girls! Flora is, to be sure, engaged; I suppose we may consider her engaged to Mr. Forrester?"

"I fear not. I accidentally met with the elder Forrester last night, and he made some cutting remarks about people keeping up an appearance which led others to think they were wealthy, and then, after all, their being discovered to be poor; you know the old man is not very nice in his expressions; which are quite too significant to be misunderstood."

"Poor Flora! I tremble for her; if there is any disappointment, she is so sensitive; if it were Theresa, her pride would enable her to bear it."

The dialogue was here interrupted by the reappearance of the young ladies, elegantly dressed for an evening party; and Mrs. Faulkner, with a sickening heart, hastened away to prepare herself to become their chaperon.

Four months subsequently to the period at which the above related conversations took place, the worst fears of the family were too surely verified. The details would but pain the reader, and unhappily they are so common, that it would be but to relate an event which is happening daily.

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The Faulkners were suddenly missed from the circle in which they had for many years moved; their carriage, horses and elegant furniture were advertised for public auction, and the house they had occupied became tenantless. Their false pretensions, extravagance, and consequent downfall, were the topics for the tea-table and the ball-room for a few weeks, and then they were forgotten, and passed from the memory of even their late intimates and miscalled friends as a bygone tale.

Those calamities which befall us under the wise, though to us inscrutable, direction of Providence, are easy to be endured, compared with those we feel to be the result of our own folly or misconduct. Thus, Mr. Faulkner was overwhelmed by the storm of calamities which had overtaken his family; his health was so seriously impaired, and his nerves so debilitated, that he was unfit for any mental or physical effort. His wife conformed to the necessity of the case, with a better grace than could have been expected from one accustomed from infancy to self-indulgence; but her maternal solicitude was powefully called forth by the evident decline of her once beautiful and happy child. It was obvious that the blight of her prospects and first affections was preying on her health. Mrs. Faulkner, weak and fond of display as she was, was not one of those heartless mercenary women who regard marriage as only a stepping-stone to wealth or rank. Affection had been the leading spring in her own union; she had calculated upon her daughters making *good matches*, but this term was not in her estimation wholly confined to the acquisition of wealth, or even to the station in society for which she had herself maintained such a painful struggle.

Mr. Forrester had for more than twelve months paid Flora those attentions which are usually deemed tantamount to an offer. He had not formally proposed himself to her father, but that was all that was wanting of the usual preliminaries to marriage. The artless girl of twenty could not conceive it possible that the change in her circumstances could make any alteration in her lover's affection; when, however, week after week passed, and he studiously held back—when not a line of apology came to account for conduct so opposite to what she had expected, she began to fear that he was false, like the rest of the world in which she had moved. The family were one morning surprised by the information that a carrier had brought a large packing case directed to Mrs. Faulkner. Poor Mrs. F. remembered with a sigh the misery she had endured at not being able to meet such unexpected calls on her purse in her days of grandeur; she was in a like condition now, and, though she had no station to keep up, she could not help feeling reluctant to own her circumstances, to her landlady, and ask the loan of the money. To say she had not change would not now avail her, for she felt that the truth would be obvious. However, whilst she remained standing in a state of embarrassment, far from enviable, the man brought the case up the stairs, and to her inexpressible relief, "carriage paid" met her view, in large characters, on the direction.

"What can this be?" cried Mrs. Faulkner, when she and her daughter were alone; the removal of the lid displayed to their view a beautifully gilded harp.

"It is my harp," Flora joyfully exclaimed, sweeping her hand across the strings. The familiar tones, and the feelings they awakened, touched a tender chord in her young heart, and she burst into tears.

"What is the matter?" Mr. Faulkner called out from the adjoining chamber. His wife withdrew for a few minutes to explain, but returned with an expression of deep concern, and folded her weeping child in her arms.

"Is there no line to indicate by whose order the instrument was brought here?" Flora eagerly asked.

"None!"

"But you surmise, do you not, mamma?"

"I see where your surmises are directed, my dear girl!"

"Oh, it must be *his* gift; who else could be so kind, so thoughtful, for *my* pleasure?"

Poor Flora reasoned like a girl in love; but her mother could not help thinking that her cousin Clara had been the mover in this affair.

"That instrument will furnish me with the means of assisting in our support," the young lady resumed after a few minutes spent in thoughtful silence. "If we can obtain a more genteel lodging in the suburbs, I will give lessons on the harp. You know, mamma, my master said I had a natural talent for music, and the change would perhaps benefit dear papa's health."

"But you are not well enough, my love, for such an undertaking," Mrs. Faulkner interposed.

Flora was not, however, to be moved from the purpose she had formed. The thought of aiding those who were dear to her, gave enthusiasm to her feelings. She felt she had been a useless member of society too long, adversity was teaching its wholesome lessons, and it cannot be denied that her affection for young Forrester had some share in the inspiration.

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Mrs. Faulkner's first visit to the house of Mr. Mortlake revealed the truth; he had attended the sale of Mrs. Faulkner's effects for the purpose of purchasing anything which he thought would be needful to the family under their present circumstances, and it naturally occurred to him that the instrument might be made a means of support.

Flora's plan was put into immediate execution, and it met with the success she anticipated. The fond but misjudging mother could not, however, summon courage to dispel the illusion, which was giving brightness to the eye and elasticity to the step of her drooping child, and she said not a word on the subject.

Among the ladies whose daughters were Miss Faulkner's pupils, was the widow of an opulent banker, who occupied a beautiful villa a few miles distance. The distance was thought too great for the young ladies to walk, Flora was therefore obliged to give them lessons at their own house, or decline the engagement altogether. There was a time when she would have thought herself incapable of the exertion, but now, delicate as her health was, she was compelled to endure it, for the remuneration was not sufficiently liberal to afford a vehicle.

Mrs. Montreville little thought that she had been as unaccustomed to hardships as her own daughters; but, had she known it, it would but have called forth some uncharitable and unkind remark on the folly of which her parents had been guilty.

One summer's day, though wearied with her long walk under a vertical sun, Flora had just taken her accustomed seat behind her youngest pupil, when the child suddenly started up, and clapped her hands with a wild burst of pleasure. The harp stood before one of the drawing-room windows, which opened on the lawn, and the occasion of this ebullition of joy was the sight of some familiar face.

"Yes, it is Mr. Forrester: we shall have no lessons to-day, I'm sure," exclaimed the little girl, and she ran up and down the room with gestures of delight.

"Mr. Forrester!" Flora repeated, involuntarily.

"What, do you know him, Miss Faulkner?"

"I know one Mr. Forrester, but perhaps he is not the gentleman you are acquainted with," Flora replied, making a strong effort to conceal her agitation from the child.

"I'll go and fetch him, and you shall see," rejoined the thoughtless girl, and before Miss Faulkner could utter a word to prevent her flight, she had thrown open the French window, and was in pursuit of the visitor.

Flora's agitation increased: she scarcely knew whether she wished it to be him or not, and she was obliged to cling to the instrument before her for support.

The sound of approaching footsteps, and a hearty hoydenish laugh, induced her to raise her eyes. It was indeed her lover who stood before her. He started, for the playful child had not revealed her object in bringing him there, and he had little expected such a rencontre; "Miss Faulkner!" he ejaculated.

"Mr. Forrester!"

"This is an unlooked-for meeting to me."

"And no less so to me." Flora faltered forth.

There was a pause—to Flora an agonizing pause, for she knew not what to infer from her lover's manner. The thought of the harp was uppermost in her mind, and, without supposing it possible that she could have been mistaken regarding the donor, she now ventured to say, "I am glad, Mr. Forrester, to have this opportunity of thanking you for your acceptable present. It has been a greater blessing to me than you could have imagined." Forrester looked perplexed; but to refresh his memory, she placed her finger on the instrument before her.

"I am not aware that you are my debtor, Miss Faulkner," he returned, and the cold manner which accompanied the words struck to the heart of his auditor.

"Is it possible! can I have so deceived myself!" she murmured. "Did not you send me the harp I used to play upon at home?"—at your request,—she would have added, but the words died on her lips.

"No, madam; I have no recollection of such a transaction. You have been kind enough to attribute to me the generosity of some other person; but I must decline merit to which I have no claim." "Where is your mamma, Kate?" he carelessly asked, turning to the child.

Flora's before pale cheek became flushed, and her eye assumed an unnatural brightness; her pride as well as her affections was deeply wounded, and she in vain attempted to conceal it under the garb of indifference.

"Mamma and Maria are in the dining-room," was little Kate's reply; and with a cold bow, Forrester quitted the room.

"Then you do know our Mr. Forrester; well, that is funny," the child exclaimed when he was gone; "I'm glad of it, for perhaps you will come to the wedding," she affectionately added.

"Wedding!" Flora repeated almost unconsciously.

"Yes! Maria's wedding;—don't you know she's going to be married to Mr. Forrester next

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week! I'm so pleased about it; I like weddings —there are so many balls and parties. There were when my sister Adelaide was married, so I suppose there will be again."

It was a bitter moment for poor Flora. Love and hope had strewed flowers even in the rough path she had lately trodden, and she gathered them without suffering herself to believe that thorns could grow beneath. She could scarcely realize the truth of what she had just heard and witnessed. Telling her little pupil she was not well, and begging she would apologize to her mamma for her abrupt departure, she hurried from the house.

It was, as may be supposed, her last visit to Mrs. Montreville's. From that hour the broken-hearted girl was never seen to smile; she wasted by a slow but sure decay. Summer's fruits were gathered, and her flowers faded; autumnal breezes stripped the trees of their seared leaves; winter's snows descended; and spring began to array the resuscitating earth in her green mantle, ere this fair victim of a false position found her last resting-place; and before that period had elapsed, she was fatherless, and her mother was a widow. Under these deeply afflicting circumstances, Mrs. Faulkner experienced the most generous and delicate kindness from the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Mortlake, and, after the lapse of a few years, her son, through their instrumentality, was enabled to offer her a comfortable asylum, and eventually to provide for her remaining years.

Reader, this is a true tale—true, not only in the instance before you, but in a thousand, yea, ten thousand others. The victims of a false position are numerous, and are not confined to the class to which the Faulkners belong. Fathers! you who have the responsible charge of bringing up and setting an example before your children, be warned by their sad fate. Be not deluded into the idea that you are raising your children in the scale of society, when you attempt to elevate them on false pretensions, and sacrifice integrity by the attempt. Teach them that an honorable independence is true elevation, and that there is nothing really ignoble which is unassociated with evil. Wives and mothers! to you also this narrative presents a truthful lesson; many an affectionate girl has sunk into an early grave from the effects of injudicious training—many a woman has prematurely been made a widow by the slow canker-worm of sorrow, or the greater horrors of self-destruction; for those whom weakness of mind induce to sacrifice so much for so poor a guerdon as the world's smile, are little fortified to endure its frown. Let your example, then, stimulate to a nobler ambition, and your smile alone encourage the all-daring and all-enduring principle of duty.

RETROSPECT.

BY HORACE DRESSER, ESQ.

Why love the thoughts to dwell on days now past—
Those days unfraught with deep solicitude—
When parents every want and need supplied—
And naught so pleased as when their leave was given
To wander here and there among the fields,
Where flowers attired the ground and fragrance breathed?
Innate it is to look thus back on life
And see what scenes have marked the way to this—
This day that soon will be departed—gone!
The years of youth—but stop, my soul, and pause!
Though gone, and now no more to be recalled,
And numbered each with those that Adam saw,
Yet still, tenacious Memory brings them back,
And seems to live them o'er and o'er again.
At thought of these, how Childhood's tender age
Again revives and brings afresh to mind
Those many hours that ne'er a sorrow bore,
Nor e'er so much as brought an anxious care!
Departed days!—say, where are now those friends
And neighbors, mates and dearest intimates,
That once the happy social circle filled?—
"All numbered now with those beyond the flood!"
How wise is he who learns from time gone by,
To lead such life as Conscience well approves—
On which to look no keen compunctions rise!
'Twere well if all could look on yesterday
And feel assured that it was spent aright,
And added not a day to misspent time.
Few take exact account of time till past—
Here lies the sad and gross mistake of man.
Let him be asked, whose head is blanched by age,
How seem his former days?—they move the soul;
Like dreams they seem when on a sudden waked:
Imagination seems to make alive
Those friends that long ago paid nature's debt,
And laid them down to sleep the sleep of death.
How short is life at longest—a mere point!
Did days seem long to Joseph's holy sire,
When Pharaoh asked, "How old art thou?"—sure not.
Departed years—their voiceless days and hours
And moments glide away—and where is man?

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THE FORSAKEN.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

THROUGH all his life of grief and woe,—
  Of sorrow and privation,
Of persecution and reproach,
  And homeless desolation,—
Through all the arts the tempter wove,
  Still undismayed, unshaken,—
The Saviour labored at the work
  His love had undertaken.

Obedience, spotless, perfect, full,—
  Complete in every feature,
He rendered to the holy law
  Dishonored by the creature:
Beside his dying cross he left
  His seamless robe,—a token
Of his forgiving love to those
  By whom his heart was broken!

The anguish of that midnight hour,—
  The momentary shrinking
His human nature felt, to drain
  The cup that he was drinking;—
His spirit's utter loneliness,—
  The cloud his God-head veiling,—
The faithless and forgetful few,
  Whose trust had proved so failing;—

The taunting fiends that mocked his grief,
  And strove to gather o'er him,
A horror that should fright him back
  From the dread path before him;—
—Oh! human thought in vain essays
  From human words to borrow
A depth of strength to shadow forth
  His soul's exceeding sorrow!

If on the ruined soul the guilt
  Of but its *own* transgression,
Brings down a torturing, withering weight
  Of woe beyond expression,—
Who shall compute the fearful load
  That pressed with crushing power,
Upon the Saviour's fainting heart,
  In that mysterious hour!

And yet that wrath so measureless,
  With spirit uncomplaining,
He bowed himself to bear while still
  The Father was sustaining;
But when *He* hid his face because
  Our sins the Son had taken,—
Burst forth that bitter cry,—"My God!
  Oh! why hast *Thou* forsaken!"

What wonder thrilled the angel guards,
  As o'er the sufferer bending,
They watched with trembling eagerness,
  The mournful drama's ending;—
And when the pallid lips proclaimed,
"*'Tis finished!*"—how the story
  Of man's redemption rang aloft,
Thro' all the realms of glory!

Oh, sinless sacrifice!—with more
  Than seraphs' adoration,
We would regard thy wondrous love,—
  Thy strange humiliation!
And while we grieve o'er all our guilt,
  By which thy soul was shaken,
We plead that *we* may ne'er forsake,
  Nor be by *thee* forsaken!

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I miss Thee, my Mother.

POETRY BY ELIZA COOK. MUSIC BY CHARLES W. GLOVER.

Andante con moto.

1. I

mf *p*

miss thee, my mother! thy image is still The deep - est im-pressed on my

heart; And the tab - let so faith - ful, in death must be chill, Ere a

sf

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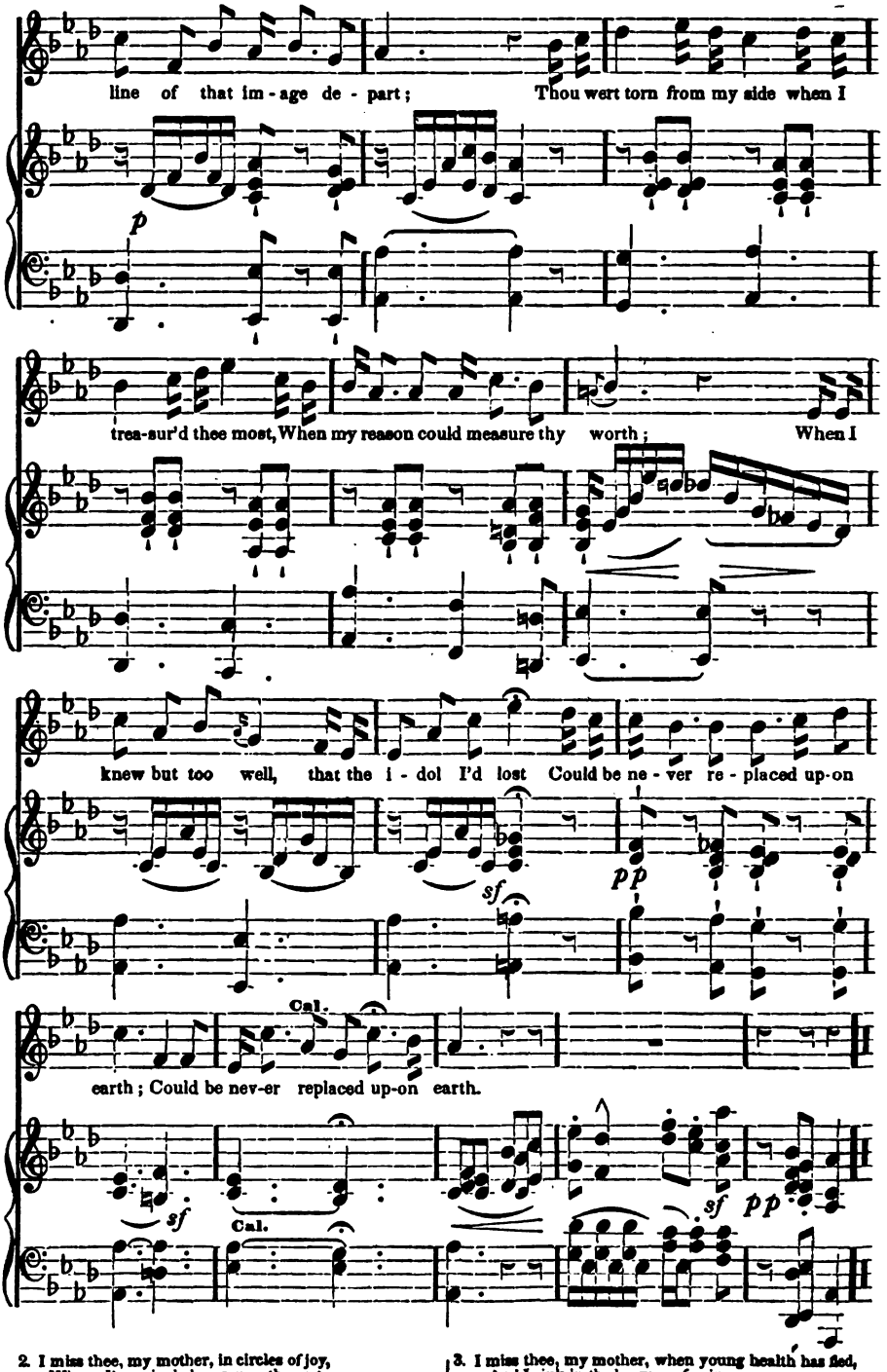

2. I miss thee, my mother, in circles of joy,
Where I've mingled as gay as the rest;
For how slight is the touch that will serve to destroy
All the fairy web spun in my breast:
Some melody sweet may be floating around,
'Tis a ballad I learnt at thy knee;
Some strain may be play'd, and I shrink from the sound,
For my fingers oft woke it for thee.

3. I miss thee, my mother, when young health has fled,
And I sink in the languor of pain;
Where, where is the arm that once pillowed my head,
And the ear that once heard me complain?
Other hands may support, gentle accents may fall,
For the fond and the true are yet mine;
I've a blessing for each, I am grateful to all—
But, my mother, no love is like thine.

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INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY UPON FICTION.

BY REV. DR. PEABODY.

We read in classic fable of the Titans, who, that they might scale the heavens, heaped Ossa upon Pelion, and rolled leafy Olympus upon Ossa; and the earliest of authentic history tells us of certain rash and aspiring builders, who essayed to erect a tower of brick and mortar, whose top should reach the sky. What they attempted by their handiwork, fiction aims to accomplish for the mind. It is the vehicle by which men of all ages have sought to scale the heavens, to attain a perfectness, harmony, and beauty, which they could not find on earth, to represent the ideal of the fancy, which had never embodied itself in actual life. The present state has always struck the minds of men, even in the rudest times, as imperfect and fragmentary. This has been the case with the outward world. Nature is indeed fair and glorious, yet not a perfect Paradise. Her scenes of beauty are often deformed and laid waste—the serpent lurks in the garden, the wasp in the flower-cup. There are frightful solitudes, arid deserts, blighting winds sweep over field and forest, the deadly thunderbolt destroys the hope of man. And then there is no scene, where the lines of beauty are so nicely rounded off, that the imagination cannot conceive of something more perfect; nor is there anything on the earth or in the visible heavens so grand but that man may imagine something more vast and sublime. Hence the fictions, that have always prevailed with regard to a past, a future, or a distant Paradise, where there is no blight or death, no deformity, cloud, or storm. It was in this striving after outward perfection, that classic fable produced the bowers of Calypso and the far off Isles of the Blessed, and clothed the vale of Tempe and the Arcadian groves in traits of ideal beauty.

Still more has mankind felt in all ages the seeming inequality and injustice of human fortunes. The race has not been to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The pure of heart have been trodden under foot, and the vile have been exalted. The cup of hemlock has been mingled for genius and piety; the world's homage has been laid at the feet of fools and ruffians. In human affairs, cause and effect, conduct and its just consequences have seemed to be disjoined; retribution has marched with tardy steps; injustice has enjoyed long and signal triumphs. Yet there is native in man's heart an idea of justice, perfect and supreme. And the constant effort of the old pagan philosophy was to solve the enigma of life—to account for the seeming inequality of human fortunes. To this end theories without number were devised. This aim lay at the foundation of the oriental philosophy, which referred the prevalence of wrong and evil to a malignant principle, contending with the supreme God for the government of the universe. Fiction cuts the knot which philosophy thus sought to untie. Fiction shapes its own world after the eternal idea of justice in the heart, invents personages, whose fortunes coincide with their characters, and deserts, deals righteous retribution, crowns virtue in the sight of all men, and makes punishment follow close upon the heels of crime.

Then, again, there is the same signature of imperfection upon the virtues, the doings, and the darings of the brave and the good. The outlines of the purest individual character are marred by petty foibles and follies. Splendid virtues are often neutralized by gross faults. The brave are sometimes mean. Heroes show too plainly that they are mortal. Great enterprises are retarded, and great results shortened and weakened by the frailty or the mistakes of their agents. No series of efforts or events rolls on so smoothly or gloriously but there is some ripple or eddy in the current. But there is within man the native consciousness of capacity for the loftiest virtue and the noblest daring, of the power of controlling the course of events in the happiest direction and to the most glorious issues. This consciousness expresses itself through the medium of fiction, which gives us characters of godlike purity and power, enterprises undertaken and achieved in the freest and boldest spirit, obstacles fearlessly encountered and triumphantly subdued, a march of affairs stately and majestic throughout.

Fiction is not then, it would seem, a random form of literature, a mere vehicle of amusement.

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It has its root in universal nature. It grows out of that better, that ideal self, which is perpetually shooting above and beyond the actual, and which, in every department, carries our aims far beyond our power of execution, our conception far beyond aught that we can hope to realize. Fiction is no less the spontaneous language of nature, than are the wailings of infancy or the groans of the suffering. It is too, a universal language. With one exception, which we shall shortly notice, no nation, that has created for itself a literature, has failed to utter itself in this form. Nay, even savage nations, destitute of the use of letters, have embodied their ideas of perfection in traditional tales or in rude epics. This form of literature, thus universal, indicates the universality of the ideas which gave birth to it. There is, in every human heart, a dissatisfaction with the actual, the seen, and the felt, both as regards outward nature, the march of events, and human character and experience. There is, in every heart, the ideal world of more perfect forms, of more exquisite beauty, of higher purity. There is a tendency in every mind to conceive of these ideas as embodied in some past, future, or distant paradise. Faith in paradise is a branch of the universal faith of the human heart. Now, so far as we can analyze the nature of man, we find no innate idea without its corresponding object. Man's innate ideas are the inward expression of great truths or facts in the divine government. And this idea, so universal, of a more perfect order of things and state of being, points us for its realization to a past and a future paradise. Yes, the human heart in all ages bears testimony, and has engraven its testimony deep on the literature of the world, that all things were perfect once, and are to be again restored.

One nation only writes no fiction—the Jewish—a striking fact, and one which seems to evince that they had, in authentic revelations, that for which other nations strove through the medium of fiction. They, (except in their times of national apostacy) they alone, of all nations upon earth made no idols; for they had the true Jehovah, whose only image is that created by his indwelling in the soul of his worshipper. And it would seem as if they had extended to the golden past and to the golden future, the law which was given them against idolatry. They made no likeness of the Eden which was, or of the Eden which is to be. History and prophecy to them filled and transcended the highest sphere of fable. They could not equal that which was written by the unerring pen of inspiration, or heighten colors borrowed from the sky; and they wisely refrained from fiction, which must have fallen so far short of the delineations in their truthful records. They had, in their sacred books, a Paradise, in which were soft streams and gentle dews, every tree pleasant to the sight and good for food, and in which, above all, the parents of our race heard the voice of the Lord God in the cool of the day, and talked with him as a man talks with his neighbor. They had also the promise of one who should restore lost Eden, under whose reign the wolf and the lamb should lie down together, the desert blossom as the garden, and men learn war no more. Their yearnings were satisfied, their ideas of perfectness met and filled by this past and this future, which their earnest faith brought so nigh together as to overlap the dull and doubtful present. These revelations solved for them the enigma of life, which perplexed the whole Gentile world. They saw, amidst all the confused and conflicting elements of nature and society, a sovereign arm, a guiding Providence. The voice of the Lord was upon the waters, the winds were his angels, and flames of fire his ministers. In his hand were the hearts of men. By him kings reigned, and princes decreed justice. It was his to bring low and to raise up, to wound and to make whole. The people might rage and nations take counsel; but he could make the wrath of man to praise him, and while his covenant race were found in the way of his testimonies, he would say to the winds and the waves of human passion, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my servants no harm." For the sins of their first parents, Eden had indeed been barred by the angel of the flaming sword. For their own sins and the sins of their fathers, had the hour of redemption been delayed. But the time was approaching, the feet of those who should bring the glad tidings, were already on the mountains. With such a faith, for them to have given birth to a fictitious literature would have been as unnatural as to light a candle at noonday; and the absence of this element in Hebrew literature bears conclusive testimony to the sufficiency of the Jewish revelation for its times and its purposes.

We believe that Christianity has done but little for the literature of fiction; and we believe that fiction will decline in exact proportion to the infusion of Christian ideas into popular literature. Christianity has, like the Jewish theology, an Eden in the past, of which it would make no copy, except in the cleansed affections of its disciples. It has too, in the future millennial glories in clear prospect,

"Scenes surpassing fables, and yet true,"

which he, who would portray, unless he dip his

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pencil in the unfading colors of inspiration, might as well paint the thunderbolts of Jupiter. Christianity has too, not only a Paradise in the far off past and a millennium in the far off future, but a heaven near at hand, embracing the material world on every side, compassing the path and the lying down of mortals, though their eyes be holden that they see it not—a heaven into which the beloved have already gone, and from which there are well known voices, saying, "Come up hither,"—a heaven, with which man may hold unceasing communion by that ever-flowing prayer, which needs no voice or sound. This past, this future, this unchanging present satisfies those aspirations and yearnings, which would otherwise prompt to the higher efforts of fiction. The mind, that would lift itself above the visible and the tangible, approaches the ark of the covenant, draws nigh to the holy of holies, and brings thence, not fiction, but the treasures of eternal truth.

The spirit of Christianity will supersede fiction in yet another way, by revealing the infinite significancy and worth of the actual, by bringing to light the traces of divinity in all that is, by breathing new life into every sense of nature, by attaching a momentous importance to the experience and fate of every human being, by displaying, in the depths of the individual heart, and in the records of every individual life, the elements of the highest and most thrilling interest. Things that are have hitherto been passed by in the search after things that are not. Imagination must henceforth, so far as she ranks herself with the Christian school, busy herself in bringing to light, and setting forth the sympathy and worship of man, the things that are; and for this alone, as it comprehends the mysteries of an infinite *presence* and an exhaustless Providence, is the work of an eternity. *Delineation* must take the place of fiction. For one who takes Christian views of the world in which he lives, to think of inventing aught, with an unexplored infinity around and within him for the range of his fancy, is as pitiful a conceit, as it was for the magicians of old to redden with their drugs a cup or two of water, when a divine hand had turned all the rivers and fountains in the land into blood. Why should we invent, when there is everything around us, for us to discover and to learn? Think what an exhaustless fund of poetry, what a boundless scope for the imagination there is in the actual. The idea of an infinite presence in all things seen, in the glad sun and the bright stars, in the glow of morning and the blush of evening, in the rushing wind and the flying cloud, how does it breathe new life into all the hues and forms of nature, load the air with harmonies, and crowd the most dreary scene with beauty! To think of every dew-drop and snow-flake, every ray of light, and breath of air, as a shrine of the Infinite One, how does it invest these material forms with an inexpressible grandeur and loveliness, impart a lofty dignity to life, shed a hallo of glory over the most familiar scenes, and draw strains of adoring melody from God's least tuneful works! This present, this passing moment, how fast it flits by, how vapid as an idle tale does it seem to the sluggish spirit, that will not stay its flight, and analyze it, and trace the whence and the whither of its mystery of love! But immensity and twin eternities are enfolded beneath its wings. For this present moment the whole past has been a preparation day, and treasured mercies of the entire eternity that is gone are poured upon it, while the rays of an eternity come to light it up with hope and promise; nor is there an instant of that boundless past or that boundless future, which helps not to make the fleeting present blessed. And then the vast whole of nature smiles upon it, it chimes in with the harmony of the spheres. It is embraced in those mighty laws, that comprehend all space. The stars in their courses shed sweet influences upon it. It concentrates the whole energy and love of God.

Then, too, in every human soul, in every man's experience, how much is there which in the light of Christianity commends itself as worthy of the most diligent study and the tenderest sympathy! Whose life is there, that has not within itself the elements of more than an epic or a tragedy? What more touching and absorbing themes of poetic interest, than are furnished by the life of the humblest human being, who comes forth on the arena of action to win or lose eternity; who does battle with manifold trial and temptation, compassed about by the cloud of heavenly witnesses, who is to be a member of a family, of society, and to transmit the impress of his character for countless generations, who at length must cross alone the valley of death, and alone face in judgment the Majesty of the Universe? In the light of Christianity, how are the least incidents magnified, how does every scene in life swarm with the true elements of poetry! Think you that the widow's mite or the pile of garments which Dorcas made for the poor saints and widows, fills not a vastly larger place on the mental retina of mankind, and has not inspired the imagination in far more numerous, more various and richer forms, than ever did the seige of Troy or the fortunes of Ulysses?

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Delineation then, not fiction; the delineation of nature and of man must be the work of the Christian imagination, must form the basis of the Christian school of poetry and fancy. Not that the old forms of fiction will be necessarily abandoned; for the traits of human character and experience cannot be generalized and idealized without the use of fictitious names and artificial forms. Sketches of exalted character and exciting incidents may still be run into the epic or the tragic mould; and the modern style of narrative fiction, (call it tale, or novel, or whatever else you please,) from its extreme flexibility, from its independence of conventional rules, and its boundless capacity of modification, will doubtless retain a permanent place in the literature of Christendom. But under all these forms, the effort of the imagination will be to reach the actual traits of nature and life as they are, to touch the springs of human experience, to make known the diversities of human condition, and the infinitely various modes of human thought and feeling, and to reveal the hidings of divine power, the workings of an overruling Providence in the affairs of earth.

HOWARD'S LAST WORDS.

BY REV. C. H. A. BULKLEY.

"Lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over me, and let me be forgotten."

In kindred dust where darkness sleeps,
There let *my* dust repose;
Not in the tombs where death oft heaps
The honored at life's close;
Not where the living with their tread
Disturb the sleep of night,
Whene'er they bring earth's glorious dead
With pomp and banners bright.

In quiet, as the evening bird
Drops in his shaded nest,
There lay me where no sound is heard
Of glory o'er my rest;
Where pilgrim-crowds may never throng,
As at a shrine to bend,
In worshipping a *name* to wrong
Him who did goodness lend.

Life's good is wrought, let that survive,
To cheer each prisoner's lot,
The seeds thus planted, let them thrive
But let me be forgot;
Enough for me it was to know
The joy of blessing hearts,
Life's honor with its earthly show
No bliss of heaven imparts.

Build not the marble monument,
Carve not my image-bust,
To name the mission on which sent
I wore my frame to dust;
But in all hearts, once wounded, breathe
The notes of love I taught,
And round the hopeless brow still wreathe
Hope's garland by me wrought.

Yet, if there need be some sure sign
To tell where I am laid,
Place there the dial-plate to shine
'Mid rays that may have played
Within some prison-cell when oped,
By these unwearied hands,
And blest some captive who had groped
Too long in midnight bands.

There let that dial's gnomon cast
Its shadow toward the hours
Of hope and joy when justice passed
To break oppressive powers;
Or by its ever-moving mark to tell
How few life's moments are,
And point another toward some cell,
To burst the sufferer's bar,

Such be my grave, such be my rest,
My epitaph—no more;
Can earthly glories make me blest
When I have left earth's shore?
Or can the monuments of time
Renew the life now spent,
Which, breathed out in a work sublime,
Was but by Goodness lent?

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THE LOVE OF MONEY.

BY REV. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

THIS passion is declared by high authority to be the root of all evil, and an examination of the conduct of men verifies the fact surprisingly. We find Achan, under its influence, violating an express command of God, and Judas betraying Jesus Christ. In profane history we find it underlaying and pervading the causes of war. It has sounded the onset to armies, and has soaked the earth with blood. It has given courage to the midnight assassin, and then has betrayed the assassin himself to justice. This passion has tenanted prisons with robbers. Like a fierce fire it has burned asunder the cords of love. Sometimes goaded on by it, fathers have murdered their sons, and sons their fathers. The strong barriers of natural affection have not been proof against it.

This passion has been the prolific mother of impostures, from the silver shrines of Diana to the holy coat at Treves. It breeds dishonest speculations, steals and sells men, commits robbery on the highways, and piracy on the high seas. It has dishonored the new grave which had just received the remains of a father with quarrels among his children. Avarice has been the demon pimp selling virtue for a price, and innocence for a bribe. In fact it has been a most mischievous agent for every species and degree of evil in the world.

These grosser forms of this evil are not always the most ruinous. They are confined to the aristocracy of wickedness, but secretly it pervades and debases many hearts. It becomes the idol of multitudes, who make a decent show of morality, religion, and benevolence. One remarkable case came under my notice. As I am informed, some sixty or seventy years ago, a man began life penniless, but eager to be rich. The moment money was earned it was invested at interest. The work of to-day must not only bring him money, but the money earned yesterday must be at work also. At first his increase was very small. It was like adding drop by drop to fill a large cistern. But living on the scantiest portion, those drops gradually increased to a stream. His whole heart was set on the increase of money, and the more energy he expended, the stronger grew the unholy lust. By and by he could reckon his money by the hundreds. Already he had attained more than most men during a long life. But he was no more satisfied than the sea which cries "give, give!" With sleepless diligence he worked on, and his hundreds already acquired worked also with an energy as untiring as that which inspired their master. In a few years he could number his money by thousands. Still he was not satisfied. A greedy passion was consuming him, and guided his shrewd investments. Liberal as a spendthrift when he saw a large return; on all other occasions as penurious as avarice could make him, he seemed to combine in himself the choicest qualities for making and accumulating money. The few trickling drops had first increased to a small rivulet, and this into a large, rapid stream, which poured treasures by the thousands into his coffers, until at last he counted his money by the hundreds of thousands.

At last the years which had swelled his property to such a greatness, had brought him to old age. By degrees the truth crept into his dark mind that his darling money would not remain with him; the day of parting between him and it was drawing nigh. His friends felt anxious that his heart should relax its idolatrous grasp and fix itself on those treasures which may be laid up in heaven, but it seemed as if the capacity to think of such things had been killed by the master passion of his soul. There was moral beauty enough to look at, and there was a pressing necessity for looking elsewhere than to money, and yet his eyes seemed blind. Only a short time before his death, it is said that he had the gold, silver, and bank notes which were by him, brought to his bed side. Then he sent for his deeds, his notes, and his mortgages. Altogether it constituted a goodly fortune. The old man's eyes were fixed on his treasures with an earnest gaze, and at last he unburdened his soul of the thought which was pressing him in words memorable enough to be recorded. "*These are good enough for me, if I could only stay with them!*"

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What debasement of immortality is pictured in those words of an aged miser! What ruin of all that is noble and lovely is shown, as having taken place long before death summoned him to the bar of Him who had said, "thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Some men equally devoted to money as an acquisition, associate with it a liberality which relieves the odious passion not a little, and yet even with this, when death sunders the compact which such make with money, the anguish of separation is extreme. One of this class is now recalled by memory. Through his generosity many had acquired competence. He seemed to scatter money with uncalculating prodigality, but as it always proved, his money was cast where it would return increased. His possessions were princely, and in their desirableness could not be excelled easily. He, too, became old, and the death angel was about to serve on him a "writ of ejectment," which could not be resisted. The last day he lived he asked to be carried to the front window of his mansion. One may travel to the ends of the earth and not find such a prospect as that old man's eye rested on. There were forest lands, and fields burdened with yellow grain. There were fields of corn and pasturage stretching out far in the distance. There were flocks and herds, and as the sun cast its light over the prospect, it deepened into one of the most beautiful visions that ever enchanted the eye or delighted the heart. As yet, all that he could see was his. From poverty he had by talent and enterprise attained to the possession of such an estate.

It is said that the eye of this aged man traced the outlines of the prospect wearily, and drank its glories with avidity. Then his eyelids drooped, and the hot tears gushed out. "The earth is the Lord's," and He had issued a command to dispossess this tenant at will. This rich man went back to his native dust as poor as he arose from it. The very day on which that striking scene took place, he died.

In an ancient book is found a narrative from the lips of a great teacher, which at this moment comes to my mind as an appropriate conclusion to this article on the love of money. The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully; and he thought within himself, saying, what shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, this will I do, I will pull down my barns and build greater, and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, soul thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said to him, thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee; then whose shall these things be which thou hast provided?

MEMORY.

Green vale, whose groves and meadows
Are sacred evermore;
How throng the happy shadows
On thine Elysian shore!

Soul-cheering smiles from faces
That bring me back my prime,
Ye gleam like golden traces
Left of a golden time!

Who lives that hath no yearning,
No hand to hold Love back?
No inner-sight discerning
Through tears his vernal track?

The Past, with all its shining,
Dark Future may prepare;
But still, though our repining,
Grows fairer and more fair.

Ah! never wildest wishes
Would here one tie less fast;
Of all the subtle meshes
Drawn round us in the Past.

Henceforth, like one far murmur,
No sweetness time can hold;
And Memory men term her
Who is but Hope grown old!

M. R.

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PERSONAL CHARACTER AND RELICS OF MADAME GUYON.

BY REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER.

The characters, and words, and deeds of the great and good of our age, are the property, and should be the study of all succeeding ages. But it is now and then found to be true in the vicissitudes of human history, that a personage of signal worth and ability, plunged under, and quite lost to view in the swelling current of affairs at one period of time, reappears, and gains a position of far greater eminence and power in a generation following.

This has happened in a remarkable manner in our times, to an illustrious French woman, Madame De La Mothe Guyon.

The highly intellectual character of the authoress in question, the number and influence of her published works, comprising forty volumes in French, the ascendancy given her by superior powers, accomplishments, and beauty of person, the extent of her private influence and associations, the part she had in moulding the opinions and character of some of the leading men of the age of Louis Fourteenth, her intimacy with Fenelon, her controversy with the celebrated Bossuet, the revivals of religion that ensued in the bosom of the Church wherever she labored in Catholic France, constituting a series of phenomena that make an important chapter in ecclesiastical and humanomental history; together with the reverence of posterity for her great virtues and piety, invest the relics of her remarkable life, and the glimpses of her rare and high-wrought experience with an interest which time can do but little to impair; her memoirs having been ushered before the American public, naturally justify an extended review of the same.

Passing as they have into the parlor and study of the thoughtful, they will serve like a pocket telescope to help many a Christian to new and clearer subjective views of Bible truth, especially that of sanctification by faith. The work furnishes a very rare and most delightful instance to the praise of God's sovereign grace, of His taking one of "His hidden ones" in the apostate Church of Rome, and conducting her, through the discipline of faith in remarkable ways, to a height of holiness very rarely attained, and all the while permitting her to remain in the same corrupt communion. And although no one may safely take her case as an exclusive guide, yet, from its contemplation, we may gather much instruction concerning the ways of God with the soul of man, and in regard to the nature, province, and power of spiritual faith.

While the attempts to imitate as a model, or purposely seek after, or even to inculcate directly, as part of a system, the phase of religion herein exhibited as a natural gift of the severally dividing Spirit, will almost unavoidably lead to sentimentality, affectedness, and spiritual pride; on the other hand the seeking after Christ, like Madame Guyon, and a constant resort to Him as a sanctifying Savior, is always safe, and will always be rewarded with grace and strength in the soul, and with joyous spiritual progress like hers, just in proportion to the measure of faith.

The true Christian experience of a child of God is always an original experience; and it is just as possible now as ever at any period of the world before, to have original modes of religious experience and for new ideas to be started in theology; and that, too, away from the schools, and without the cognizance of the Rabbis. It is as true at this day, as it was in the time of the noble Puritan, John Robinson, who said it, "The Lord has more truth yet to brake forth out of His Holy word." And a truth is no more a truth, nor any better, for being born into the world by the aid of doctors and midwives than if brought forth alone, and left so long to get its growth in the wild woods that it has become shaggy.

It is these plebeian-born notions, in the hairy strength and rude dressings of nature, untrammeled by the schools, that have come up out of the wilderness from age to age, and had broke prison for the human mind, chained by the dogmas of false priests and philosophers, and have started it on its grand cycles of improvement. The ideas that have revolutionized the Church and world, have generally originated in the cells of obscure enthusiasts, or the necessity-sharpened

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wits of hard-pushed sons of labor, not in the cushioned and ottomaned studies of Prime Ministers and Prelates, or Professors in Divinity schools. And Coleridge says in the Stateman's Manual, "It would not be difficult, by an unbroken chain of historic facts, to demonstate that the most important changes in the commercial relations of the world had their origin in the closets and lonely walks of uninterested theorists;—that the mighty epochs of commerce, that have changed the face of empires; nay, the most important of those discoveries and improvements in the mechanic arts, which have numerically increased our population beyond what the wisest statesmen of Elizabeth's reign deemed possible, and again doubled this population virtually; had their origin not in the cabinet of statesmen, or in the practical insight of men of business, but in the closets of uninterested theorists, in the visions of recluse-genius."

In like manner the views of religious experience, and of the Life of Faith, and of sanctification by Faith, which the memoirs of Madame Guyon and certain other products of the times develop, although as old, if they be true, as the Word of God, and properly originating there, yet did by no means commence in Divinity schools, and under the auspices of Doctors, but in the thoughts and experience of common men and women meditating upon the Word and following the clue of their own fervent desires and realizings. It was not within the walls of renowned Oxfords and Sarbonnes, and the Harvards, that they first sprang to life, although, to be sure, they have gone there to be matured and reduced to system. Have they not rather begun, like almost everything good in the world, with "not many wise, not many mighty, not many noble," but in the conscious wants, and longings, and fulfilled aspirations of every day Christians.

It is a very true remark, we have somewhere met with, that it seems to be a law of Providence that in society *knowledge descends*, but *faith ascends*, and is it not indeed so, as matter of fact, derivable from history? While science, doubts, opinions, all ideas of the mere understanding, gravitate from the few to the many, on the other hand, affections, convictions, truths of the conscience and heart, the sentiments and principles of liberty, rise from the many to the few. Truths so derived from the many, or experienced among the many, having been first subjectively realized in the spirits life of an individual or a community of individuals, are always mighty. And they are contagious, too, they spread, they contain what Lord Bacon calls an endless faculty of semination. Such truths become dear as life to a man; he will die for them, and he propagates them with an earnestness and enthusiasm, a self impressing energy, that always puts life into, and kindles others, and they again set fire to others, till the flame at length widens and rises like a conflagration through autumnal woods.

The American Editor of these Opinions and Experience has not merely exhumed the mummy of a Romish Saint, and like a modern Gliddon held it up in its grave-clothes, or in the embalming cerements that were the fashion of the times; but he has raised the dead, he has brought Madame Guyon herself to life again, with all her attractive beauty, as natural as if she had never been translated; so that we hear her speaking in our own tongue, divinely discoursing again upon holiness, and serenely acting her part once more upon the stage of life. Professor Upham has done for her what Carlyle, in so masterly a manner, has done for Cromwell. He has reproduced the holy French woman as the Scotch essayist has the heroic Puritan man of the same period. And thereby they are both now living over again in the revolutions of modern society and opinions, and doing their life-work for truth and religious liberty in an age that better appreciates and understands them, than that before which, as hath been said of Milton, they strode so far as to be dwarfed in the distance.

If all the mystics could have as kind and self-interpreting an editor, writing out what they meant, not what they said, as Madame Guyon has found in Professor Upham, doubtless a very useful body of truth might become the available property of the Church, and of Humanity in general. And as the editor's studies and investigations have led that way, and from the catalogue of works consulted in editing these volumes, it is fair to suppose he must have obtained a good degree of familiarity with the best writers of this class; it is natural to suggest that he might be doing a useful service to skim the cream of them into another book. What Queen Catharine said of Griffith, in view of his estimate of the fallen Woolsey, any one of the mystic writers redivious, might with a little variation, say of Professor Upham, so kindly modernizing and translating them:—

> After my death I wish no other herald,
> *No better construer of my hidden words,*
> To keep mine honor from corruption,
> Than such an honest chronicler as Griffith.

In saying this, we would by no means intimate that the present editor has done anything over and above an editor's duty, which, properly understood, is something more, certainly, than

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digging up a writer's fossil remains, or putting his entire skeleton together with wires. A covering of flesh and decent apparel are quite as necessary as a back-bone to constitute naturalness and symmetry.

Let us now attempt in the present, and perhaps a succeeding chapter, to daguerreotype a bird's-eye glance at the life and writings of Madame Guyon, arresting especially those lines of light which are reflected from her peculiar views and experience of Sanctification by Faith. In the early religious history of this remarkable woman, as detailed in her invaluable autobiography, it is most interesting to observe (aside from her providential possession of a Bible in the Dominican Convent, where she was a pupil) what an important mission was fulfilled by a kernel of seed-corn dropped from the granary of Protestant truth in England, and planted by the providence of God in the house of Madame Guyon's father. This was in the person of a pious English lady, one of God's hidden ones, to whom, in her destitution, the benevolence of M. De La Mothe offered a home, little thinking of the service she would be to his beloved daughter in the pursuit of the pearl of great price. It was, through the conversation of this devout lady in exile, perhaps a genuine Puritan, that the youthful Mademoiselle De La Mothe received the first intimation that "she was seeking religion by a system of works without faith."

Another of the Divine instrumentalities brought to bear upon her, while "feeling after God if haply she might find him," was her religious intercourse with a pious kinsman, De Toissi, who seems to have been one of those exceptive instances of a truly spiritual and heavenly-minded ecclesiastic of the Romish church. She says of him, and the exiled lady under her father's roof, that "they conversed together in a spiritual manner," which seems to have arrested and wrought upon her young heart, yearning after holiness, very much as that talk did upon Bunyan, which he overheard one day between three or four poor women, "sitting at a door in the sun in one of the streets of Bedford, talking about the things of God." "Methought," he says, "they spake as if joy did make them speak, they spake with such pleasantness of Scripture language, and with such appearance of grace in all they said, that they were to me as if they had found a new world; as if they were people that dwelt alone, and were not to be reckoned among their neighbors. At this I felt my own heart begin to shake," &c.

"So felt young Madame Guyon, (for she was now married at the age of sixteen,) under the conversations of her pious kinsman in his visit at her father's house, and many were the tears she shed when he departed. Still a cloud hung over the way of salvation, by faith alone, for more than a year; which was at length lifted, in the providence of God, by the word of a devout Franciscan whose counsel she sought, at his cell, in company with a kinswoman. Those memorable words were: "Your efforts have been unsuccessful, Madame, because you have sought without what you can only find within. Accustom yourself to keep God in your heart, and you will not fail to find him." To this panting fawn, flying with pierced sides from the world and sin, she knew not where, these few and mystical, perhaps to ordinary inquirers, hazardous words, uttered in God's moment of mercy, were like the voice which thundered from Pilate's stair-case in the ears of Luther,—The just shall live by faith. Although far from being the instruction which, it seems to us, evangelical teachers now would be warranted in giving in such a case, yet, couched as it was in peculiar phraseology, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, it evidently had the same effect upon Madame Guyon that the Scripture had upon the mind of the Reformer; and the result proved that this was a genuine conversion, wonder or cavil as we may, that the type of it was not after the stereotype-plate of certain rigid theologians, who would even clinch the Holy Spirit to their dead rules of uniformity, and are loath to allow the reality of a conversion unless it be all in their own way.

"Having said these words," she said, "the Franciscan left me. They were to me like the stroke of a dart, which pierced my heart asunder. I felt at this deeply wounded with the love of God;—a wound so delightful, that I desired it never might be healed. These words brought into my heart what I had been seeking so many years. . . . Oh, my Lord! thou wast in my heart, and demanded only the turning of my heart inward, to make me feel thy presence. . . . Alas! I sought thee where thou wast not, and did not seek thee where thou wast! It was for want of understanding these words of thy gospel: '*The kingdom of God cometh not with observation, neither shall they say, Lo! here, or lo! there, for behold the kingdom of God is within you.*'

"I told this good man that I did not know what he had done to me; that my heart was quite changed; that God was there; for from that moment he had given me an experience of his presence in my soul,—not merely as an object intellectually perceived by any application of mind, but as a thing really possessed after the sweetest manner. I experienced these words in the Canticles

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'Thy name is as precious ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee.' For I felt in my soul an unction which as, a salutary perfume, healed in a moment all my wounds. I slept not all that night, because thy love, oh, my God! flowed in me like delicious oil, and burned as a fire that was going to destroy all that was left of self in an instant. I was all on a sudden so altered, that I was hardly to be known either by myself or others. I found no more those troublesome faults, or that reluctance to duty, which formerly characterized me. They all disappeared, as being consumed like chaff in a great fire. . . Nothing was more easy to me now than to practice prayer. Hours passed away like moments, while I could hardly do anything else but pray. The fervency of my love allowed me no intermission. It was a prayer of rejoicing and of possession, wherein the taste of God was so great, so free, unblended, and uninterrupted, that it drew and absorbed the powers of the soul into a profound recollection, a state of confiding and affectionate rest in God, existing without intellectual effort. For I had now no sight but of Jesus Christ alone. All else was excluded, in order to love with greater purity and energy without any motives or reasons for loving, that were of a selfish nature."

The steps of Madame Guyon's progress up to this crisis in her moral being, and ever after, are in the highest degree instructive, perhaps we may say fascinating, as traced by her own pen, when in the full maturity of her regenerated powers, and looking back upon all the way by which the Lord had led her, and her mind enlightened to perceive the connection between cause and effect and to analyze and reason upon her states of mind, as she could not have done while they were passing.

Some allowance, however, is to be made for the difference that will always be between the actual experience of the mind in passing, and the review of the same by the most critical and discerning, when it is over. No process of mental photography has yet been discovered, or is likely to be, that will instantaneously transfer to paper or canvas the ever-changing hues and shades of the mind's experience, or the forms of the flying clouds that often overspread and darken the firmament of the soul. This should be borne in mind in reading the transcript of Madame Guyon's religious life, if we would preserve of it a correct picture. As a piece of autobiography, we think it should rank with Augustine's Confessions, and Bunyan's Grace Abounding, or Life by himself, of which there can be but one sentiment, that they are two of the most valuable religious histories in possession of the church. In some respects this of Madame Guyon is the more valuable as being the mezzotint engraving from nature of a form of experience, that it may be hoped, will be more common in the future of the church than it has been in the past. We could wish, too, of course, as Protestants, that it might unite a more habitual and deferential reference to the written Word with less reliance upon impressions and inward impulses, or the counsels of Father Confessors, than was evinced by the truly devout and gifted, *imaginant* writer of this remakable autobiography.

ONE SWALLOW MAKES NO SUMMER.

One swallow makes no summer,
Yet we welcome the new comer,
  While dreary winter stays:
We know that whence he wingeth
His flight of joy, he bringeth
  The hope of brighter days.

When still unending pleasures
Yields Nature from her treasures,
  That unto all be free;
And the weary hours of sadness
'Mid sunny smiles and gladness
  No more remembered be.

To man it is not given
To make this earth a heaven,
  Though long he strive, and well;
Bright faith may come to cheer him—
Stern Truth is ever near him,
  The vision to dispel.

What if forever perish
The hopes we love to cherish,
  That summer is at hand?
We feel a sun is shining,
That knoweth no declining,
  In yonder spirit-land.

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PROGRESS OF MUSIC.

(SEE PLATE.)

BY ASAHEL ABBOTT.

Rude indeed were, doubtless, the first beginnings of music, as in the other arts; but the laws of melody have been ever the same, and all known musical instruments have been ever constructed upon the same harmonic principles. Some, indeed, as the sistrum, the drum, the cymbals, &c., have been constructed for purposes of mere noise; but the harp and the reed, the cithara and the flute, have undergone no fundamental change during all the improvements that have been made in their forms until the present hour.

From all we can learn, we doubt not that a correct and powerful style of execution must have been known and practised from the remotest ages. The Jesuitical French taste, that has envenomed modern society, and proscribed all genuine emotion either in designing or executing a work of art, and excluded artists from all proper intercourse with what calls itself the polite world, was unknown in ancient times, and the improvisatore, with his harp and voice of song, was received as a sacred character at the courts of kings, and treated as one highly favored of Heaven, by whose inspiration he sung the destinies of man, the glory of kings, or the honors of the gods. Such were Pindar and Simonides; such were Hesiod and Homer; such were Phemius, and Terpander, and Thalès, and Thamyris, and Lasus, and Melanippides, and Philoxemus and Timotheus, and Phrynnis, and Epigonius, and Lysander, and Simmicus, and innumerable others; and such before the Captivity were Asaph, and Korah, and David, and Neman, and Jeduthun, and many others among the Hebrews; such in the Patriarchial ages were the Balaams, of Chaldea or Egypt; such were Chiron, and Æsculapius, and Jason, and Hercules, and Theseus, and Achilles, and Amphion, and Demodocus, and Linus, and Hermes, Trismegist, and Olympus, and Orpheus; and such before the deluge were Jubal and his successors. With lives equal to six generations of our times, they may have rendered themselves expert to a degree little conceived at present, and they may have found out improvements in instruments that should render them superior in many respects to such as are now known.

One of the most deplorable effects of the deluge, was the rendering of mankind, to a great extent, comparatively barbarous. But immediately after the flood we find the sons of Noah strenuously engaged in rearing cities and temples, obelisks and towers, that still excite the profoundest astonishment in such as behold their ruins. The loftiest specimens of sacred poetry are those of the greatest antiquity; for since the Legation of Moses, the art of poetry has declined in all nations where men were not commissioned directly from God, Balaam and Job afford us samples of the primitive grandeur and simplicity that have never found rivalry, except among the Hebrew Prophets and Apostles. Homer falls below the Puranus and the Zendavesta, the Orphic Hymns, and the sages of Phœnicia and Egypt. Virgil sinks below Homer. Tasso falls below Virgil. Milton, alone, kindling his spirit at the altar, and communing with the prophets and apostles as few men have ever done, approaches more nearly the ineffable purity and grandeur of the earliest Orientals than any other of the uninspired bards whose productions have reached our times.

But not least, with the children of Ham, was it deemed glorious to excel in music, as well as in other arts, from the earliest times. We do ourselves wrong when we appeal to those children of yesterday, the Grecians, for anything truly ancient. They were fain to travel in Egypt and the East, in order to learn of the Orientals their Geometry and Astronomy, their Chronology and their Metaphysics, their Music and their Poetry. Homer's fables are Hindee, while his pictures are Egyptian. And while the Grecian seem evidently to have been of a rude and feeble construction, there have been discovered among the Egyptian monuments of the oldest date, figures of instruments of a form so perfect, that they have never yet been excelled. One of these is a harp of about the same number of strings with the most improved now in use, and the position of the player is in every respect what it

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should be were he able to realize all the effects of a Bochsa.

Still it is sufficiently evident that not only at the fall of Adam, but at each subsequent grand catastrophe among his descendants the arts and sciences have started on their course with greater or less disadvantages. The fall depraved man's intellect no less, really, than his heart, and it is the grand object of a good education to revive the enfeebled powers of the human spirit, and so, to some extent, repair the loss we have sustained in the lapse of our first father. It was in the sixth generation from Adam that Jubal invented, or became famous for improving musical instruments. The earth became filled with violence. His brother, Tubal-Cain, invented warlike implements, and between fighting and feasting, between the clash of spears and swords, and the festive sounds of flutes and harps, the period of four more generations became distinguished for a depravity so desperate as to require a deluge to wash out the stains of evil, and prepare the world for the settlement of a better race. The children of Ham, the Cyclopeans, Amonians, Macarians, Neroes, Neliadæ, Dæmons, or Cuseans, of ancient authors, soon, to the utmost of their power, restored the ancient arts; while the descendants of Shem and Japheth emerged only after long time from a rustic and obscure life to a state of opulence and splendor; and their musical instruments became improved by slow degrees to a state resembling those of their brethren in Egypt and the East. The lyre of Orpheus, or Amphion is said to have had, at first, but three or four strings; that Mercury increased for their use to seven. Hyayrus, the Phrygian, the son of Marsyas, invented the flute. The cithara from three strings became extended to many more by Lysander. Epigonius made a harp of forty strings and not only taught his disciples to play by the hand without the flectrum, but united the flute and the harp in the same performance. Simmicus invented a lyre of thirty-five strings. Diodorus enlarged the capacity of the flute by adding to its original four holes several others. The syrinx, of Pan, to this day consists of only seven or eight reeds, its original number. Then there were trumpets, and horns, and piccolo flutes, and various drums, cymbals, &c., for use in war. They also had the hydraulic organ, in which water had some action to us unknown. Thus much for the Greeks, the Thracians, the Phrygians, and the people about them. The musical instruments of the Hebrews, Chaldeans, and Romans, appear to have possessed a character much like that of the later Greek inventions; though they may have approached nearer their originals of the Egyptian orchestra.

And when the barbarians from the north overthrew the Roman empire, they were fain to acquire arts and sciences by no less slow degrees than their predecessors. Still the Church preserved in her antiphonal chants the best specimens she could draw from the music of the ancient temples, and they contain to this day the most solid, and elevated, and devotional strains known. Beyond the Church, however, we shall find nothing worthy of attention in their war chants and bacchanalian roundelays until the period of the Reformation, when the Gregorian Chants became varied with the Motets of Palæstrina, Bird, Tallis, and Gibbons, that will remain forever classical, and unrivalled by the Chorales of Luther and his associates. The organ became much improved and counterpoint soon reached its highest development. Other instruments grew in public favor, and enlarged the circle of their effects in the hands of successive performers The violins cast off their frets for the more perfect intonation of the fingers only. The numerous wars of modern times have resulted in little else than the improvement of military bands. The opera and oratorio have cultivated the solo voice to a high pitch of excellence, while the grand and solemn Chorales of Germany and England have prepared the way for the formation of choruses that can, to some extent, interpret the music of Handel and his rivals in the noblest styles of musical design. The sonatas of Corelli, Geminiani, and Tartini, have led the way to a vast improvement in solo playing and orchestral management, and so to the production of the noble sinfonias of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn, and the almost superhuman effects of Paganini and his imitators. The fire that warmed the soul of Giardini, or Viotti has come to burn among the snows of Norway, and the name of Ole Bull stands at the head of a long list, whose amazing powers of execution would have once earned them, in popular superstition, the rank of archangels. The organ has found a Handel and a Bach to interpret its stately and majestic combinations; and the Piano Forte has become the queen among instruments (originating the Orphean Lyre) under the hands of Clementi, and Beethoven, Henri, Herz, and Moschelles, De Meyer, and Liszt, and Mendelssohn.

The exhuming of Pompeii has enriched the band with the trombones; the kettle drums with the trumpets and horns add force and fulness. The flute, oboe and fagotto grow richer and more powerful in their cast, and the clarionet adds its thrilling mezzo-soprano to their mixture with the quartette of strings, thus producing an or-

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chestra that, for power and variety, has probably never been rivalled in any former time. Splendid as may have been the musical performances in the temples or theatres of even Tyre, Jerusalem, Babylon, Memphis, Thebes, Carthage, Alexandria, or Rome, that the poets feign under the fables of mermaids and Sirens, of Circe and Pan and Orpheus, yet there is nothing on record that can lead us to suppose they excelled the richness and fulness, the force and delicacy of our orchestra, that is ever ready at a moment's notice to blow the magic horn or flute, with tones so fine that they seem as those that fancy feigns to come from heaven, or to unite the breath of the organ with a thousand voices and instruments at once, when they will represent the concerts heard at the Creation, the Red sea, or the Mount of Olives, at Gibeon, or Gaza, or the Vale of Elah, in Jerusalem, or Byzantium.

Still there is mingled with all this no slight cause of regret. In the improvement of the orchestra our modern authors have, to a great extent, laid aside the study of vocal composition, and the instrumental school have degenerated from the loftiness and purity of melody found in the works of Handel, Haydn and Mozart to the clamors of Verdi or the screams of Berlioz. With the higher cultivation of the voice also there is a corresponding depression of popular taste for musical sentiment. Crowds rush to the theatre to be excited with operatic spectacles, and noise, with the tones and wonderful execution of a Sivori, De Meyer, or Botesini, or the warbling of Malibran, Catalani, or Braham, rather than delighted with lofty music and pure melody. But when the times are worst they must mend. Music has reached its utmost declension in Europe, and we need not wonder that the pure spirit of Mendelssohn found itself wearied out in seeking a concert of congenial spirits where it might rest, and like the dove of old time, flew away to take refuge in the Ark of his forefathers beyond the sight and hearing of our vanities and conceits, our low and grovelling exhibitions of what passes for music among the reckless or the superficial.

THE SICKLE AND SWORD.

THERE went two reapers forth at morn,
  Strong earnest men were they,
Bent, each at his appointed task,
  To labor through the day.

One hied him to the valley, where
  Ripe stood the golden grain;
He reaped and bound it into sheaves,
  And sang a merry strain.

And, lo! the other takes his stand,
  Where rolls the battle's tide,
His weapon, late so clear and bright,
  With sanguine gore is dyed;

And furiously he tramples down,
  And lays the ripe corn low;
He is Death's reaper, and he gives
  A curse with every blow.

To which of these two earnest men
  Most honor should we give,
He who destroys, or works to save
  The food, whereby we live?

And by the Mighty Judge of all
  Which, think ye, is abhorred—
Which deems He best for men to use,
  The SICKLE, or the SWORD?

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THE WIFE OF PRESIDENT EDWARDS.

BY MRS. M. E. DOUBLEDAY.

An early attachment was formed between the college tutor, and the beautiful daughter of the New Haven pastor; and the venerable elms which witnessed the youthful vows of the future divine, until a late day still joined their soft breezes to the serenades addressed to their fair descendants. That spot is yet a favorite place of resort: yet we may venture to assert that if those who visit it ever think of Jonathan Edwards, it is hardly as the youthful lover; or, of his wife, as the accomplished Sarah Pierpont. Other remembrances may be more proud, yet it is sweet to think of their early attachment, and of the subsequent tenderness which hallowed their union, and spread a charm over their domestic life. In our early days we were familiar with the wedding dress of Sarah Pierpont, preserved as a relic by a grand-daughter. It was a gay and splendid article neither in color, form, or material;—corresponding with our ideas of the plain and simple vestments of our Puritan ancestors. We have since gazed with delight upon her portrait, and we fancy that we can thus recall the bride of 1727, and imagine how she looked as she plighted her faith to the future metaphysician. We can see her with her dark hair parted on her fair forehead, undisfigured by any head-dress, (for thus does the painter represent her) her dark eye half hid by its long lashes, the varying color of her cheek, and her slight and youthful figure, as she stood before her father to receive the nuptial benediction.

We can imagine Edwards, too, with his calm and somewhat pensive features, his high and intellectual forehead, and his quiet, reserved and retiring manner.

New England weddings were festivals duly and gladly observed. The distant kin were all assembled, and often where the means or the station justified it, the whole community were invited to participate in the joy of the occasion. A goodly assemblage might have been, and probably were, gathered together to witness the solemnization of the marriage of Jonathan Edwards and Sarah Pierpont.

There probably met the Hookers, the Mathers, the Stoddards, the Davenports, and many more of the descendants of the first colonists, connected either by blood or marriage with the two families. There was the father of President Edwards' himself a man of no mean note, a scholar, a Christian, and a gentleman; and his mother, the daughter of the venerable Stoddard, a woman intellectual, dignified, and pious, superior to her husband in natural endowments, and commanding at once affection and respect. And shall we forget the father of the bride—the loved and popular Pierpont? Or her mother, the grand-daughter of the venerable Hooker, of Hartford, who led his flock from the shores of the Atlantic through the untrodden wilderness, to the healthful valley of the Connecticut—who walked before them as did the patriarchs of old, when they sought another and a better land—who guided them by his counsels, cheered them by the consolations of a living faith, and taught them to make those vast forests, arrayed in their richest foliage, and hushed in the deep stillness of the summer night, vocal with the praises of the true God? Sadness might have rested on the brow of Pierpont—for could he at this hour forget his own first bride, the daughter of Davenport, who survived her nuptials but six weeks?

And there were the sisters of Edwards, well-educated and early pious, their minds disciplined by classical studies and possessing too, many of the accomplishments upon which our modern belles pride themselves. Specimens of their drawing and paintings and needle-work still remain—rather stiff, to be sure, but probably looking quite as well as will the rug work, and the bead work, and the oil paintings of our daughters, to their descendants of the third and fourth generation. Better remembrances exist in the influence which they exerted upon the families into which they were transplanted, upon the children they nurtured, and which is still felt by their descendants at this hour. They married into the best families of the Eastern States, and brought to their husbands the richest dower a wife can bring—piety, refinement, and intelligence.

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an auspicious bridal—the union of two circumstances, similar in habits, possess- same faith, and governed by the same ple. There was enough difference between to insure mutual affection and respect. He, grave, studious, and reflecting, with a tinge itutional melancholy. She, a creature of and gladness, of warmth and affection, with a yancy which rose above every care, an energy ch enabled her to surmount every trial, and cheerfulness which shed the light of sunshine around the dwelling of her husband: and above all with a piety deep and fervent, which animated her own heart, and communicated its genial influence to all around her. From the record which her contemporaries have kept of her, from the manner in which her husband speaks of her, from the traditions still remaining among her descendants, we may well believe that the description of a virtuous woman, as drawn by the pen of inspiration, may be applied to Mrs. Edwards. The heart of her husband did safely trust in her, so that he had no fear of spoil. She opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness. She looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness. Her children arose and called her blessed; her husband also and he praised her, and though favor be deceitful, and beauty is vain, yet as a woman who feared the Lord, she shall be praised.

From the time of her marriage, she devoted herself to the humble, the laborious, the self-denying duties of the pastor's wife. She relieved her husband from all domestic care. She regulated her family. She instructed her children. She cheerfully met all the claims which a large congregation make upon the time and patience of the minister's wife; and she gracefully dispensed the liberal, yet simple hospitality which the New England pastor still delights to show. Yet she never suffered her diligence to degenerate into worldliness, or the pressure of domestic care to deprive her of the time, or means of spiritual enjoyment. Few families in these democratic days are, or could be regulated as was that of President Edwards. Reverence for authority is a feeling fast passing away, if not unknown. But reverence for all lawful authority constituted the very essence of the Puritan character; and filial obedience, as a duty plainly enjoined in the Word of God, was most strenuously urged upon their children. They exacted a deference and respect little short of that demanded under the dispensation of the Patriarchs, when the father was at once judge, priest and lawgiver. In accordance with these principles, and tinctured perhaps with the somewhat aristocratic habits and feelings of her father's family, did Mrs. Edwards regulate her own household. Herself a model of conjugal deference, the spirit of filial reverence was early instilled into her children; and we can testify to the respect and veneration which their children, when themselves aged and feeble, and with their locks frosted by the winters of threescore years and ten, still looked back upon the parents from whom they derived their being. Her family were early taught to maintain all the outward observances of filial respect, and were accustomed to forms, which might now be thought burdensome in the ordinary intercourse of domestic life. They were taught to rise when either of their parents entered a room; never to sit while their parents stood; and however they might be engaged in conversation, to stop and remain silent while their parents spoke. Such habits would exert a powerful influence upon a family. They would mould the character while they formed the manners; and bring something of the polish of a court into the quiet and retired family circle. These forms are rapidly passing away from the families of our land, and but in a very few do any traces of them remain. We could wish that it were otherwise. We could wish that more of the conventional forms of good breeding were observed in the daily intercourse of domestic life. They would refine the manners and purify the affections; and thus prevent much of the jarring discord which mars the happiness of many a domestic circle. Indeed, we believe it to be very uncommon for a family to preserve family affection and mutual love as they advance in life, unless in their early intercourse, they were taught to treat each other with respect, and to observe the higher rules of good breeding, which spring from the heart, and are confined to no place and no station.

But it has been thought that the principles by which our ancestors regulated their families were too rigid; that they exacted too much, and infused into the minds of their children rather a servile fear than a wholesome veneration. It might have been so. It probably was too often thus, and perhaps the family of President Edwards was not altogether an exception. There have been those among his immediate descendants who have felt that the paternal influence was not so happily exerted, as it might have been, had the children of the family come more into familiar contact with their parents. The great secret of domestic influence seems to be, to unite firmness and authority with affection and kindness; and thus secure both the respect and love of the child. Familiarity does not necessa-

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rily breed contempt; and when right habits are formed, and right principles are early inculcated, the parent may become the companion of the child, without any compromise of dignity. The fear of the parent is like the fear of the Lord, the beginning of wisdom. Let this be early breathed into the heart of the child, and then if the character of the parent be such as to bear scrutiny, let him not fear to descend to a familiar and playful companionship. But wo to the parent whose heart or whose principles will not bear the unveiling which such familiar intercourse will infallibly bring. In vain he may attempt to secure affection, or to enforce obedience. Children are keen observers, sure to detect, and quick to resent any dereliction from principle, any delinquency in practice, in those who have authority over them. If we are allowed to hope that education has much advanced of late, that we much better understand its principles than did those who have preceded us, we may still fear that we are not altogether perfect; and that in our haste to adopt modern improvements, we may have cast aside valuable habits and principles, which have stood the test of experience.

It is not by wise theories that children are trained. It is by the reflex influence of parental example—by the daily habits, feelings and principles of the father's house, that the character of the child is formed. Many a quiet, diligent mother, guided by the word of God, and remembering the habits of her father's house, has well regulated her family, and educated her children, who has scarcely read one treatise on education, or troubled herself with one theory of modern improvement. She has early taught them the first principles of the two tables of the decalogue; to love God and to obey their parents; and upon this foundation she has raised a superstructure of strength, beauty and usefulness. And any system of education in which these principles are either neglected or forgotten, will be to a great degree, inefficient and useless. We attribute much of the insubordination, the recklessness, the impiety which prevails throughout our land, to the want of early religious instruction, of early parental restraint. We believe that parental authority, properly exercised, furnishes the most safe and wholesome discipline for the future character. It is the discipline under which God has placed the human race, and we ought therefore to expect much from it. We attribute to the want of early restraint, and the neglect of parental duty, the contempt of old age so often exhibited among us. We seem often to rank it among worn-out institutions, to be abolished as fast as possible; and in many societies, aye, and in many churches, it has been enough to stamp a sentiment with reprobation, that it proceeded from the lips of an aged man. And we have seen gray-headed men, before whom a nation might stand to do them homage, treated with rudeness, and contradicted with pertness by the stripling yet in his teens, or the miss fresh from boarding-school. Reverence for the aged was enjoined by all the codes of antiquity; and in the Mosaic thought worthy of an explicit command: "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head." Peculiarly beautiful is the aspect of filial reverence. It is sweet in childhood—it is beautiful in youth—it is more touching as rendered by the man whose hair begins to show the threads of silver, to the aged and helpless parent, tottering on the verge of the grave, whose limbs are feeble, and whose sight is dim, and who needs the strong arm of manhood for support.

With every abatement which we may be required to make, we may still believe that Mrs. Edwards was both skillful and successful in the education of her famity. The daughters she lived to educate were intellectual, dignified and pious women. One, the betrothed of Brainerd, soon followed him to her early grave, and rests by his side—without a stone, without an inscription—as if it were enough for her woman's heart to watch over him while he lived, to lie by him when she died. Mrs. Burr was no ordinary woman, and the mother of President Dwight will not soon be forgotten. The sons of President Edwards are not unknown; and although their parents were not spared to complete their education, or to witness the conversion of all their children, a blessing seemed still to follow them; and their descendants, to this day, are fond of believing that they yet receive rich spiritual blessings in answer to the prayers of those who have so long slumbered in their graves. As we have known the scattered branches of this numerous family, we have been pleased to note common maxims, habits and principles, which, like the traditions of different nations may be traced to one stock, and which originating with their pilgrim ancestors, have been handed down from generation to generation. And we would remark this, that it may be another inducement for parents of this day to be watchful of their example before, and jealous of their influence over their children, as they remember that, as their families scatter, they will, like shivered mirrors, increase and multiply the images reflected upon them.

The extreme beauty of Miss Pierpont might have attracted the admiration of Edwards—her piety could alone have secured his affection. She

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gave in early childhood evidence of a renewed heart—evidence confirmed by a life of remarkable spirituality and devotedness. She united in her Christian character two excellences so seldom joined, that many have deemed them incompatible—great diligence in business with much fervency of spirit. It was this completeness of character which secured her usefulness. By relieving her husband from all domestic care, she left him at liberty to devote himself to his pastoral duties and his studies; while by the constant influence of her own fervent piety she counteracted the too often chilling influence of metaphysical abstractions. And who can estimate the value of a woman's piety under such circumstances? Had Mrs. Edwards been a different woman—had she been indolent, vain, exacting, and self-indulgent, the name of her husband might have been unknown. Domestic care would have drawn him from his retirement, and domestic anxieties prevented his application to these abstruse studies in which he delighted. Or had she possessed a fervent, but injudicious piety, which would have led her to intrude into his field, while her own peculiar duties were neglected, the same results had probably ensued. Had she been cold and worldly, seeking the greatness, but caring not for the usefulness of her husband, how differently might the memory of Edwards have descended to us. He might have written his treatise upon the Will—but would he have stood forth as the defender of revivals? Like many men of mighty intellect, but cold hearts, distrusting what he would not feel, and viewing what he saw through the mist of prejudice, might he not have drawn the New England revivals in colors which would have grieved the spirit of holiness, chilled the heart of piety, and retarded the progress of truth for many generations?

Let every woman—most earnestly do we entreat the wife of every pastor, to remember how great the responsibility which rests upon her. She must keep the fire burning upon the family altar, and daily heap upon it the incense of prayer and supplication, if she would that spiritual warmth should pervade the life and ministrations of her husband. We cold and earthly Christians, who read the diary of Mrs. Edwards, are more inclined to wonder at, than to enter into her feelings; but let us be humbled by the reflection that we are so far below her in devotedness to the cause of our Redeemer, that we can scarcely comprehend his gracious manifestations to those who serve him with undivided hearts. The testimony of her husband should shield her memory from the imputation of enthusiasm. She was undoubtedly peculiarly favored by the manifestations of the divine presence; and she enjoyed twenty years before her death raptures which Payson tasted in his last hours. Their feelings were so much alike, that their language is almost identical. Mrs. Edwards says: "I appeared to float or swim in those bright sweet beams of the love of Christ, like the motes swimming in the beams of the sun." Payson says: "The sun of Righteousness has been drawing nearer and nearer, pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun, exulting, yet almost trembling." Perhaps if we carefully compare the experience of these eminent Christians, we may find that God does not exclusively reserve his choicest comforts for the dying-bed; and we may be led with more confidence, with more faith, to offer up the cry—"Lord lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us. Grant us the *joys* of thy salvation."

The history of the unhappy controversy which arose between the people of Northampton and their pastor, which resulted in the dismission of the latter, is well known. It formed a crisis in the history of our churches. It stayed the plague-spot which was spreading over the land. The unholy, unsanctified communicant will either wander into infidelity, or go on adding one superstition to another. The churches who believe the Lord's Supper to be a converting ordinance, may easily be led to consider baptism as regeneration; and in time worship the host, do penance before the altar, and confess at the foot of the priest. President Edwards, undoubtedly, felt his principles to be important, because true, and he well counted the cost, before he announced his change of sentiment, and his opposition to the prevailing and popular practice and belief. But he could hardly have foreseen the extent and the bitterness of the opposition which he was to encounter. No prudence, forbearance, or gentleness on his part, could avert the storm, or allay the excitement; and it seemed as if everything fair and lovely must be swept away in its desolating career. "But truth is mighty, and shall prevail." The clouds passed away. The good seed sown in the storm, and scattered by the whirlwind, sprung up. The Sun of Righteousness arose, the showers of divine grace descended, and the tender herb, and budding flower, and ripe fruit, gladdens the churches, which, left to harden in error, had known but barrenness and death. The name of Edwards is revered where he was so bitterly opposed. His principles are adopted by that church which refused his ministrations; and strangers from other lands are led by the children of those who drove him from their presence, to see the

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trees which he planted, and the spot where he dwelt.

In all the trials of her husband, Mrs. Edwards participated; and her woman's heart might feel more acutely the desolation of leaving the early home of her married life, and one of the most beautiful spots which this wide land can boast, for a frontier settlement, and the lot of a missionary among savages. A reduced salary, and a large family, would not lighten her cares and trials. But we hear of no complaints. The song of praise arose in their new dwelling. Her own industry and economy were doubly taxed, the accomplishments of her daughters were made to contribute to the common stock, and friends from other lands remembered them. Another stroke, and the hearts of the parents bled for their widowed child, while as Christians, as friends, they mourned the death of President Burr. Then came the call to Princeton, and Mrs. Edwards might have rejoiced not only in the prospect of being restored to more congenial society, but in the sweet hope of alleviating, by her presence and tenderness, the sorrow of her bereaved daughter. Beautiful was the parting benediction which Edwards bestowed upon his family, as he departed, to enter upon his new duties. "I commit you to God," he said, as he returned to give them his last blessing; "I doubt not that He will take a fatherly care of us if we remember Him."

The constancy, the reality of her faith and submission, were proved by the manner in which Mrs. Edwards received the intelligence of the death of this dear and revered husband. A few lines yet remain, addressed to her daughter, Mrs Burr, and prove that in this trying hour, she was yet enabled to rejoice in the Lord, and to joy in the God of her salvation. Another stroke followed in the death of this daughter—a woman worthy of her parents, uniting great personal beauty, feminine grace and loveliness, to deep piety and a strong mind. To take the charge of her orphan grandchildren, and perchance to visit the grave of her husband, Mrs. Edwards left her home some few months after the death of Mrs. Burr.

She did not reach Princeton. She died at Philadelphia, near enough to the grave of her husband to secure a place by his side. Had she been spared to watch over these children, very different might have been the character and the influence of one, who inherited the talents, but not the principles of his ancestors; and whose name, perpetuated as it must be, in the annals of his country, will descend darkly and sadly to future generations. No record remains of the last hours of Mrs. Edwards, and we are reminded of him who said, "God has enabled me so often to bear testimony to his grace and loving kindness through life, that he will require none at my death."

PEACE.

Thou 'rt beautiful as evening's sweet, serene, departing smile,
When winter's rugged voice is hushed, and wandering strains beguile;
Now wafted slowly on the breeze, now lingering on some spot
Where amethystine violets bloom, by the noon-tide sun forgot.
Thou 'rt radiant as summer's robe—her rainbow robe of light;
As the argent girdle of the stars that zones the beauteous Night;
As the midnight wave that sleepeth 'neath the moon's unclouded beam;
As the halo-ray that 'circleth oft the visions of a dream;
And glorious as the unearthly veil—the veil of living fire—
That floateth, to the music pure of Time's unresting lyre;
Around the sun, while ages roll to the dim and spectral past,
O'er which a haze-like drapery is mystically cast!
For Industry and Plenty bless the land that thou dost sway,
While glooms and tempests shadow not the splendors of thy day;
And beauty adds her subtle art, the radiant, the sublime,
Erasing from life's joyous path the shadow dim of time,
Invisibly that it may move, unmarked by smiling earth,
Till darkened by the omens dire announcing sorrow's birth:
While Love, the eternal, sanctifies thy calm and sweet repose,
And Resignation's hallowed veil drops o'er thy fleeting woes.

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HOMES AND HUSBANDS.

A TALE FOR YOUNG WIVES.

The sultry summer day was past, and the cool air of evening was murmuring among the green leaves, and bending the slender stalks of the flowers, as it swept onward to fan the heated brow of the husbandman, who had toiled throughout the long day beneath the glowing sky.

But to none among the band of homeward-bound laborers did the evening breeze seem more refreshing than to three, whose baskets of tools borne over their shoulders denoted them carpenters. They had, in truth, passed the whole of the day on the top of a lofty house, preparing it for slates, and had suffered not a little from the intense heat; and now, with wearied frames, they were pursuing their way home. At the entrance of the village where they lived, Draper, Gale, and Burt separated, each to seek his own dwelling.

There was not a neater or cleaner abode in the village than that awaiting the reception of Draper. Not a speck of dust dimmed the brilliance of the windows, around which fluttered curtains as white as snow; every article of furniture was polished till it shone like a mirror; fresh flowers breathed forth their fragrance from the chimney-piece, a spotless cloth covered the little supper-table, and Mrs. Draper and his children were as neat as it was possible to be.

Far different the scene which awaited Gale; his house was in disorder, his children untidy, and his wife absent. The last-named evil, however, was soon remedied, for one of the children, despatched in quest of his mother, soon returned with her.

"You here already, Tom!" she exclaimed, rushing in breathlessly, in a gown that had certainly seen quite a week's hard service since it had last been taken into wear, "I had no thought it was so late. But supper will soon be ready. Light the fire, there's a good fellow, while I cut a rasher and wash the lettuce; and we'll soon have supper."

"I am so tired, Mary, that I would rather do without supper than light the fire," said Gale, throwing himself upon a seat.

"Are you? Well, then, don't; I'll soon get it ready myself," said the wife, beginning to bustle about; in the course of which she broke more than one article of crockery, put for the time, in some unsuitable place.

"Where were you, Mary?" inquired Gale, after a pause.

"I had just stepped out to see how Mrs. Blain's baby was, poor little dear."

"Mother has been gone ever since tea," said the eldest child, a boy of some six years old.

"You abominable little story-teller, how can you say so?—I was gone no time at all!" exclaimed the mother, irritated into boxing the speaker's ears for his interference.

The child ran away crying, and Mrs. Gale went on preparing her husband's supper; more industriously than rapidly, since she had to clean most of the articles she required, ere she could use them. Then, by that time, the children became cross and peevish, because they were sleepy; and when the supper was at length ready, she had to go up stairs and put them to bed; then returning, swallowed her own meal hastily, and, putting aside the dirty plates, declared she must now go and wash.

"Wash!" exclaimed her husband, in astonishment. "I thought you were to have washed the day before yesterday?"

"Well, so I meant; but I was interrupted," she replied. "Mrs. Blain came in that day, and Mrs. Strong yesterday; and to-day I had not time. And now I must wash, for neither the children nor you have a clean thing to put on; and, for that matter, neither have I."

"So it would appear," said Gale, glancing at the dark tint of her naturally light gown.

"So it would appear, indeed!" she cried, angrily. "I suppose you expect to see me as clean and neat, and everything as well done, as if I were a lady and kept a couple of servants?"

"No, Mary," said her husband, gravely, "I form no such extravagant expectations; all I ask is, that the hours I am working hard to earn our daily bread might be spent by you in some occupation more profitable than gossiping, and so let me find a quiet and orderly house on my return, and a companion such as you used to be in the earlier days of our wedded life."

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But the affectionate tone of the last words exercised no softening influence on the roused spirit of the indignant wife; and a quarrel ensued, which ended, as it had often done before, in Gale taking his hat, and finding at the public-house the comfort he could not find in his own.

Meanwhile, Draper passed through his trim little front garden, entered his pretty cottage-home, and setting down his basket, seated himself wearily by the window.

"Oh, Draper, I am sure you never wiped your shoes when you came in!" was his wife's salutation, as she entered the room.

"Well, my dear, and if I did not, there could be no mud on them, this weather," he replied.

"No, but I'll be bound there was plenty of dust on them," she retorted, crossly; "and you know how I hate dust. And here—I declare if here is not your dirty basket set down on the clean wax-cloth. Let me slave ever so much, I can't keep the house clean while you are so careless; and you know it is the pride of my life to have a clean house."

"I was very tired, Susan, or I would not have done it," said her husband, apologetically.

"And do you think I am never tired," she demanded; "working about all day as I do, and then sitting down to make and mend for the children!—for I take a pride in seeing my children neat and clean."

"You are, indeed, a most industrious wife, Susan," said her husband, in all sincerity; yet he sighed, for his home, though it was so pleasant to look at, was very uncomfortable.

"I am glad you admit that," she said, shortly. "But come, now, supper is ready." And they accordingly sat down to the neatly-arranged meal that was awaiting them. But all its comfort was marred by the constant faults Mrs. Draper found with all that her husband and children did. They were, at almost every movement, offending against her law of order; for Mrs. Draper's love of cleanliness and neatness was not satisfied by daily and almost hourly cleanings; the slightest infringement of the order that was so dear to her, irritated her beyond measure; and, as it may be supposed, those infringements with a husband and children, were neither few nor far between, anger was rarely long absent from their dwelling.

Mrs. Draper was a conscientious and an industrious woman, and she esteemed it her duty to work hard for her husband and children. That duty she performed to the uttermost; and, if need were, she would have begged for them, or starved for them. But she perceived not how her spirit of house-worship interfered with her duties as a wife and mother. The latter demanded her house should be a home, the former that it should be an idol; and she bowed unresistingly down before the image she had herself set up, without once suspecting that the magic word "Home," was, in her keeping, but an empty sound. Her children were dull and sullen, because they were always in disgrace; for the playfulness natural to their age was commonly treated as a fault, from its leading them to transgress the strict rules set up for their conduct and forget the respect due to chairs and stools which were never to be touched or moved, and floors and windows which must not be trod or breathed upon. And her husband, when his many hours of labor were over, and he felt he had fairly earned a happy and peaceful evening—was continually offending against the same laws; therefore, the matter frequently ended by his betaking himself to the public house, where he was an object of consideration, which he never was at home.

And thus, though Mrs. Draper was in general estimation (and especially in her own) an incomparably better wife than Mrs. Gale, they both, by very different means, accomplished the same end, of driving from their houses domesticated husbands, and inducing them to seek a substitute within the pernicious precincts of a public-house, where they spent money, the loss of which, was seriously felt in their own families; and, what their wives might yet more bitterly regret in time to come, lost their habits of sobriety and steadiness, and listened to opinions and principles calculated to render them less respectable members of society, and to undermine the little influence their wives had left themselves.

Burt, too, had gained his home—a neat little cottage like those of his fellow-workmen. As he stood for a moment in the narrow garden, admiring the simple flowers that bloomed in little beds—as brightly, aye, and as sweetly, too, as prouder blossoms around palace-homes—the door burst open, and two neatly-clad children rushed joyously out to meet him. He raised the youngest in his arms, and rendered the other proud and happy by allowing him to drag in the basket of tools. Within, all was neat and clean, and as orderly as the gambols of the children would permit; and the wife, who advanced to meet him, was as neat and housewife-like a person as the eye could wish to rest upon.

"Well, Fanny," cried Burt, gaily, as he entered, "here I am, tired and hungry, and wanting my supper; do you mean to give me any?"

"Why, if you behave yourself, I think I will, for this once," she replied, in the same tone; "and, as it is all ready, you may as well have it now.

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I should think you needed it after so hot a day."

"Oh, that was nothing to make a fuss about!" he replied, lightly, though he had felt it a good deal, and was now excessively tired. But he knew Fanny too well appreciated the exertions he made to surround her with the little home-comforts she possessed, to render it needful to excite her sympathy by enlarging on any extra disagreeables that might at times occur.

At length, the comfortable though frugal meal was ended, and the children put to bed; and then the little wife came gaily down stairs. Burt was weary, and had placed his feet on a chair, but no frown darkened Fanny's brow at the sight; on the contrary, she advanced good-humoredly to his side, and inquired whether she should go on with the book she had been reading the previous evening, or if he would rather chat while she worked. But the pleasure of listening to an interesting book was far greater to the weary man than that of hearing the village gossip; and Fanny read on uninterruptedly till bed-time.

Time passed on; and with it Mrs. Gale grew more slatternly and fond of gossip, Mrs. Draper, a more devoted house-slave, and their husbands, as a necessary consequence, grew more attached to beer and ale-house company; while Fanny Burt pursued the even tenor of her way, contented, neat, cheerful, and good-tempered, her house a haven of peace and happiness, to which her husband ever returned with pleasure, and herself most happy in making him so.

One day Fanny was busily engaged in weeding her little garden, and tying up the flowers, when Mrs. Gale passed by; and seeing her, paused to "chat a bit."

"You have not seen the new clock Burt bought me on my birth-day," said Fanny, after some conversation, during which she had finished her gardening, and Mrs. Gale had leaned over the little paling.

"No, I've not; but as I have a minute to spare, I'll come in now;" and Mrs. Gale accordingly came in, leaving the gate open for the free ingress of the pigs and fowls. Fanny quietly closed it ere she followed her visitor into the cottage.

"Upon my word, it is a very pretty clock—I wish I could afford such an one!" said Mrs. Gale. "And how nice you have everything about you," she continued, looking round on the neatly-furnished little room; "I wish I could have everything as comfortable."

"I am sure I do not see why you should not," said Fanny; "your husband has the same wages as mine, and our families are of the same size."

"Ah! but your husband does not spend so much of his money at the public-house as mine does," replied Mrs. Gale.

"No, he never enters it."

"And yet, when we were both married," resumed Mrs. Gale, "people said I made the best match of the two, because Gale was a steadier young man than Burt. I can't think how you manage to keep him at home."

"By making it neat, and clean, and comfortable," said Fanny, who was quite aware of the style of her companion's housekeeping: "by letting him find his supper waiting for him, and his wife and children ready to welcome him and keep him company."

Mrs. Gale stood for a moment, silent and self-convicted. She felt that she could not say the same; that none of these home-luxuries awaited her husband. She knew that he usually found a discorded house and children, an unready supper, and oftentimes an absent wife. Latterly, her husband's conduct had caused her much anxiety, and the newly-awakened thought that her own had been the cause of it, cost her a bitter pang. She said little to Mrs. Burt; but, bidding her soon "good day," sped home, resolving as she went that if her husband's reformation depended on hers, it would be set about without delay.

That evening at the usual hour, the three carpenters returned to their homes; Burt jesting on his way, for his heart was light as he thought of the glad faces awaiting him—the others dull and weary, for they were exhausted by their day's work, and had no bright home-thoughts to cheer them.

At length Gale parted with his companions and sauntered slowly homeward, knowing that, however late he might be, he usually arrived too soon. At last he reached his home, but stood still in astonishment at the scene before him, almost doubting whether he had not entered the wrong door. The room was swept and dusted, and everything put in its place; the supper was ready and the children neat. But the next moment his wife entered, and then he knew his home again; for her own dress was a matter that amid all her reformations, Mrs. Gale had quite overlooked. But those she had effected sufficed for the time; for, pleased with the unwonted comfort, her husband remained contented at home.

A proud and happy woman that night was Mrs. Gale; she looked upon the victory over her husband's erratic habits as already gained, and that it needed but her own pursuance of her new course to secure its continuance. Great, then, was her disappointment when the following evening saw

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Gale desert his altered home for the public-house. She had never calculated on the influence of habit; and in the bitterness of her heart, looked on the scheme—in the hope of whose success she had worked all day so cheerfully—as an utter failure.

The next morning, as soon as her children were despatched to school, Mrs. Gale took her way to Mrs. Burt's cottage, to communicate to her the hopes and fears of the last two days.

But the ever-hopeful Fanny bade her again take heart, and continue on the rightful course she had entered, without fear but that in the end her object would be achieved.

"You must not be down-hearted," she said, "because your husband goes to the public house once—no, nor twenty times. We all know and feel how difficult it is to renounce any habit, and all you must hope for is to break him of it gradually. Only go on in the way you have begun," continued Fanny, cheerfully, "and I do not doubt that, before long, your husband will sit at home of an evening as happy and contented as mine does."

"Do you really think so?" said her visitor, wiping away her tears.

"To be sure I do," said Fanny, gaily. "And now, in the meantime, I'll tell you what I'll do; I know you are a good reader—I'll lend you a book that has interested Burt and me greatly; read a little of it to Mr. Gale of an evening, and trust me, if, before the book is ended, you do not see the good effects of it; and when it is ended you shall have another."

It needs not to detail the thanks of Mrs. Gale for her neighbor's encouraging words, nor the length to which her gossiping propensities would have extended them, had not Fanny gently hinted that, if either of them intended to maintain the character of good housewives, it would not do for them to spend the morning thus. Her good resolves thus brought to mind, Mrs. Gale hastily departed. Fanny looked after her for a moment, and the sight recalled something of importance she had omitted to mention. She called after her instantly, and then ran down the street.

"Whatever you do, Mrs. Gale, do not forget to put on a clean gown and cap before evening."

Then, speeding back, she went to work with redoubled diligence, to repair the loss of time her visitor had occasioned.

Mrs. Gale took both pieces of Fanny's advice—she put on the clean gown, and she read the book, and they both answered excellently; though it may be doubted, interesting to Gale as was the latter, whether it would have been so efficacious without the former; for personal neaness has a far greater influence than people not practising it can well imagine.

Fanny Burt proved a true prophet, for though for the first few months, Gale went sometimes to the public-house, and his wife had frequent lapses into her old gossiping and slovenly habits, yet, at the end of a year or two, both seemed thoroughly reformed; and they were as happy and peaceful in their neat little cottage-home as any wedded couples in Stunbury.

Meanwhile, months came and went, and brought no spell upon their wings for Draper's happiness; the spirit of cleanliness, perverted into a demon, still reigned paramount over his dwelling; still did he go abroad as much as might be to escape its iron rule; and still did the demon's prime minister look upon herself as a meritorious and ill-used woman; and, in the irritation of mind caused by her husband's absence, and the loss of money it entailed, bear more hardly than ever on her children's little faults against neatness and order.

One evening there had been the usual display of great anger for little sins, that, beneath most roofs, had been deemed none at all, when Draper, weary of the share that fell upon himself, pushed back his chair, and, rising, turned to leave the house.

"And now," observed Mrs. Draper, drily, "I suppose, because you are not allowed to make everything in a mess without my making any observation on the subject, you are going to the public-house, to spend there the money I work so hard to save?"

"No," replied he, quietly, "I am only going down to Gale's." And, in truth, his steps had often turned thither of late, as Gale's stay-at-home habits were growing stronger; for Draper missed his old companion in their former haunts; and besides, was not sorry to pass a comfortable evening elsewhere than in a public-house.

"To Gale's!" repeated his wife, contemptuously. "Truly, you have a good taste, to choose a dirty house like that; I am no longer surprised that my particularity is disagreeable to you."

Mrs. Gale does not keep a dirty house now; it is as neat and clean as any one need wish to see," replied Draper; "and, what is more, though it is so, she does not make a god of it, and sacrifice her husband and children to it, but lets them live in it in peace, and quietness, and good temper."

Peace, and quietness, and good temper—how those words echoed in Mrs. Draper's ears long after her husband had left the house! They would not leave her, but recurred again and again to her thoughts. We have before said that Mrs.

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Draper was a conscientious woman, and unfeignedly anxious to do her duty by her husband and children; and the thought of her husband's last words suggested to her, that to her overstrained love of order she had sacrificed their comfort, and by her want of peace, quietness, and good temper, had driven her husband from his home, was a serious shock to all the feelings of self-approbation in which she had, though in vain, endeavored to find happiness. Her faults were very different from those of Gale's once untidy wife. Mrs. Gale's were so prominent that they were easily rendered obvious, even to her own eyes, and could bear no other aspect than their own repulsive form; but Mrs. Draper had long believed her faults to be virtues; she had regarded herself as a pattern wife, and so arduously fulfilled her duties, as far as she discerned them, that it was indeed difficult to believe she could have made so serious a mistake.

But peace, quietness, and good temper, conscience whispered to her, were not to be found in her dwelling. There was an error somewhere—she had been always used to ascribe it wholly to her husband, but could it be possible that it existed as much, perhaps more, in herself?

Mrs. Draper took council with none save her own heart and her own conscience: but in the end, they guided her aright; though painful, indeed, was the effort required to follow their dictates, and much it cost her to sacrifice, even in part, the habits of over particularity which had grown upon her until they almost seemed a portion of herself. But hard though it was to pass over in silence many things which fretted and grieved the spirit of house-worship she had so long obeyed, she was well repaid when her husband drew his chair to the fire of an evening, instead of seeking comfort and society elsewhere. It was true that he sometimes put his foot on the brightly-polished fender, and at first it required an effort to restrain the complaint which sprang to her lips. But she found that the morning's rubbing made it just as bright as though no foot had rested on it, and she felt her heart all the lighter for the knowledge.

Yet, sincere as was Mrs. Draper's desire of making her house comfortable, it was a thing of time to gain the needful conquest over herself; nor was Draper to be won at once to a change of habits. But time and good intentions on both sides, brought back the peace and happiness which seemed to have deserted their dwelling; and at length the faces within it grew as bright as the tables which were ready to mirror them, for the neatest cottage in the village became one of its most cheerful and best-loved homes.

WE WERE BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER.

We were boys and girls together
  In that happy, happy time
When the spirit's light shone brightest,
  And the heart was in its prime;
Ere the morning light was clouded,
  That beamed upon our youth,
Ere the chill of worldly knowledge
  Had blighted childhood's truth.

We were boys and girls together,
  When the step was firm and light,
When the voice was clear and ringing,
  And the laughing eyes were bright;
Then our love sought no concealment,
  And our bosoms knew no art,
Then the sunshine of our childhood
  Cast no shadow on the heart.

We are boys and girls no longer,
  But the earnest cares of life
Have left the traces on us
  Of the sorrow and the strife;
The flowers we plucked have wither'd,
  The dimpled smiles have fled,
And the budding hopes we cherished
  Have vanished with the dead.

But as the proud stream shadows
  The rays that lightly glanced
Upon the tiny streamlet
  That in their gleaming danced;
So the soul of earnest manhood
  Retains the features mild,
That shed a loving beauty
  On the spirit of the child.

Other young ones are around us,
  Other voices ringing sweet,
We hear their joyous laughter,
  And the echo of their feet;
Oh, childhood never dieth,
  And beauty ne'er will wane:
In the fair ones that we gaze on,
  We are boys and girls again.

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CHARACTER OF THOMAS COLE.

WITH A PORTRAIT AND A SKETCH.

BY DANIEL HUNTINGTON, ESQ., N.A.*

The effect produced by the works of Thomas Cole, on the minds of the mass, may have been slight—almost nothing. An unostentatious kind of art, chiefly directed to the culture of a love for nature, or the suggestions of moral reflections, cannot be supposed to have much enlisted the attention of the great crowd. The rich treat enjoyed by the lovers of the beautiful, in the Cole exhibition of 1848, will be long remembered with keen satisfaction. Many thoughtful and cultivated minds, which, through his pictures, have received new impressions of the charms of nature, or more vivid images of the fading elements of this world's splendor and power,—or have been led to ponder on the varying paths of the Christian and Worldling, will ever cherish for his memory a deep love and veneration. In the dearth of what is truly instructive in the mass of pictures with which our galleries are crowded, the man of feeling, the poet, and the lover of sacred things, may well look back with mournful pleasure in contemplation of the character and works of Cole.

The great result at which he arrived in art, that is, the conveyance of high moral, and religious truths, through the medium of painting, does not appear to have occupied his mind at the commencement of his career, but to have been gradual through several stages of progress, and naturally followed a zealous and conscientious pursuit of the ideal and the true.

In early life the love of nature, as she exhibits herself in the untamed loneliness of our own forest scenery, was his chief passion. He studied to embody whatever was characteristic of the singular grandeur and wildness of mountain, lake, and forest in the American wilderness. He rejected, at this time, all that was conventional, all the usual methods of the picturesque, everything that looked like cultivation, or the hand of art softening the rudeness of uncontaminated nature. He would scarcely admit into his productions the hut of the adventurer, or the lonely fisherman, but prefered the canoe of the savage stealthily moving among fallen pines, or the deer fearlessly drinking the waters of the lake. Could one have looked over a portfolio of his sketches at this time of his life, it would have been found stored with those materials which are abundant in the most terrific and inaccessible fastness of our mountain scenery. Silent and transparent lakes, shadowed by impenetrable woods, reflecting the bold outlines of precipitous mountains, huge masses of rock, which had once strewn the forests with ruin and confusion, now enriched with moss and wild vines, shattered oaks, and mighty pines, and all features of wildness and boldness with which his early works abounded, would have greeted your eyes wherever you turned. His desire at that time appeared to be to seize the true character of our own scenery, and to identify his pencil with it.

For several years he clung to this course of study, and scarcely once turned aside to contemplate more peaceful and cultivated landscapes. You will look in vain among the works of this period for pictures of quiet rural scenery, for richly cultivated valleys, stretching far away in the sunshine; for gentle streams winding among flower-besprinkled meadows, dotted with cheerful farm-houses, or rich with golden harvests, such visions hardly formed part of his dreams As his mind expanded, and the fame of the great Italian painters became familiar to him, there began to be glimpses in his works of that classical feeling which was the glory of Claude and Poussin. He began now to think of visiting Italy, and here was the turning of his first love to that relish of European scenery, which was now gradually infused into his style, and of which manner of composition he has left some of his best instances. On his sailing for Italy, Bryant addressed him with those exquisite lines, which so powerfully describe the character of the painter's mind, and call on him, with prophetic

* This beautiful and discriminating portraiture of Cole, was originally prepared for the Literary World, and is here reproduced, with the author's consent, as the most fitting accompaniment to the portrait which adorns our number. The biography of a great artist by another scarcely less honored and distinguished, introduced to accompany a portrait painted by a third equal in fame and excellence to either, is a feature not often attained.—Ed.

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THOMAS COLE, N. A.

From a Portrait by A. B. Durand, Pres. National Academy of Design.

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warning, to "Keep that earlier, wilder image bright."

During his first stay in Italy, his manner changed, and his canvas began to reflect images of what surrounded him.

We are indebted to the genius of Cole for some of the most touching pictures of characteristic Italian landscapes. The blight and decay which had crept into the great works of past ages, and all the beauties of association, were well understood by him. He was now as indefatigable in studying in the environs of Rome, and treasuring up in his sketch-book the remains of antiquity, as before he had been untiring in his American studies. Who can ever forget his picture of Roman aqueducts, stretching in long lines across the plains,—ruins enriched with wild vines, and glowing with the hues of a golden sunset, or the many other productions of that time, in which he so admirably introduced the mouldering remains of Roman buildings —the clearly defined, and varied outlines of the Apennines—the groups of peasantry, in bright colored costumes, watching their goats, or at their devotions before shrines of Saints. These, and all the picturesque materials of that land so endeared to the imaginations of painters, he combined with such feeling, and imbued with such a sentiment, as showed how ardently he loved those classic regions, and how truly and vigorously his mind received the impressions which the loveliness and grandeur of Italy in her decay must make on a sympathizing genius. His mind at this time seemed to have been in a state of transition from the unmixed love of simple nature, to a desire to express some abstract truths. He was now reveling in beauty, and that too, of a sad and desolate kind. It was soon after his return that he painted the compositions called "The Past and the Present," the "Departure and Return," and other similar subjects, in which it was evident that his mind was dwelling on the unsubstantial and fading nature of human pride and power. With the imagination of a poet, and the pencil of a master, he portrayed in these pictures the inevitable ruin and overthrow that awaits the ambitious purposes of men. By far the most powerfully conceived of the works of this period, was "The Course of Empire." In this series his mind was dwelling deeply on the silent, but sure progress of decay which must eventually bring all earthly things in ruin. How beautifully he marks the advance of a nation's power from the barbarism of the first state, through the successive stages of pastoral simplicity and luxurious splendor, to corruption, anarchy, and hideous overthrow; and finally leaves us lamenting over that melancholy picture of silence, desertion, and utter desolation, which closes the series. The picture above refered to, and all of that class, together with the "Voyage of Life," are mostly imbued with a philanthrophical and moral spirit, which, though not without a strong religious bias, did not yet reflect that clear and living Christian faith which shines pre-eminently in his last great work. It is an interesting reflection, that having worshiped early at the shrine of nature, and in after life drank deeply of the fountain of Poetry and natural religion, the mind of our painter, Cole, should, in his last years, have been filled with a strong Christian faith, which increased steadily till the close of his life. At his death he was engaged on the series called the "Pilgrim of the Cross and the World." Though left incomplete, this work was sufficiently advanced to show how noble was his conception of the subject, and with what dignity, impressiveness, and pathos he would have treated it had he lived to perfect his designs. In this attempt he aimed to portray the diverging paths of the Christian and the Worldling; the first, through sorrows, temptations, and dangers, to the final triumph, and verge of heavenly joys; the latter, by a devious and pleasure-strewn way, through gardens of voluptuousness, the temple of mammon, or fields of ambition and carnage, to a visionary throne of lusts and power, which fades in the end to bitter ruin and disappointment, and is finally shrouded in an almost hopeless night, and the horrors of eternal death. The artist fully realized the greatness and solemnity of this subject. His mind, always inclined to love whatever was pure and noble, was latterly alive to the sacred truths of the Christian faith, and he burned with a holy desire that his works might influence those who saw them to turn from the earthly and sensual, to the heavenly and eternal. His latter works are in complete harmony with the teachings of our Divine Master, and truly, when one studies that great series of the Cross and World, though unfinished and imperfect, he cannot but feel the solemn lessons of Holy Scripture more forcibly impressed on his heart, and can scarcely fail to be reminded of the words of the wise king, "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day; but the way of the wicked is as darkness, they know not at what they stumble."

Of all his works, the one most completely realizing the sentiment of the sacred text, is perhaps the one painted to illustrate the twenty-third Psalm, the last finished picture that came from his hands. Never was the luxuriant fertility of a well-watered valley better expressed. The sky is all air and sunshine; the green meadow

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glistens with dew; the river is deep and transparent, and by its beauty and plenteousness, well symbolizes that living fountain, "clear as crystal," which the inspired Evangelist saw "proceeding out of throne of God and the Lamb."

Cole's religious life was gentle and progressive. At no period was there that sudden and startling change sometimes seen in the case of the boldly profligate, or the audacious blasphemer. His piety grew quietly and imperceptibly as the tree puts forth the tender bud and twig, at first unnoticed, which afterwards spreads out a forest of branches, and casts broad shadows on the plain. It is seldom that the heavenly spirit with sudden and irresistable force takes possession of the heart of man, converting the howling wilderness of a soul wasted by evil passions, at once into a pleasant garden of blossom and sunshine, more often as a gentle dove he wins his way, brooding silently and gradually, imbuing all the affections with Divine Love, and so at last every evil passion or base habit, skulking in the hidden corner of the heart, disappears, while the most sacred thoughts yield themselves willing captives to the persuasive spirit of love and humility.

Such was the even progress made by Cole in holy life. Great is the satisfaction with which we dwell on the memory of such a life as that of our great landscape painter. Earnestness and sincerity characterized all his early studies. No stain rests on his moral character; no enemy to accuse him of treachery, of having abused any trusts placed in him; his honor in all dealings with his fellow men is unsullied. His domestic life was spotless. His youth was free from sensuality in all his most familiar hours, (even in scenes of festivity and most unrestrained hiliarity;) his genius was never obscured by excess; his conversation never befouled with the slightest approach to obscenity. Though of ardent and excitable temper, never did the harshest provocation draw from him an expression pointed with curses or profanity. All who ever conversed with him freely by his own fireside, or among a circle of familiar friends, unhampered by the restraints of an artificial society, will long remember the playful sallies of his wit and humor, his easy cheerfulness, his thoughtful and poetic reflections, the force of truth and variety of his conversation on all topics of interest, occasionally lit up with the rarest flashes of genius.

SKETCH.—MORNING—NOON.

BY HORACE DRESSER, ESQ.

Now in the east appears the orb of day—
Nor cloud, nor mist, nor fog, prevents its rays
From reaching earth right onward in their course,
The light now glances through the leafy trees,
All wet, and holding still the limpid rain,
And dazzles on a thousand crystal drops,
That pendant hang upon the blades of grass,
Irriguous by showers and dews of night.
The forest songsters, borne on buoyant wings,
Come forth and leave their bowers, and still retreats—
Now volant in the subtile yielding air,
Now perched upon the tree-trop's supple twigs,
That to the breeze in undulations bend,
They chant in joyous strains and lively notes,
The exit of the night's obscurity.
But just above the surface of the mead,
As if to breathe the fragrance of the flowers,
All day in varied course and humble flight,
The swallow flies untired upon the wing;
Now towering higher and higher above the hills,
The brilliant potent ruler of the day
Drinks up the dew—abundant rain—and all
The wetness that on herb or tree is seen.
The bee that lets no summer sunshine pass
Unused, now quits her home in search of store
Against the coming winter's chilling frosts,
And wings her course to gardens full of bloom—
Or more excursive makes her way abroad
In distant fields, alighting on the flowers,
And robbing them of Nature's nectar sweets.
But now more fervid glows the sun—the trees
Decrease their shades—and woodland heights afar,
Are dimmed with heat of high meridian.
The wind that was, has hid itself away
And dalliance seeks no more among the leaves.
Does man or beast now seek repose? Vain search!
There is no place where sunbeams have no force,
And heat's allwhelming power no stupor brings!

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SKETCH BY T. COLE.

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A DREAM OF HEAVEN.

BY MRS. ELECTA M. SHELDON.

'Twas a cold stormy night in November 184–. The wind howled dismally around a neat cottage in one of the villages of the West. The snow and sleet beat on the roof, and rattled against the windows. All without was desolate—and, though every comfort abounded in that humble home, sickness was there, and mourning, and sorrow.

A young wife lay on a couch of suffering—perhaps of death; a few days before the last child of her love had been carried to its quiet resting place, and now the spirit of the mother seemed just trembling on the verge of time. Anguish was depicted on the face of the husband as he bent over her to catch the accents that came faintly from her lips.

"I cannot live, dearest," she murmured, "you must prepare yourself to part with me"—the heavy eyes closed—a deathly pallor overspread her countenance, and the sorrow stricken husband sought in vain by the most powerful restoratives, to rouse her from the stupor so like death. There was no sense of external things, no motion, save the scarce perceptible heaving of the chest, to show that life remained.

Alone, by the bedside watched he through all the long long hours of that dreadful night. The tempest raged without—a deathlike stillness reigned within—the Invisible was there, and a solemn awe drank up the very consciousness of aught but that presence of Omnipotence.

Hour after hour passed by, and still the spirit of the young wife lingered in its earthly tenement; day dawned at length, and hope sprang up in the heart of the weary watcher. It is—yes, it is so—there is a quickening of the pulse!—did not a roseate tinge come for a moment to that pallid cheek! Another hour of anxious watching, and the dark eyes looked forth once more from 'neath their drooping lids, and the voice he deemed forever hushed, murmured,

"Fear not beloved, I shall live to bless you,"—and again she slept—but not as before; now the pulse-throbs, though feeble, were uniform, and ever and anon the life-blood would flush, for an instant, the cheek and brow.

A few hours passed, and the slumberer awoke refreshed—awoke as from the dead, and fervent thanksgiving arose to Him who had spared the last dearest tie that bound the heart of the watcher to earth.

"I had such a sweet dream of heaven, last night," said the young wife, as, toward evening, her husband sat by her bed-side, "may I tell you;" and she looked up smilingly in his face, her eyes sparkled with unwonted animation, and without pausing for a reply, she proceeded?

"Last night when you told me the doctor's opinion of my disease, I felt that I must die! Then came thoughts of parting with friends—with my husband, the dearest of them all;—and then, oh! then, came thoughts of the judgment and eternity! was I prepared to meet the Judge of all the earth? was I indeed a child of grace—an heir of heaven?"

"I soon lost all consciousness—I must have dreamed, yet it does not seem like a dream." She paused a few moments as if to find language to give utterance to her thoughts, and then proceeded.

"I dreamed I had been very ill, and, too feeble to support myself, was borne by my nurse and physician, all three of us robed in white, along a a narrow pathway, darkened by a thick foliage of a forest in midsummer; presently we turned an angle in the path—Oh! how shall I describe the glories of that view?

"To the right of where I stood, supported on either hand by those who brought me thither, rose a lofty rock, white as parian marble, and magnificently draped from summit to base with evergreens. Oh! how beautiful were those rich festoons of clinging vines.

"To the left, down in a deep, dark ravine, I could just see the cone-shaped top of what seemed like an immense coal-pit, with columns of black smoke pouring through the apertures.

"Directly in front, and only a short, very short distance from where I stood, a firm massive bridge spanned the stream, whose dark, angry waters moved rapidly yet *silently* along—yes, there was not a sound in water, earth or air, to break the stillness of the scene.

"On the bridge were all manner of vehicles from the rude hand-cart to the magnificent cha-

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riot of olden time; there were no horses, but men in long white robes, stood at the other extremity of the bridge ready to obey their Master's bidding.

"From the bridge, on the other side of the river, as far and as high as the eye could reach, were pure white clouds; 'as Alps on Alps arise,' so did those beautiful emblems of a God of Purity rise higher and higher, till the eye could not reach their lofty ascent. Here and there, among the clouds, were temples with domes and columns of dazzling white, and beings robed in white stood gazing on the earth with looks of calm and holy peace. I saw no sun, but over all this scene was shed a glory that surpassed the richest sunset glow, yet soft as the sweet moonbeams of a summer eve.

"On the right of this scene of glory, this heavenly magnificence, and above the rock I mentioned, I saw the precious Saviour! A thin, hazy veil obscured the full glory of his majesty, but I could distinctly see his form, and the mild benignant expression of his countenance, and in it I read my own acceptance. Beside him, hand in hand, stood our children—our first-born, and the dear one just taken. Oh! the rapture of that moment! Thankfulness that my children were safely home, and joy inexpressible that I was permitted to behold Him for whom my soul longed!

"Clasping my hands, I exclaimed, my Saviour, and my children! Just then, one of the white robed beings on the bridge began pushing a chariot toward me; my physician asked, 'Will you go to heaven now?' I turned, and looked for you, my husband, I saw you pursuing a green shady path alone, and with your head bowed down with grief. The thought that I might comfort you in your earthly pilgrimage, decided my choice, and without hesitation I answered 'Not yet.'"

"'What are you waiting for?' he asked."

"For my husband," I repeated.

"The chariot stopped; and a cloud veiled that glory from my view!"

"I looked to see if the cloud was dark and threatening, in token of God's anger; but no! 'twas like the light fleecy clouds that obscure the beauty of the summer evening sky, yet betoken no tempest. I was satisfied."

"I do not trust in dreams," she said as she finished the narration, "but do you wonder that I feel *assured* I shall recover? Oh! how kind of my heavenly father to give me the sweet teachings of such a dream! Surely I can never, never doubt his willingness to save!"

Rapidly did health return to the invalid; to but few did she mention the sweet vision of that night; but it seemed to her a special blessing of God, given to meet the necessities of her spirit.

Years have passed since then,—years of light and shade, of joy and sorrow. Other little ones have been given, and when the heart-strings have become closely twined about those dear immortal treasures, God has recalled his gifts; and still the childless mother is passing along the path of her earthly pilgrimage. She rests not the foundation of her immortal destiny on the frail basis of a dream; yet doth the vivid remembrance of that heavenly scene oft check the yearnings of a mother's heart, and give to all the Savior's promises a personal reality.

PRAYER.

Is thine heart by the world, or its sorrows, oppress'd,
And despair in dark characters stamp'd on thy brow?
Has the future no hope for thy suffering breast,
On thy dreary and dark way no light to bestow?

Then prayer is the balm that will sooth every sorrow,
And hurl from his hold the dark demon despair;
It will cheer to-day's grief with the hope of to morrow,
And a lovelier form bid this wilderness wear.

Faithless is he, the dear friend once so cherish'd,
The bosom wherein all thy own had confided,
What though the young hope of life's morning has perish'd
And its promising beam into darkness subsided?

Yet mourner, forsaken and friendless, in prayer
Bodied forth, let thy sorrows to heaven ascend;
Thou shalt find an unspeakable recompense there,
And a good and unchangeable God for thy friend!

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Take this Lute.

SUNG BY MLLE. JENNY LIND. COMPOSED FOR HER BY JULES BENEDICT.

Moderately slow.

1. Take this lute, whose thrilling lay, Our spell of joy was wont to be; Touch thou its chords when I'm a - way, And they will speak to thee of me; Or if in life no more we meet—Should ab - sence
2. Take these violets from my hair, And tho' their pur - ple tints de- part, They'll waft soft perfume o'er the air, Like grateful mem'ries to the heart; So, if on earth we meet no more, Our hope-dreams

p Ped.

Dolce. *p*

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Rallent. pp Tempo.

shade our path of flow - ers, Still let those songs we deem'd so sweet, Be - guile thee
fade like these poor flow - ers, My spir-it still shall hover o'er, And cheer thee

Rallent. pp Ped.

in thy sad - dest hours, Be - guile, ... be - guile . .
in thy sad - dest hours, thy sad - - - - dest, sad- - -

Cres. Colla parte.

. . . . thee in thy sad - dest hours— Be - guile thee, be - guile .
- - - - dest hours, thy sad - dest hours— Shall cheer thee, shall cheer .

p Cres. f

. . . thee in thy sad - dest hours.
. . . thee in thy sad - dest hours.

pp Ped.

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EBENEZER ELLIOTT, THE CORN-LAW RHYMER.

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EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

BY HENRY B. STANTON ESQ.

WITHIN the last few months, Great Britain has laid in the grave two of her most illustrious sons. The one had controlled for many years, and with unrivalled skill, the councils of one of the first European states, while the other had reigned supreme, for a third of a century, in one of the most important departments of letters. We allude, of course, to Sir Robert Peel and Lord Jeffrey. Among her recent dead is one who, though moving in an humbler sphere than the great statesman and essayist whom we have named, has left a not less enduring mark on the forehead of his times—we mean EBENEZER ELLIOTT. He, too, was a politician and a writer: but he never held or sought office; and it was long after his inspired lays had found a home in the hearts of his countrymen, that he was admitted to a seat among England's sons of song. Though neglected by the high distributors of literary renown, his tones of thunder and lines of fire ultimately arrested the public ear, and riveted the popular gaze; and when his light sunk below the horizon, the whole body of his countrymen felt that a rare poet had ceased to shine. Though he never had it in his power to bestow patronage, and never was in any sense a political leader, the part he bore in accomplishing the greatest politico-economical revolution of the age, is a striking proof that even in monarchical England, power and place are not necessarily synonymous terms.

Elliott was born in 1781. His father was a traveling agent for an iron foundry in Yorkshire, with a salary of £70 a year. Though a good-natured boy, Ebenezer had an unconquerable aversion to study, preferring wandering in the fields to learning to read, kite-flying to cyphering, fishing to writing, sailing miniature ships in a canal to conjugating the verb *to be*. At fourteen years, he was almost a dunce in book-learning, being hardly able to read the simplest lesson, and scarcely knowing that two and two were four. His father, utterly discouraged and disgusted with his stolidity, took him from school, clad him in a coarse frock, put him into a foundry, and set him to work. In this occupation he remained till he was three and twenty, laboring without wages, excepting "board, lodging, and clothes," and an occasional shilling on a holiday. Subsequently he set up business in a small way, on his own account, and speedily failed. At the age of forty, he was still poor, but, through the kindness of some friends, was favored with a loan of £150, with which he commenced the iron business in Sheffield. He made slow progress, experienced many reverses, met with some successes, and had accumulated a respectable little property in 1837, which the commercial revulsions of that gloomy year very seriously diminished. However, his elastic spirit rose buoyant from the fall, and he subsequently repaired his losses, and became possessed of a competence. We have mentioned these pecuniary vicissitudes of his life, because they turned his attention to the important question which absorbed so large a share of his mature years, and struck the keynote of his literary fame—the corn laws.

Before he reached his majority, Elliott acquired a slight taste for knowledge; and when he commenced business for himself, he began to repair, by severe self-training, the sad deficiencies and neglects of his schoolboy days. When he was some fifteen years old, a library, containing many valuable books, arrived at his father's house, as a posthumous gift of an old Cameronian preacher. When he came to himself, he turned his eager mind to these neglected volumes. Having grounded himself in the rudiments of knowledge, he carefully read Shakspeare, Milton, Junius, Swift, and Gibbon's "Decline and Fall;" and, in his riper years, plunged into an ocean of general reading, devouring all the best authors which fell in his way, or which he could procure. He studied the poets of Greece and Rome through the medium of translations, and by the same means, he read the works of Tasso, Dante, Schiller, Madame De Staël, and other continental authors. His reading was by no means confined to poetry. He studied history

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with enthusiasm; and after he had launched into the corn-law controversy, he carefully perused the ablest writers on political economy and cognate subjects. He has recorded of himself that he never could go through a second-rate book, and therefore confined his reading to works of established merit.

We now find him at the grand starting-point of the career which has made his life famous. His father was a Presbyterian, and had little love for the Established Church or the reigning power in the state. The teachings of the father, combined with the ill luck which the son had experienced in business, and which he attributed to the aristocratic institutions and policy of the times, tended to make the latter an ultra-liberal in politics. His warm heart and impulsive nature inflamed him with the desire of reforming the political system which bore so heavily upon the laboring classes of his countrymen. Rightfully or wrongfully, he attributed his own pecuniary disasters, and the larger share of the poverty and distress around him, to the "Bread Tax," and he declared exterminating war on the corn-laws. His truant genius, which in boyhood had lured him away from the dull school-room to flowery meadows, wooded hills, and flowing streams, where he could revel with nature, stamped him a poet. His imagination, though it had been pruned by study, was rankly luxuriant, bearing every variety of product, from the gnarled oak, tossed by storms and scathed by lightnings, to the fairest flower, tinted with beauty, and shedding the sweetest odors. Believing that the bread tax was the chief stumbling-block in the way of the advancement of the lower orders to intelligence, independence, and happiness, he shouted insurrection against it in the ears of the toiling millions, crying,

> "Up! bread-taxed slave! up!
> Our bread is taxed! arise!"

He set to martial measures the facts, arguments, and appeals, of the early opponents of the corn-laws—rousing the laboring masses to the battle-charge against the landlord monopoly, in tones which stirred the blood like a war-trumpet; while he poured down upon its supporters a ceaseless thunder-storm of rhythmical anathema, glittering with the hail of wit, sarcasm, ridicule, and contempt. Though his winged words made a furious rattling and crashing on the iron-mail of his enemies, yet for years they seemed to spend their fury without producing any visible impression on the armor of the foe. But, in due time, Cobden and his colleagues were roused by the din of the conflict, and his clear eye and steady hand forced these sharp rhymes between the joints of the harness, and pierced the vitals of the favored few whom the government had locked up in steel. The logical sense of the Manchester calico printer, translated the stanzas of the Sheffield corn rhymer into plain prose, and the League employed the rhetoric of John Doe in transcribing them into the statute-book, giving to the landlords a "be it enacted," and to the laborers cheap bread. It is not to be doubted, that the electric poetry of Elliott shortened the corn-law contest ten years.

But not the bread tax alone strung the lyre of Elliott. His long and weary struggles with adversity and poverty, and his natural generosity and benevolence, had fired his soul with the intensest hatred against every system and custom that depressed the class whence he had sprung. Every code and institution which coined the sweat of labor into gold to pamper the state, the church, or the aristocracy, found in him a relentless foe. In this he resembled Cobbett, of whose writings he was a great admirer, and whom he denominated "England's mightiest peasant born," and whose memory he consecrated by a beautiful elegy. Elliott's political verse is Cobbett's Register set to music. The energy with which each of these representatives of "the base-born" of their countrymen assailed systems hoary with age, and venerated as the legacy of antiquity, drew upon them unmeasured reproach and calumny. But they neither whined nor repined, croaked nor *canted*, but bore themselves proudly and defiantly, hurling logic, scripture, statistics, rhymes, denunciations and appeals, right and left, making the helmets of their enemies ring to the blows dealt by their stout arms. There was less soul-bitterness and more heart-nobility in the poetry of Elliott than in the prose of Cobbett. Cobbett hated all above him, and would fain bring everything down to his level. Elliott loved all below him, and would gladly elevate all to the highest attainable position. Taken in conjunction, they are the best embodiments of the wants, wishes, hates, and loves, of "the ground tier" of British Society, which the present century has produced. Burns belongs to the last century; and besides, though he was proud to be called "the ploughman bard," and sympathized with the class whence he originated, he did not, like Cobbett and Elliott, consecrate his life to the work of wresting from the lordly few the privileges which they withheld from the untitled many. Though his taste may have been more delicate, and his poetic temperament more exquisitely susceptible than Elliott's, he possessed less mental vigor, less robust courage, less breadth of soul, and was more easily bent and crippled by opposition and

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adversity. Yet Burns did enough to make his name a household word in every cottage of Scotland. In all the region round about Ayr, his memory dwells with every ploughman, and old and young are proud of the bard who made their hills and vallies world-famous as the spot where he animated his heart with that contempt for the badges of aristocracy and the distinctions of wealth, which, even more than his delicate pathos and chastened fancy, is the glory of his song.

Elliott was a master of the power of words. If, in the heated passages of his partisan poems, he used strong, rough epithets, he did it methodically, and with a kind of holy malice prepense, because they expressed his ideas more perfectly than softer and sweeter phrases. He never selected the most musical words when bolder ones would give a louder ring to his rhyme, provided his object were to rouse slumberers to duty, or make the ears of his enemies tingle. Yet had he a mind attuned to sympathy with the finest and most sacred sentiments of humanity, and he could select words to thrill the deepest chords of the soul. He could be bold, vigorous, and brilliant, or gentle, sweet, and pathetic, at will. His capacious bosom was full of the milk of human kindness. When assuaging grief, or cheering hope, or breathing consolation into the ears of the lowly and neglected, his lyre seemed strung with the very fibres of his own heart. Many of his verses well up from a full fountain of benevolence, and sparkle with the effervescence of an overflowing humanity. Some of his most exquisite gems relate to domestic scenes. Few poems in the language equal in delicate pathos his lines on the death of his son Thomas, "Flowers of the Heart," "The Dying Boy to the Sloe Blossom," and "Come and Gone." All of his readers have marked, with an admiration approaching to wonder, the contrast between the lute-like murmers which breathe through these hymns, and the trumpet-clangor which rings out shrill and defiant in many of his corn law poems, where every line is "rammed with life," and every word a blow. Each species of verse sprang from the same source—sympathy with human suffering—and both combine to illustrate the versatility of his genius.

Those who have read Elliot need not be told that he delighted to paint the face of nature. Few living poets equal him in the vividness of his descriptions of natural objects. He does not weary with elaborate drawings of minute particularities, but lights up the scene with radiant sketches of its salient features. He dips his pencil in the foam of the mountain torrent, or bathes it in the dew of the valley, spreading woodland, meadow, and flower upon the canvas with a fidelity to nature which shows that the truant school boy scanned landscape with a poet's eye. His taste and skill in this species of word-painting, are no doubt largely attributable to a fortunate circumstance of his youth. While yet grovelling in ignorance, he happened to call one evening upon a widowed aunt, who handed him a number of "Sowerby's Botany," having colored plates, which belonged to her son. He eagerly turned over the leaves and made rude copies of some of the drawings by holding them to the light and tracing them on thin paper. Delighted by this first exhibition of his interest in anything in the shape of a book, his aunt showed him his cousin's book of dried specimens of flowers, which he had collected in the fields. Ebenezer instantly resolved to have a similar collection of his own; and with an energy till then undeveloped, he entered upon the task, scaling hills, threading vallies, exploring the banks of streams, and gathering flowers, which he placed in his book, employing some one to write for him their names. He continued to makes copies of the plates in Sowerby, and buying a few water-colors contrived to tint them like the originals. His specimens and drawings soon made him famous among the village youngsters. An ambition to shine in the circle of his rustic fellows was kindled. Not long after this, his brother Giles, who, by-the-by, was an apt scholar and fond of books, read to him Thompson's Seasons. This threw a spark into the latent mine of his genius. After years of obscurity, it burst into a flame that carried his name over the world like sunshine. These incidents of his youth account for the fact, that almost every poem he has written, whether long or short, and on whatever subject, is redolent of flowers.

As an illustration of his love of flowers, we venture to quote his verses to "The Press." We select these because they also exhibit his political tendencies, and are a favorable specimen of his descriptive powers, and of the *soul* which he threw into every theme.

God said—"Let there be light!"
Grim darkness felt his might,
And fled away:
Then startled seas and mountains cold
Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
And cried—"'Tis day! 'tis day!"

"Hail, holy light!" exclaimed
The thunderous cloud, that flamed
O'er daisies white;
And lo! the rose, in crimson dressed,
Lean'd sweetly on the lily's breast,
And blushing, murmur'd—"Light!"

Then was the skylark born:
Then rose the embattled corn;
Then floods of praise

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Flow'd o'er the sunny hills of noon;
And then, in stillest night, the moon
Pour'd forth her pensive lays.

Lo, heaven's bright bow is glad!
Lo, trees and flowers all clad
In glory, bloom!
And shall the i'mortal sons of God
Be senseless as the trodden clod,
And darker than the tomb?

No, by the *mind* of man!
By the swart artisan!
By God, our Sire!
Our souls have holy light within,
And every form of grief and sin
Shall see and feel its fire.

By earth, and hell, and heaven,
The shroud of souls is riven!
Mind, mind alone
Is light, and hope, and life, and power!
Earth's deepest night, from this bless'd hour,
The night of mind, is gone.

"The Press!" all lands shall sing;
The Press, the Press we bring,
All lands to bless.
O, pallid want! O, Labor stark!
Behold, we bring the second ark!
The Press, the Press, the Press!

We venture to say, that there are few living English or American poets, but would be proud of the authorship of such lines.

Elliott has written prose as well as poetry. His Letters on the Corn Laws contain passages of as much compressed vigor, sententious pith, graphic delineation and keen point, as the Letters of Junius. He was also a public lecturer of highly respectable gifts. Early practice in the forum was alone wanting to have made him an orator who could have swayed the populace or ruled the senates of his country.

Some ten years ago, the writer of this article visited Mr. Elliott at Sheffield. We found him in the midst of that dingy town, begrimed with smoke, and stunned with the clangor of its thousand engines, looking after his business, which was typified by a sign extending along one side of a low building, reading thus; "Elliott & Co's. Iron & Steel Warehouse." His establishment was filled with bars of iron and steel, some of which his son, clad in a torn frock, was then weighing out to a customer. We were happy to learn from one of his townsmen that his business was prosperous, and that he had laid by a competency to meet the exigencies of approaching age. A two hour's conversation at the fire-side of his neat cottage, during which he pulled off his wet shoes and thoroughly dried them before the grate, gave us a better view of the mind and heart of the poet and the man, than we could have derived from a volume of "notices" and "sketches." He seemed familiar with the public events then transpiring in America, and expressed unbounded admiration of our free institutions. He made us answer a hundred questions in regard to Gen. Jackson's war with "Biddle and the Bank," and was warm in his eulogies of the venerable ex-president. The self-reliance, and iron courage of the hero of the Hermitage, found a sympathetic response in the bosom of the hero of the corn-law conflict. He poured out a stream of racy remarks about tariffs, free-trade, Church and State, Louis Philippe, Wellington, Chartism, and other current questions and men, his grey eye sparkling from underneath his shaggy eyebrows; his angular, nervous, and redundant gesticulation illustrating every curve and turn in the discourse, while ever and anon he thrust his wet shoes into the fire and rose to his feet as he pointed some emphatic sentence with a keen sarcasm, or rounded a period with a bit of good natured humor. His head was then turning grey, and we now have a vague impression that his face rather strongly resembled that of Gen. Taylor. But we are not mistaken when we say, that the interview left upon us an abiding conviction that we had been in company with a man of vigorous mind, brilliant imagination, extensive knowledge, and glowing heart.

Elliott not only struggled long with pecuniary adversity, but he was slow in acquiring the fame so freely showered upon him during the last eight or ten years of his life. Many of the very poems which eulogists now select to illustrate the vigor and splendor of his genius, were written years before the critics gave him a passport to Parnassus. He was known and read and loved by a multitude of unlettered Englishmen, long ere reviewers dared to utter his name. At length, after he had passed the age of fifty, Carlyle gave him a good hearty notice in the Edinburgh, Southey cautiously praised him in the Quarterly, some of the Monthlies echoed their plaudits, and his name was enrolled, "by authority," among the Poets of England. The abuse of political hacks, and his long neglect by the aristocratic dispensers of literary honors, no doubt sharpened the point of his pen, and wrung from him a good many such angry stanzas as this:—

"For thee, my country, thee, do I perform.
Steady, the duty of a man born free;
Heedless, though ass, and wolf, and venom'd worm,
Shake ears and fangs, with brandished bray, at me!"

During the last years of his chequered life Elliott lived in comparative quiet, with wealth enough to make him at ease, surrounded by his descendants, respected by his townsmen, revered

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by millions who never saw his face, and famous wherever the English language is spoken. Of his thirteen children, he lived to lay five in the grave, saw his daughters happily married, and his sons prosperous in professions and trade. He lived to see the freedom of the press placed under the protection of juries; religious liberty secured to all denominations of his countrymen; the electoral suffrage given to half a million of shopkeepers and artisans; and the Bread Tax repealed. On the opening of the first day of the last winter, he peacefully surrendered his giant soul to the Great Being who gave it. We may say of him as he said of Cobbet, in one of his elegiac stanzas to his memory:—

"Dead Oak, thou liv'st! Thy smitten hands,
The thunder of thy brow,
Speak with strange tongues in many lands,
And tyrants hear thee NOW!"

DEATH'S SEASONS.

BY E. W. B. CANNING.

"Thou hast all seasons for thy own, O Death!"—MRS. HEMANS.

In the bright and beauteous spring,
When sweet zephyrs whispering,
Wake the floweret's winter sleep,
Bid it ope and upward peep;
When the meads and vales are seen
Bursting into joy and green;
When the forest wreathes its brow
With the gaily blossomed bough;
And abroad, around, above,
Every influence breathes of love;
There is one who heeds not these—
Greenness, blossoming, nor breeze;
One who beauty heedeth never,
Save to shut its eye forever;
Secret are his goings forth,
Dark as tempests of the North;
Where his iron footsteps tread,
Every floweret drops its head,
And the voice of gladness high,
When he speaks, becomes a sigh.
Him no Spring with balmy breath
Charmeth—for his name is Death.

When glad Summer 'neath the sun,
Hath its glorious robes put on,
And beneath the noon-day's glance
Joyous streamlets sparkling dance;
When along the verdant shade,
Sheltered flocks are sleeping laid;
When with twilight dews descending,
Sunset's golden hues are blending;
Or, amid the star-lit even,
Music breathes, like tones from Heaven
And when spirit wings unfurled,
Seem to guard a sleeping world;
One there is who stayeth not
To regard the sunniest spot;
Sheen and shade—the light, the dim,
All alike appear to him;
Deeper shade and sorrowing
Fall where'er he spreads his wing;
On his unseen, silent way,
Stalketh he by night and day;
And the coffin and the spade
Hush the lover's serenade;
Charm, to stay him, Summer hath
Never—for his name is Death.

When rich Autumn, russet-clad,
Makes the laborer's bosom glad,
Pouring from its golden store,
Till his garner runneth o'er;
When the reaper's jocund song
Wakes the harvest field along;
And despite the year's decline,
Lingering suns of brightness shine;
When the early frost at morn
Pearls the mead and tips the corn,
And the groves, with myriad dyes,
Summer's gorgeous eve outvies;
When amid the freshened breeze;
Nut-brown honors quit the trees
And in depths of forest dense,
Frequent roars the hunter's gun;
One there is who o'er it all
Fain would wrap a gloomy pall;

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Russet robe and reaper's song
Stay him not his way along;
Nor the leaves of various dye
Charm his cold, sepulchral eye;
Nor the sounds that come from far—
Fall of nuts, nor hunter's war;
No—there's gloom above his path
Alway—for his name is Death.

When from out his northern halls
Bearded Winter sternly calls;
When above the frozen plain,
Flits and falls the feathery rain,
And the giant forests old,
Stiffened stand in hoary cold;
When with cloud-enshrouded form,
Frowns the spirit of the storm;
And in midnight darkness scowling,
Wakes the startled dreamer howling;
On the face of Nature drear,
Glooms the smile, and chills the tear;
Wraps in ghostly white the mountain,
Lawn and forest, vale and fountain;
And in tones of soul-heard chime,
Knolls the lapse of waning time;
There is one who never heedeth
Storm or cold, as on he speedeth;
When the gales are loud and high,
'Tis his time of revelry;
On the tempest's wing careering,
While the earth below is fearing;
Still in darkness and by day,
Onward ever is his way;
And the voice of mourning saith,
As he flies—"his name is Death."

King of Terrors, Nature's foe!
None thy summous may forego;
None can say "this hour is mine;"
Thou canst call all seasons thine.
In the balmiest breath of spring,
Thou canst deadliest poison fling,
And thy fatal damps distil
With the dews on sunniest hill.
Thou hast power 'neath summers glance,
To unseal the pestilence;
Make its brightest glories dim,
Change its song to requiem.
Thou, on Autumn's golden path,
Sow'st prolific seeds of death;
And in winter's stormy blast
Does thy baleful influence cast;
Deepening e'en its darkest gloom,
With thy visits from the tomb.

Yes!—earth's greatest, wisest, best,
Noblest, gentlest, loveliest—
Helpless, budding infancy,
Childhood, with its laughing eye,
Youthful bloom and manhood's strength,
Waning age with years of length,
By thy viewless shaft laid low,
To the land of silence go.
From the blazoned scroll of fame,
Thou dost pluck the proudest name,
Hush the trumpet of renown,
And of kings lay off the crown;
Pomp and wealth, and power and trust,
Thou dost mingle with the dust;
Dim'st the eye, that aye was tearless,
Bind'st the arm, tho' ne'er so fearless;
Bid'st the heart unknown to sorrow,
Drink its bitterness to morrow;
Every age and every nation,
Thou dost fill with desolation.

Sad, alas! if human woe,
Ever in such tide must flow;
Sad, if death must ever reign
Joyous o'er the wreck of men;
And, lov'st tenderest ties to sever,
His rejoicing be forever;
But with Faith's unclouded eye,
Death, I read that thou must die;
Yes, thou mighty Conqueror,
Tho' thou now dost mock and mar
Human joy, thyself shall be
"Swallowed up in victory;"
Aye—e'en we who now must fall
By thy scythe and 'neath thy pall,
Shall—the Word, that errs not, saith—
See at last the death of Death.
There's a world beyond thy river,
Thou, O Death! shalt enter never;
Fadeless flowers of matchless bloom,
There no more shall fear the tomb;
Smiling fields are ever green.
Skies are filled with softest sheen;
Streams are there of gentlest flow,
Mingled ne'er with tear of woe;
Sinless spirits, ever young,
Burn with love, or meet in song;
Beauty beams in every eye,
Glowing, nevermore to die.

And oft that bright land to our musings doth come
As the tempest-tossed voyager dreamed of his home;
'Tis doomed us, life's burden of sorrows to feel,
But there's peace and repose in the "land of the leal."

O, 'tis rapture to know of the wealth of the soul;
Of its being while ages on myriads roll;
In the bliss of that knowledge we smile o'er the grave,
And shout as we sink in Death's fathomless wave.

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THE WAKULLA SPRING.

BY PROF. SAMUEL M. HOPKINS.

An account, which has lately appeared in the papers, of some enormous fossil remains, raised from the bottom of the Wakulla Spring, has reminded me very pleasantly of a visit to that most interesting locality, made some twelve or fourteen years ago. A party of friends, engaged in surveying wild lands in Florida, were encamped in the wretched little town of St. Marks, on the top of the old Spanish fort, which stands there a neglected relic of former days. The broad stone floor afforded a clean and cool place of rest. Through the deep embrasures, no longer tenanted by cannon, the eye looked off toward the North and East upon the forests, with their dense undergrowth of tropical vegetation, with here and there a hummock, covered with palmetto, and vines, and flowering shrubs; and on the other side, upon the river St. Johns, which you easily traced to where it blended itself with the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. On this elevated platform, free from the assaults of musquetoes, and of that more vexatious torment, the sand-fly, the tents were pitched. Here the simple meal was prepared. The day was given to short excursions, or to "office" work—for the party had been driven in by a neighborhood of hostile Indians; at night, after worship—to which those old gray walls had perhaps never listened before—the Holy Scriptures read to a solemn listening circle, seated around the tent, and prayer offered to the unsleeping Guardian of His people, they wrappped their blankets about them, and lay down to sound repose upon the stony floor. But, to wake in the night, roused by the flapping of the tent-ropes and canvas, as the breeze blew strongly from the Gulf, and hear the breathing of the sleepers around; to catch the gleam of our waning watch-fire, and gradually to bring to mind all the accompaniments and associations of the place, what could be more strange and solemn? The thought reverted to those early Spanish adventurers, who wandered into this region, lured by the fable of the fountain of perpetual youth; gallant, but greedy and cruel—asking unlimited gold to buy, and unfailing vigor to enjoy, every pleasure of the sense. Then rose before the mind the vision of the Buccaneers, who made this spot one of their haunts—those rapacious and sanguinary sea robbers, who, more like the old Vikings than petty modern pirates, not only swept peaceful commerce from the main, but boldly landed to ravage and plunder the coast. And then the scene changed again to much later times; and, with the tents and baggage-wagons, and marching sentinel of a small detachment of United States troops below the fort, needed but a slight effort of the imagination to bring the incidents of 1848, with the striking figure in the foreground of that stern, implacable old soldier, who has since gone, we hope penitent and forgiven, to his rest.

The unsettled state of the country rendered further surveying operations unsafe, and it was necessary to abandon the enterprize for the present. But before returning northward, it was determined, at the expense of some hazard, to gratify our curiosity by visiting the fountain of the Wakulla. The river itself—a river only twelve miles long, from its junction with the St. Marks to its source—washed the walls of the fort. We had an eight-oared boat, and arms nearly sufficient for the party. It was a good day's work, and we started betimes. Twelve miles to pull against the stream was no trifle. The bed of the river was partly filled with aquatic vegetation; but a channel of clear water, wide and deep enough for a vessel of large size, afforded unobstructed progress along the low marshy banks; the cypress grew in abundance, sending up its strange rounded knobs of shoots from the water. Fowl of various kinds, upon whose thick plumage and tough skin our shot was expended in vain, rested on the branches or swam beneath their shadow.

Here and there an alligator basked on the shore, or slipped from some perch of floodwood at our approach. Startling the solitary echoes with many a discharge of our pieces at flying or creeping things, and many a laugh at our frequent want of success, we came at length to the end of our voyage; and from the winding, grass-grown river floated at once over the clear still depths of the fountain. It was of a circular form,

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and all around the brink like guards, locked shoulder to shoulder, stood the tall cypress and oak. So they had stood for ages watching their shifting shadows in this extraordinary mirror. Here was a spring within which a man-of-war might wind, pouring out from its full lip a river, up which, if cleared of a few obstructions, a large sized steamer might sail. For a third of the distance across the basin after entering it, you float over a projecting shelf of whitish rock, upon which, at the depth of perhaps sixty or seventy feet, objects resembling organic remains, (it may be the same recently raised,) were plainly to be seen. Passing beyond the edge of this rock, the gazer downwards shrinks involuntarily at finding himself floating over a black unfathomable abyss, from the depths of which this great fountain or submerged river gushes up. There was something fearful in passing beyond the clear well defined edge of that rock, which even at such a depth seemed to give you something to rest on; and seeing nothing beneath you but the inky blackness of water into whose mysterious profound even the diver of Charybdis might fear to leap. There was an awe on the spirit here, which forbade shout or laughter. The mind silently asked whence comes this mighty and ceaseless flow of waters? Is it some sunken river which far away has shot into a cavern or buried itself in the sand, and after long wandering darkling, leaps up once more to see the light; or is it the child of some deep central sea which has strayed abroad in its play, and comes up wondering to take its first view of sun, and cloud, and forest! But speculation was vain, and the time to indulge it could scarce be spared. The path of travel between the creek and the Seminole country was known to lead not far distant, and delay might be dangerous. A kind Providence was around us, and we returned in safety just after nightfall; but under the wall of the old fort we found the spent and frightened escort of some baggage just come in, and barely escaping with their lives from the Seminole rifle. A few miles from St. Mark's a shout in the road behind caused them to check up, when instantly a shower of balls flew among them wounding both men and horses. The drivers plied the lash hard, and made good their escape to the town. Thus much at least, the recovery of the fossil remains from the Wakulla spring, shows that at some remote period some aged monarch perhaps of the mighty herd that crashed the forest before them, or some champion wounded from a desperate combat, stooped to take his last draught of these sweet waters, and reeled into the abyss, leaving his bones for the wonder and instruction of future ages.

HEAVEN'S LIGHT.

Go, look upon a glassy lake,
  'Twill mirror back thy bending form—
Reflect the ever-passing clouds,
  Whether in sunshine or in storm.

'Twill give thee back thy frown or smile;
  But let thy footsteps turn away;
Thou leav'st no impress on the tide,
  No image on the faithless spray.

But the bright sky is ever there,
  Which nought but passing clouds can hide:
What were the world without its light
  To shine upon that glassy tide!

Thus many a gay and buoyant heart
  Reflects a kindly feeling back;
Gives smiles for smiles, that, meteor-like,
  Pass on, nor leave a single track.

But, trust me, there is only one
  Who hath the power of heaven's light;
Whose presence can illume the heart,
  Whose absence makes eternal night.

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SABBATH RECREATIONS;

OR, THE LIFE OF CHARLES ATWELL.

BY REV. DR. POND.

Charles Atwell was the eldest son of a lawyer in the interior of Massachusetts, about a hundred miles from Boston. His parents were pious, exemplary Christians; the father, distinguished chiefly for soundness of judgment and uniform gravity and dignity of demeanor; the mother for quickness of apprehension, cheerfulness of disposition, and a bustling activity in the different pursuits of life.

In mental endowments, as well as in appearance, Charles bore a striking resemblance to his mother. He was a lively, active boy, fond of society, fond of play, strongly susceptible to impressions from without, and too easily led astray by evil companions. Still, he was apt to learn, and found no difficulty at school in sustaining himself at the head of his class, whatever studies might be assigned to him.

His religious education, though not palpably neglected, was not everything that could be desired. His father had little direct intercourse with his children. His example, to be sure, was one of sobriety and integrity; but his children were kept at a distance from him, and their feelings toward him were rather those of veneration than affection. His mother took a deep interest in her children, and gave them much important religious instruction; and yet, if her example had been more uniform and consistent, her good influence over them had been more valuable and abiding.

The Sabbath at Mr. Atwell's was always observed as a holy day. The family were regularly in their place at church; and the children, as they became one after another of sufficient age, were connected with the Sabbath school, in which their mother was an efficient teacher. Here, as in the common school, Charles distinguished himself by the ease and accuracy with which he acquired the lesson; nor could there have been any objection to his deportment, except that he was occasionally seated with those who, knowing how to operate upon his too susceptible heart, led him into occasional improprieties of conduct. Still, Charles was, on the whole, a good member of the Sabbath school. He had an excellent teacher, to whom he was a favorite and a hopeful pupil.

That same trait of character which rendered Charles, at times, too susceptible to bad impressions, rendered him also susceptible to good impressions; and his teacher, availing himself of this, sought by every method to reach his heart, and bring him under the saving influence of truth; and in more than one instance, Charles *was* serious. He thought upon his ways, and encouraged the hope that he was not far from the kingdom of God. At one time in particular—it was a season of more than ordinary religious interest in the congregation and in the Sabbath school—he seemed deeply affected, went to the inquiry meeting, helped to institute a praying circle among the boys of his own age, and indulged the hope, for a while, that he had been born of God. But the event proved that this hope was premature. His religious exercises were chiefly the result of sympathy, and when others ceased to be deeply interested in religion, his interest in like manner subsided. His apparent goodness was like the morning cloud.

As Charles grew older, his father proposed to him a collegiate education; but he was averse to it. Though he acquired knowledge easily, and was a prompt and ready scholar, still he had no great love of learning, and had not the habits of a student. He preferred a stirring, active life, and often requested that a situation might be procured for him as a merchant's clerk.

Nor was it long before a favorable situation presented itself. In the largest store in his native town, kept by one of the principal citizens, a worthy man, and an officer in the church, a clerkship became vacant, a boy was wanted, and Charles was admitted upon trial.

This was a situation not only agreeable, but eminently favorable to him. It was favorable as affording an opportunity for acquiring a knowledge of his chosen profession. It was favorable also in a moral and spiritual point of view. His home was still under the parental roof, where the watchful eyes of father and mother and other

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friends were upon him. He worshipped in the same congregation, and belonged to the same Sabbath school, with which he had been connected from childhood. His employer, too, was not only a man of business, but a man of *principle*, who regarded a youth in his service much as he would a child. The change, therefore, in Charles' course of life was almost no trial to him. His temptations in some respects, and particularly that he had now an agreeable and steady employment, were even less than they were before.

In this situation Charles continued for about two years, developing meanwhile uncommon resources, and proving to all his acquaintances that his profession had been wisely chosen. He was prompt, active, social, agreeble. In short, he was a universal favorite. By his skill and tact he attracted customers, who always preferred to do their business with him.

His popularity at this time was, in fact, an injury to him: it inflated him with pride and self-importance, and rendered him uneasy in a situation where he ought to have been contented and happy. He was now seventeen years of age. He began to put on the appearance and to affect the airs of a man. He thought himself too much of a man to be longer the youngest clerk in a country store, and to perform the drudgery incident to his station. He had been several times to Boston on business, where he had made a few acquaintances, and he longed and teazed for a situation there. His judicious father at first remonstrated; but the mother seconded the wishes of her son, and so a general acquiescence was ere long gained. Charles closed his engagement with good Deacon P——, and was soon installed as one of the under clerks in a large wholesale establishment in —— street, Boston.

The employers of Charles, in Boston, were men of well-earned reputation, and long established business habits, but not of strictly *religious principle*. Everything must be kept in perfect order in the establishment. Every man and boy must be in his place, and must be ready to give an account of himself at a moment's warning. But when business hours were over, and the season of relaxation and rest had come, each was permitted to dispose of himself as best he liked, only that he must be ready in good time, and at his post when the hour of business returned.

An arrangement had been made, by which Charles was to board at the same house with three of his fellow-clerks, with one of whom, James Cobb, he was to occupy the same chamber. And now we behold this youth of seventeen fairly established, for a season, at Boston. He is surrounded with new scenes and objects; almost everything to learn; but he is can learning much in a little time, and he s fies all the recommendations which l given of him. He proves himself to be an cient and valuable helper in the store.

But his chief temptations and difficulties wer not there. He had received strict injunction from his father as to the manner in which he wa to spend his evenings and his Sabbaths, and as t his place of public worship; and for a time thes injunctions were pretty faithfully regarded. H read his Bible every day; tried to maintain se cret prayer; kept within doors on the Sabbath except during the hours of worship; and coul be have found, at this time, some Christian frien of his own age, and of congenial disposition, t take him by the hand, converse with him, and watch over him, the probability is, that he might have been saved. But, alas, he knew no such friend; and no one of this character knew aught of him.

The young men with whom he boarded were social and agreeable, but destitute of religious principles or restraints, and only contrived to pass their leisure hours in such manner as would afford them the most enjoyment. Their evenings, when out of the store, were spent variously, but for the most part uselessly. Indeed, they were often a great deal worse than lost. For the Sabbath they had no other regard, than to make it a season of relaxation and amusement. Sometimes they wandered from one church to another, but more generally, when the weather was favorable, indulged themselves with a stroll or a ride into the country.

At first, they took no pains to interfere with the religious feelings and habits of Charles Atwell. If he would let them have their way, they would not disturb him in his. But as they became more acquainted with him, their interest in him increased. His quickness of apprehension, his ready wit, his activity, his pleasantry, his yielding plastic nature, and his unceasing flow of animal spirits, all contributed to render him a boon companion; and they determined, if possible, to dissipate his scruples, and enlist him in their course of life.

At a pretty early period, his room-mate undertook to draw him away from the meeting which his father had selected for him, and endure the habit of roving on the Sabbath from place to place, "Why do you go to Dr. A——s church all the time? Better hear a variety of preachers, and of doctrines, and then you can judge for yourself what is right. You may never again have so good an opportunity. Come, go with me this

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ing, and hear the celebrated philanthropist, ——."

He hardly knew how to resist such an appeal, though he did not feel quite easy in yielding to it. He remembered the solemn injunctions of his father; and remembered to have read somewhere in the Bible: "Cease, my son, to hear the instruction which causeth to err from the words of knowledge." Still he thought, "It can do no hurt to go once. If I do not like what is said, I need never go again. And besides, how can I form a judgment on these disputed points, unless I hear all sides." In fact, Charles needed but little persuasion. His consent was soon gained. So, arm in arm with Mr. Cobb, he marched off to hear the celebrated Mr. P ——.

Arrived at the place of worship, Charles was surprised to see it crowded with young men. It seemed to be a congregation of apprentices and clerks, with here and there a lady, and a gentleman, of some age and standing, to keep the rest in countenance. The music was excellent, and the whole scene was novel, exciting and agreeable; but with the sermon, (if sermon it could be called,) our new comer was a good deal troubled. He had been accustomed to venerate the Bible, and the whole Bible; and he was scandalized to hear, and that, too, from the pulpit, that though the Bible contained much that is excellent, it contains other much that is absurd and incredible. He had been instructed to renounce the holy Sabbath, and to consider himself as much bound to keep the fourth commandment, as either one of the ten. But now he was told that the Sabbath, though well enough to be observed as a season of relaxation, was wholly without divine authority, and that the fourth commandment, like the rest of the rubbish of the Jewish ritual, was done away. Charles was a firm believer in the doctrine of future rewards and punishments. But here he was assured that there is no hell, and that those who teach otherwise, teach a lie. In short, Charles was troubled and offended with what he had heard. He could not believe it; could not like it; nor could he think it safe to hear the inculcation of such abominable doctrines. He remonstrated with his companions on his return, and told them if they were disposed to hear such preaching, they might, but they must not expect him to go with them any more.

His objections led to a long discussion, in which the afternoon and evening were chiefly spent; so that Charles' usual place of worship was not visited that day at all. Nor did these discussions end with the Sabbath, but were carried into the week, and even into the store. In the intervals of business, the clerks might be seen clustered together, with Charles in the midst, disputing about the inspiration of the Scriptures, the divine authority of the Sabbath, and the doctrine of eternal punishment.

Charles had not been accustomed to this kind of argument; and though ingenious and fluent, and somewhat acquainted with the Bible, it could hardly be expected that he would not, at times be worsted. The effect of the debates, though they did not convince him, was to fill his mind with doubts, cavils and objections, and to fritter away that high sense of religious obligation, under which his character had been hitherto formed. He half suspected that he had been too strict a religionist; that he had been imposed upon by needless restraints; and that he might safely indulge himself in a greater latitude of opinion and action than had before been allowed him.

His mind was made up, however, that he should not hear Mr. P —— again: but, as the week wore away and drew towards a close, it was announced in the papers that Mr. P —— was to lecture on the morning of the Sabbath, upon war. Charles had an innate abhorrence of war. The announcement, therefore, struck him favorably, and he was half persuaded, even before he was invited, to avail himself of the opportunity of the lecture. This persuasion was warmly seconded by his companions, who insisted that no consideration ought to prevent him from hearing the discourse. Again, then, we find Charles in the crowd at the M——— listening to the appeals of Mr. P ——. And, except that he thought the subject rather too secular for the Sabbath, and that it was not treated throughout with becoming seriousness, he was free to acknowledge himself remarkably pleased. He was more impressed than ever with the evils, the absurdities, the horrors of war, and his first impressions of the speaker were a good deal modified. In fact, his *prejudices*, as he now termed them, were comparatively overcome. Of course, when it was announced, soon after, that Mr. P —— was to preach upon Slavery, upon prison discipline, and upon capital punishment, Charles rushed to his chapel with as little scruple as either of his companions.

By this time, Charles' veneration for the Sabbath was pretty much dissipated, and his mode of spending it was entirely changed. Instead of confining himself to one meeting, he went to any, or to none, as was most agreeable. He did not regard himself as connected with any particular congregation. He had learned to enjoy a ride, too, on the Sabbath, and was frequently out at Brighton, or Newton, or Milton, or Lynn, till late in the evening.

This course of life could not be long pursued,

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without coming to the knowledge of his parents, and he received a letter of stern rebuke and remonstrance from his father. On the reception of this, he was half inclined to be angry; but on mature reflection, he could not be. Though he thought his father a great deal too strict and puritanical in his notions, yet he knew that he loved him, and sought his good. And as he could not deny the main facts charged upon him, nothing remained but that he must attempt to justify them in the best manner he could. He returned a respectful answer to his father's letter, in which he ackowledged that his views as to the sanctity and Divine authority of the Sabbath were materially changed; that he considered it a Jewish, and not a Christian institution; that it was well to observe it as a respite from labor, and a time for agreeable relaxation; but the extreme strictness with which it was ordinarily observed he deemed not only needless, but a perversion of its benevolent design. He reminded his father, too, of the necessity of relaxation which his situation imposed. Shut up within brick walls six days of the week, he needed to breathe a free air on the seventh; and a stroll into the country was as necessary to his health, as it was to his happiness. In short, Charles knew what he had to encounter in the steady principles and habits of his pious father, and he made out as strong an argument for Sabbath recreations as possible.

The reception of their son's letter gave no pleasure to Mr. and Mrs. Atwell. They were gratified to learn, as they did from various sources, that his business reputation was untarnished—that he was in high favor with his employers; but they were distressed to hear, and that, too, from his own lips, that his religious principles had been corrupted, and that he was in the constant habit of profaning God's holy day. Their first impression was to remove him, at once, from the scene of his temptations, and take him home; but such a measure would be attended with some inconvenience to themselves, and they feared as to its effect upon the mind of their son. Mr. A. finally concluded to write Charles another letter, and to go more fully than he had before done into the argument for a strict observance of the Sabbath, and into the consequent sin and danger of violating it. And this letter I would gladly insert entire, did my limits permit. It was, in every respect, worthy of the father. It made some impression on the heart of the son; though, alas, not such as could have been desired. It was such a plea for the observance of the Sabbath, as has been rarely, if ever, put forth.

Mr. A. reminded his son of the early institution of the Sabbath in Paradise, and inquired how it came to be instituted then, more than two thousand years before the Israelitish nation had an existence, if it was intended solely for them? He inquired, too, why the law of the Sabbath, if intended as a mere ritual observance, did not stand with the other ritual laws? Why was it placed in the midst of nine, which are confessed of universal and perpetual obligation? And why was it written, not on parchment, but on tables of *stone*, to denote its everlasting durability? Or if the Sabbath was intended for the Jews only, why did our Saviour say expressly that it "was made for *man*?" Mr. A. went into a consideration of the *reasons* for the Sabbath, and showed that they are of universal concernment; that no reason can be thought of why the Israelites should have had a Sabbath, which does not apply equally to the rest of mankind. And as to the plea of relaxation, and the necessity of a ride or a walk into the country, Mr. A. appealed to his son's own experience. "Which is best calculated to fit one for the labors and business of the week, —a day of religious reading, and quiet rest in one's own room, with a pleasant walk to and from church; or a scene of dissipation at the hotels and watering-places in the country? Returned home, often late at night, worn out with the bustle and excitement of the day, and with an uneasy conscience, are *you* in a better state now to go to your business on Monday morning, than you used to be in your Sabbath-keeping day?"

This letter, as I said, made some impression upon the heart of Charles. He could not meet its arguments, or resist altogether its appeals. And yet he was too far gone to be recovered in a single effort of this nature. Reason did not make him a Sabbath breaker, and reason could not unmake him. His course of life had come to be a *loved* one. He was no longer drawn into it, but pursued it eagerly, and was often the willing instrument of seducing others.

It fell out, too, in Charles' case, as it commonly does, that the vice of Sabbath-breaking existed not alone. It was associated with others. His lively, social nature peculiarly exposed him to the assaults of temptation, and he fell into different forms of sin. He drank occasionally, if not to beastly intoxication, at least to very great excess. The gaming-table was not unfrequented, and other forms of wickedness, even more degrading and destructive, were practiced.

A course of life like that here indicated is not only ruinous, but *expensive*. To serve the devil genteelly and habitually is attended with cost. This Charles and his companions soon discovered. They learned, too, that they had not, and could

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not honestly obtain all the means of self-gratification which they desired. Their employers also learned, what they commonly do in like cases, that the account on the slate, and the contents of the drawer, did not always agree. There was a deficit, which nobody could explain, but which was actually occurring with an alarming frequency.

In these circumstances, the proprietors of the establishment accused nobody. They scrutinized, and wondered, but kept their thoughts to themselves. Meanwhile they began to do—what they should have done long before—they made inquiry respecting the habits of their younger clerks, how they spent their evenings, and their Sabbaths, and what they were doing while out of the store. Nor did this inquiry proceed very far, before Charles and his companions were given to understand that their services were no longer needed. No particular charges were urged against them; they were even furnished with qualified recommendations, but they lost their places, and were turned off, penniless, to shift for themselves.

And now, what are these young men to do? To be angry, they knew, would be to no purpose. To demand an investigation might lead to disclosures which would be disgraceful. They felt that their employers had dealt more favorably with them than they deserved, and they at length concluded to pocket their papers, (such as they were,) and to seek employment where they might find it. So one went this way, and another that, as circumstances and inclination seemed to dicate.

Charles wrote a short letter to his father, stating that he had had difficulty with his employers, and had concluded to leave them; but stated nothing as to his plans in future. After spending a few days in Boston, he concluded to travel east; and we next find him employed in a post-office, in one of the large towns of Maine. His promptness, his activity, his obliging disposition, and his knowledge of business, fitted him admirably for such a station; and long might he have continued in it, had his moral principles and character been uncorrupt. But, alas, he brought with him no soundness in respect to these. In a large distributing post-office he could not keep the Sabbath strictly, if he would, and he had no inclination to keep even those parts of the day which were at his own disposal. He soon formed acquaintances like himself, and most of his leisure hours were spent in vulgar dissipation. To meet the expense of such indulgences would have been impossible to some young men, but unhappily was no trial to him. Letters, containing money, often passed through the office, and when he was in need of funds, he had only to open and destroy one, and retain the contents.

Of course such a procedure, on the part of a comparative stranger, could not be long persisted in without suspicion. Charles had more eyes upon him than he was aware of. The frequent inquiries for lost money put every one upon the watch. His character, his habits, his expenses, were inquired into, and these last were compared with his honest income. At length, to bring the matter to a test, a letter, containing money, was designedly thrown in his way, and he was known to have rifled it.

I need not say, that his arrest and imprisonment immediately followed. Before he had time to be fully aware of his condition, he found himself incarcerated within the walls of a dungeon. And now it was that his eyes were first opened upon himself. He saw where he was, and what he had done, and what had brought him to his present miserable condition. His soul was haunted and tortured with mingled grief and guilt, shame and despair. Should he write to his father? No; that he could not do: not an individual about him knew that he had a father. Should he send for some of his guilty companions? No; they could not comfort him; he neither wished to see them, nor they him. Should he seek relief from God in prayer? He used to pray in his younger days, but the duty had been long neglected, and now he did not dare to pray. Prayers, such as his, he felt sure would be an abomination.

Alone in his cell, given over to the most torturing reflections, and with a constitution broken down by indulgence, Charles soon became the victim of sore disease. His reason remained, as if to add to his torments; but his body was racked with suffering, and was evidently sinking to the dust. Medical attendance was afforded him, but to little purpose. The anguish of his mind was enough to destroy him, even if there had been no other cause.

It was in these circumstances that Charles' cell was entered, one day, by an excellent young man, who had long been in the habit of visiting the prisoners, and conversing with them. Mr. Turner (for that was the name of this ministering spirit) approached his bed, and sat down by the side of him on the end of a bench, the only seat which the room afforded. There was a heavenly mildness in Mr. T.'s countenance; there was a kindness, gentleness, and sympathy, in his manner, which instantly won upon the heart of poor Charles. He asked after the health of the prisoner, inquired into his state of mind, encouraged him to communicate with him freely and without reserve, and proffered him all the assistance in

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his power. Charles was pleased and interested with the visit, and asked Mr. T. to come again. "Come soon," says he, "or you may be too late." Mr. T. prayed with him, and left him with a promise that he would return the next day.

It would be needless to speak particularly of the several interviews between Mr. T. and Charles in the prison. Suffice it to say, that the former secured, as he deserved, the entire confidence of the latter, who considered Mr. T. as, next to his parents, the best friend he ever had. He freely opened to him his whole heart, and told him the story of his life, just as it is related in the foregoing pages.

Mr. T. proposed to write, at once, to his parents, but Charles would not consent. "Never, till I am dead," said he, "and then you may tell them all. I could not see them; and to have them know of my situation, would only add to *their* distress and *mine*."

As Charles was evidently sinking under incurable maladies, without the prospect of living even to have a trial, Mr. T. was unwearied in his endeavors to lead his mind to the Savior—that Savior who died for the vilest transgressors, and whose blood cleanseth from all sin. But in his efforts for this object, he was less clearly successful than he desired. Charles' guilt appeared to him so great and overwhelming, that he hardly dared hope it could ever be washed away. He knew all that the Scriptures contain as to the sufficiency of Christ; but he regarded his own as a peculiar case. Never before had sinner transgressed like him. His sins so stared him in the face—they seemed to him so great and aggravated, that he could not admit the hope of pardon. As a general thing, he refused to be comforted.

But one thing he left in solemn charge before he died; and with the delivery of this, his last message, the account of him will close. "Tell all," said he, "to whom you have occasion to relate my story, that *Sabbath-breaking was the cause of my ruin*. Had I obeyed my father, when I went to Boston, and connected myself permanently with the meeting of his choice, and kept the Sabbath, I might have been as happy as I now am miserable. But I was made to believe that there *is* no Sabbath for Christians, except as a season of recreation, and under pretence of recreation, I was led dreadfully to profane holy time; and hence the origin of all my woes. Truly, my iniquities have gone over my head; as a killing burthen they are too heavy for me. My sins, at last, have found me out. Publish it, good Mr. Turner, when I am gone; sound it abroad as far as you please, that my example may be a warning to others. Tell young men from me,—from my prison-house, and my dying bed,—*to beware of what are called Sabbath recreations*. It is these that have ruined me; and the same, if persisted in, will ruin them."

It was but a few days after this, in a private room of the jailer's house, in presence of the officials, and a few friends, that the funeral of Charles Atwell was attended. There was no father or mother present to weep over his remains, and follow them to the family sepulchre. They were borne away dishonored to the prisoner's grave.

THE PAST.

THINK not too much upon the past,
Nor dwell in fond yet vain regret
Upon those scenes which could not last,
Whose light, though shed, gleams round thee yet.

Perchance 'tis well the past should throw
A brighter light upon life's gloom;
But yet, I would not it should glow
A death light o'er to day's dark tomb.

Waste not to day in thinking o'er
The past you never can recall;
Believe there's brighter days in store—
That brighter realms God wills for all.

For ever bear thou this in mind,
Think what those realms of bliss will be;
Then throw the past you mourn behind,
And live for life's eternity.

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JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

Great powers are sometimes useless to their possessor, and the world which should be benefited thereby. Strength, either of body or mind, was only given man to be subjected to the control of his judgment and reason; left to itself, and the suggestion of the passions, it becomes a madman, flinging brands indiscriminately in the camps of its friends and foes, and heaping the while coals of fire upon its own head. Society is doubtless full of moral and social evils, but those evils contain the germ of better things. The world is, as it were, "a rank unweeded garden;" but no man, with a sound brain, would think of plucking up weeds and flowers together; We should go gently to work in all reforms,—remembering,

"There is a soul of goodness in things evil."

Latterly some of the poets of the day have caught the infection of these "pestilent fellows," —Mackay, Charles Swain, and Martin Farquar Tupper, in England; and Lowell, in America, have fallen into their ranks; Mackay, Swain, and Tupper, can well be spared, but Lowell is a man of too much genius to be given up to such delusions. With all due deference to the opinion of many wiser men, we think that poetry has a higher aim, than the mere celebration of to-day, and the anticipation of to-morrow's triumph or defeat. Poetry was never made to hew wood and draw water; that is the task of a Caliban: the end and delight of this Ariel, is—

"to tread the ooze of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the North,
And do its business in the veins o' th' earth,
When it is baked with frost."

The finest and most spiritual poetry, that which contains

"The mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark,"

never deals with the commonplaces of the world. It looks down upon life in its mortal aspect, as a slight and trivial thing; the inner, nobler part, is all it recognizes. The outward forms of nature, however beautiful, are only beloved for the life within. A flower is but little to the true poet; it is the "burden of the mystery" which makes him hang over it for hours; it is the lesson it teaches which makes it beautiful; the tint of its leaves, the sweetness of its scent, are the last things that he thinks of.

The mere accomplishment of verse, which so many people, who possess nothing else, possess in perfection, is by no means

"The vision and the faculty divine."

Poetry is something beside mere description; if it were not, long-winded auctioneers of real estate, who clothe ideal walls with gratuitous fruit, and insinuate obsequious rivulets into imaginary groves, would be the finest poets in the world. These remarks, which were suggested to us by a late reading of the poetry of James Russell Lowell, to whom, however, they by no means apply in all their bearings, lead us more particularly to our original subject, which was to pen a running commentary on some of his poems. Belonging to no sect or school in poetry, we recognize Truth and Beauty wherever we find it, and dare to censure old and established favorites when they deserve it. If there were more of this independent criticism among us, American literature would not be the wordy, flashy, imitative thing that it is at present; but we hope in this respect, as in other matters,

"There's a good time coming!"

Mr. Lowell has been before the public as a poet some ten or twelve years; his first volume "A Year's Life, and other Poems," was published, if we mistake not, in 1840. It bore unquestionable marks of genius, as much so as his last, which leads us to believe that his mind is not progressive. He has freed himself from many faults, but the general tone of his poetry is the same.

Many of his early poems suggest Keats and Tennyson, yet there are no general points of resemblance:—the delicacy of wording,—the appreciation and enjoyment of luxury,—and, above all, the intensity of poetry, which distinguish these poets, are totally wanting. Similarity in subjects a turn of thought, or a cadence, are all that recall them to mind. Mr. Lowell's Legend of

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Brittany reminds us of the Pot of Basil, but is in no respect an imitation; it is more careless and diffused; it talks too much, and acts too little; many felicitous lines and stanzas, however, show the true poet. One stanza in the description of Margaret, is very fine:

"None looked upon her but he straightway thought
Of all the greenest depths of country cheer,
And into each one's heart was freshly brought
What was to him the sweetest time of year,
So was her every look and motion fraught
With out-of-door delights, and country lere;—
Not the first violet on a woodland lea,
Seemed a more visible gift of spring than she."

"Flooded he seemed with bright, delicious pain,
As if a star had burst within his brain."

"Like golden ripples hasting to the land,
To wreck their freight of sunshine on the strand."

The complaint of the murdered maid, when her ghost returns to the cathedral, to beg the rites of baptism for her unborn child, is very simple and touching:

"This little spirit, with imploring eyes,
Wanders alone the dreary wild of space;
The shadow of his pain forever lies
Upon my soul, in this new dwelling-place;
His loneliness makes me in Paradise
More lonely, and unless I see his face,
Even here, for grief, I could lie down and die,
Save for my curse of immortality.

"World after world he sees around him swim,
Crowded with happy souls, that take no heed
Of the sad eyes, that from the night's faint rim
Gaze sick with longing on them as they speed,
With golden gates, that only shut out him;
And shapes, sometimes from hell's abysses freed,
Flap darkly by him, with enormous sweep
Of wings, that roughen wide the pitchy deep.

"I am a mother,—spirits do not shake
This much of earth from them,—and I must pine,
Till I can feel his little hands, and take
His weary head upon this heart of mine;
And it may be, full gladly for his sake,
Would I this solitude of bliss resign,
And be shut out of heaven to dwell with him,
Forever in that silence drear and dim.

"I sit and weep while blessed spirits sing:
I can but long and pine the while they praise,
And, leaning o'er the wall of heaven, I fling
My voice to where I deem my infant strays,
Like a robbed bird, that cries in vain to bring
Her nestlings back beneath her wing's embrace;
And still he answers not, and I but know
That heaven and earth are both alike in wo."

Four lines of the Legend gives us Mr. Lowell's theory of art, the cause, in our opinion, of all his faults and failures:

"Yet let us think that there is naught above
The all-embracing atmosphere of art,
So also there is naught that falls below
Her generous reach, though *grimed with guilt and wo.*"

Now, we do not hesitate to say that we set our faces at once against any such theory We believe that while there are many things in the universe too lofty and sublime for art to touch, there are infinitely many more beneath its regard when taken as they really exist, "with all their imperfections on their heads." Deformity and sin, in their original forms, are not proper subjects for either poetry, painting, or sculpture. There must be some redeeming points introduced, a heavenly light shed over their earthliness, a mantle of beauty folded over their ugliness. Drunkards and Magdalens, however much they may move our pity and charity, do not deserve to be, and never should be, embalmed in the monuments of art. Art, in its spiritual meaning is but another name for Beauty. Whatever is most beautiful is most adapted for its embodiment. The gloomy and narrow imagination of Dante may delight to portray the sufferings of Ugolino, but the healthy and universal spirit of Shakspeare, like nature, whose type and image he is, never presents us with unmitigated horrors; —in this respect he soared wonderfully above all the dramatic poets of his age, whose chief joy seemed to be to dally with forbidden subjects, and to strew the stage with dead and dying. Artists should never be public executioners, unless, as in some European nations, the office happens to run in their families.

This low theory of art, which embraces subjects "grimed with guilt and wo," and its natural roughness and coarse expression, have been fatal to a great deal of Mr. Lowell's poetry. He would, poetically speaking, take a drunkard from the gutter, or a Magdalen from the haunts of vice, and place them both in his parlor, to hold small talk with the Graces; or seat them both at his table, with Truth and the unspotted virtues. This speaks volumes for the goodness of his heart; but charity and benevolence should be tempered by a thousand nice discriminations, otherwise they degenerate and become useless.

Another fault of Mr. Lowell's poetry is a certain unnatural loftiness;—he walks on stilts, and mouths too much. True greatness is calm, patient and serene; it is only the "sham" that blows its own trumpet. His theory of diction is, in many respects, false; what he seems to consider strength is merely coarseness of language—the language of excited common life—harsh, sneering, and contemptuous. Compare his Pro-

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metheus with Shelley's; one is gentle, full of hope and faith; the other, passionate and revengful. We do not, in general, believe in this comparative criticism,—but where the subjects of two artists are alike, and their characteristics are fixed by the voice of tradition and time, it cannot be narrow-minded to subject them to the same test. We do not mean to deny that Mr. Lowell's Prometheus contains a great deal of fine poetry, but its conception and general tone is rough, stilted, and unnatural;—Prometheus is too egotistical. Here are some fine passages:

"Then all sounds merged
Into the rising surges of the times,
Which leagues below me, *clothing the gaunt loins*
Of ancient Caucasus with hairy strength,
Sent up a murmur in the morning wind,
Sad as the wail that from the populous earth,
All day and night to high Olympus soars,
Fit incense to thy wicked throne, oh Jove."

"*The great wave of the storm, high-curled and black,*
Rolls steadily onward to its thunderous break."

"Men, when their doom is on them, seem to stand
On a precipitous crag, that overhangs
The abyss of doom, and in that depth to see,
As in a glass, the features dim and vast
Of things to come, the shadows, as it seems,
Of what has been."

"Evil springs up, and flowers, and bears no seed,
But finds the green earth, with its swift decay,
Leaving it richer for the growth of truth;
But good, once put in action, or in thought,
Like a strong oak, doth from its boughs shed down
The ripe gems of a forest."

"I hear
The angry Caspian to the Euxine shout,
And Euxine answered with a *muffled roar*,
On either side storming the giant walls
Of Caucasus with leagues of climbing foam,
Less from my sight than flakes of downy snow."

"Year after year will pass away, and seem
To me, in mine eternal agony,
But as the shadows of dumb summer clouds,
Which I have watched so often darkening o'er
The vast Sarmatian plain, *league wide at first*,
But with still swiftness lessening, on and on,
Till cloud and shadow meet and mingle where
The gray horizon fades into the sky,
Far, far to northward."

The "Incident in a Railroad Car" is one of Mr. Lowell's most finished poems, and finely exemplifies his peculiar philosophy. It has the fault, however, of being too proverbial; it repeats the same thing too often in different metaphors. The first four verses of the quotation below will explain our meaning; the reader will perceive there the *seediness* (forgive the pun!)—

"God scatters love on every side,
Freely among his children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide,
Wherein some grains may fall.

"There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlooked-for, into high-souled deeds,
With way-side beauty rife.

"We find within these souls of ours
Some wild germs of a higher birth,
Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers,
Whose fragrance fill the earth.

"Within the hearts of all men lie
These promises of higher bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die
In sunny hours like this.

"*All that hath been majestical*
In life and death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man.

"And thus among the untaught poor,
Great deeds and feelings find a home,
That cast in shadow all the golden lore
Of classic Greece and Rome."

The next quotation, which concludes the poem, is very fine:

"It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, *like those far stars that come in sight*
Once in a century."

"But it is better far to speak
One simple word, which, now and then,
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men.

"To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith, and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

"He who does this, in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye."

We have called this quotation fine; but we must take exception to the impression it is calculated to leave upon the mind of a young artist, and the generality of readers!—which is, to our minds, a concealed dislike and scorn of Art. No poem, however earnest it may be, is any the worse for being artistic; Art rather increases its earnestness and usefulness; God works by regular methods and means. Nature is a most complicated piece of art: the sun rises and sets, the dew falls, and the stars shine with regularity; not when it pleases a blind chance, but in their fixed times and seasons;—Nature, of which so many poets prate, is but the root of all Art:—

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the boughs and fruit are lifted above the grasp of ordinary mortality. Poets whose minds contain the first seeds of a chaotic greatness, (such for instance, as Nat Lee, among the old dramatists, and Bailey, the author of "Festus," among the poets of the present age,) may say many wonderderful things in their delirium; but those wonderful things would strike us far more if they were expressed in the severe simplicity of Milton, or the exuberance of Shakspeare, whose wildest flights are always true to the highest principles of Art. But a truce to this fault finding; we have stated our objections to Mr. Lowell's theory of Art, and have pointed out what we consider his prominent faults; it now remains for us, and it is indeed a more congenial task, to point out some of his many beauties.

Our space will not permit us to quote "Rhœcus" entirely; and it is so fine a poem, that we cannot think of marring its completeness, by giving detached passages; Mr. Lowell may safely trust himself to posterity with this poem and "The Vision of Sir Launfaul."

The poetic character is finely embodied in the poem below:—

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS.

"There came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were little worth,
Whether to plough, or reap, or sow,

"He made a lyre and drew therefrom
Music so strange and rich,
That all men loved to hear, and some
Muttered of fagots for a witch.

"But king Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine.

"And so, well pleased at being soothed
Unto a sweet half sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

"His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough,
In his seemed musical and low.

"Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw:
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

"They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat, and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

"It seemed the loveliness of things,
Did teach him all their use,
For in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

"Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed and called him good for naught.

"Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love because of him.

"And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

The Forlorn is one of Mr. Lowell's most simple and touching poems, gentle, pathetic, and finished.

THE FORLORN.

"The night is dark, the stinging sleet,
Swept by the bitter gust of air,
Drives whistling down the lonely street,
And stiffens on the pavement bare.

"The street lamps flare, and struggle dim
Through the white sleet-clouds as they pass.
Or, governed by a boisterous whim,
Drop down and rattle on the glass.

"One poor, heart-broken, out-cast girl
Faces the east winds searching flaws,
And, as about her heart they whirl,
Her tattered cloak more tightly draws.

"The flat brick walls look cold and bleak,
Her bare feet to the side-walk freeze,
Yet dare she not a shelter seek,
Though faint with hunger and disease.

"The sharp storm cuts her forehead bare,
And, piercing through her garments thin,
Beats on her shrunken breast, and there
Makes colder the cold heart within.

"She lingers where a ruddy glow
Streams outward through an open shutter,
Giving more bitterness to wo,
More loneness to desertion utter.

"One half the cold she had not felt,
Until she saw this gush of light
Spread warmly forth, and seem to melt
Its lone way through the deadening night.

"She hears a woman's voice within,
Singing sweet words her childhood knew,
And years of misery and sin
Furl off, and leave her heaven blue.

"Her freezing heart, like one who sinks
Outwearied in the drifting snow,
Drowns to deadly sleep, and thinks
No longer of its hopeless wo.

"Old fields, and clear blue summer days,
Old meadows green with grass and trees,
That glimmer in the trembling haze,
And whiten in the western breeze,—

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"Old faces—all the friendly past
Rises within her heart again,
And sunshine, from her childhood cast,
Makes summer of the icy rain.

"Enhaloed by a mild warm glow,
From all humanity apart,
She hears old footsteps wandering slow
Through the lone chambers of her heart.

"Outside the porch, before the door,
Her cheek upon the cold hard stone,
She lies, no longer foul and poor,
No longer dreary and alone.

"Next morning something heavily
Against the opening door did weigh,
And there, from sin and sorrow free,
A woman on the threshold lay.

"A smile upon the wan lips told
That she had found a calm release,
And that from out the want and cold,
The song had borne her soul in peace.

"*For whom the heart of man shuts out,*
Straightway the heart of God takes in,
And fences them all round about
With silence 'mid the world's loud din.

"And one of his great charities
Is music, and it doth not scorn
To close the lids upon the eyes
Of the polluted and forlorn.

"Far was she from her childhood's home,
Farther in guilt had wandered thence,
Yet thither it had bid her come,
To die in maiden innocence.

Here is a fine passage from the poem of Columbus, which we by no means like as a whole; indeed Mr. Lowell's most ambitious efforts are invariably his worst. He is totally deficient in the dramatic faculty. "Prometheus," "Columbus," and "a Glance behind the Curtain," are all alike in sentiment and style—but to the passage in question:

"I know not when this hope enthralled me first,
But from my boyhood up I loved to hear
The tall pine forests of the Appenines
Murmur their hoary legends of the sea,
Which hearing, I in vision clear beheld
The sudden dark of tropic night shut down
O'er the huge whisper of great watery wastes,
The while a pair of herons, trailingly
Flapped inland, where some league-wide river hurled
The yellow spoil of unconjectured realms
Far through a gulf's green silence, never scarred
By any but the north wind's hurrying keels."

The lines italicised we consider some of the finest that Mr. Lowell has ever written. They are in the very spirit of Tennyson, and must have been conceived in a state of dreamy luxury.—"Si Descendero in Infernum, Ades," among many fine things, contains the following beautiful passage:

"How far are ye from the innocent, from those
Whose hearts are as a little lane serene,
Smooth-heaped from wall to wall with unbroke snows,
Or in the summer blythe with lamb-cropped green,
Save the one track where nought more rude is seen
Than the plump wain at even'
Bringing home four month's sunshine bound in sheaves!"

"The Sower," "Extreme Unction," "Above and Below," "The Ghost Seer," "Eurydice," and "The Changeling," and especially the exquisite poem "To a Dandelion," are all fine poems, and we should be glad to copy them all.

After what we have written, notwithstanding our fault finding, the reader cannot but see that Mr. Lowell is a true poet, and a man of fine genius. We have been careful to state all our chief objections to his poetry, because he *is* a man of genius: if he were merely a poetaster we should not have thought it worth while to find fault with him. A poet never need fear criticism; if just though severe, he should be thankful for it, and endeavor to turn it to profit: if unjust he can afford to laugh at and forget it. In either case, it is harmless to him. The world is not to be told what it must or must not admire: there is oftentimes a wilfulness in its love or hate, which cannot be accounted for on any rational principles; but the world, after the lapse of a few years, is always right in its estimation of men. A Cæsar or Napoleon may arise and dazzle his age with the splendor of his achievements; the light on his banners may for a time gild over the stain of blood, but the "damned spot" will never be erased; posterity will lower him to his proper level, and hold his deeds in abhorrence.

Mr. Lowell can afford to forgive and forget any severe criticism on any bad poetry that his false principles of taste may have led him to write. There is an unclouded future, in which he can, and we hope will, fulfill his early promises. Differing from him as we do in many respects, we cordially recognize and appreciate his genius; and while we must censure him, we cannot but wish that America had more men like James Russell Lowell.

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THE HEROISM OF PHILANTHROPY.

BY REV. GEORGE T. DAY.

It has sometimes been said, as an apology for the barbarities of war, that it has often been the occasion of developing some of the grandest traits of human character. No one can doubt that its influence is highly formative. Its excitements are surpassed in no other sphere. It keeps in constant activity whatever executive force, of a certain kind, may belong to the actors, and multiplies it through the use. It breeds contempt of danger and death, and transforms difficulties into incentives to exertion. It renders a prosy, listless life intolerable; and displaces the stagnations in social existence by the enthusiasm of a vigorous activity. It nurtures a species of independence, that tosses about as stubble the perplexities which drive sensitive men into misanthropy. Whatever coolness in the midst of outward perils, promptness in sudden emergencies, and stern bravery in the presence of disaster may do to ennoble a man, is done by the discipline of war.

But these qualities, though they may excite passionate admiration, constitute no adequate basis for rational respect. They are not inherently virtues, nor indices of virtue. They depend for their character upon the causes which induce them, the objects with which they are allied, and the ends they seek to compass. Robespierre had executive force enough to rule turbulent France, but every display of it, in history, invests him with some new horror. Judas had contempt enough of dangers and death, but that fact does very little toward reconciling us to his character. We do not honor Aaron Burr the more for remembering his restless, energetic activity. Nor does the skillful dealing of a hardened pirate—when, mistaking a naval vessel for a merchantman, he is compelled, at a moment's warning, to measure strength with a stronger antagonist—make him an object of veneration. To manufacture a true hero, requires something more than to display power and gain success. Heroism implies worth. It implies devotion to a high and sacred object, (at least in the estimation of the actor,) and the display of energy, perseverance, and self-sacrifice, for the sake of its attainment. It supposes duty to constitute the impulse rather than passion; that conscience rallies the flagging spirits rather than public huzzahs; that he is looking for his reward in God's benediction rather than in the worship of the populace; that his soul is as much loftier than the souls of the masses about him, as his energy is greater and his deeds more significant.

If this be a just definition of heroism, then its illustrations are to be sought in other spheres than are connected with military life. To the fields of strife, where war holds her court, history has generally gone in quest of her heroes. That true heroism may have been displayed there, can be believed; but it flourishes in spite of war, not because it finds there a congenial soil. Energetic activity is there, for there is everything to inspire it—soul-thrilling music, splendid equipage, ambition, and even self-preservation. Danger and death may be braved without fear, because familiarity has divested them of their power over the heart. The almost superhuman force of will and action which is displayed, is often nothing more than the outward expression of a passionate frenzy. The highest physical bravery may exist with the lowest moral courage; the most daring self-exposure be combined with the narrowest selfishness; and the most penetrating sagacity may be found unaccompanied by a solitary Christian virtue. And it is chiefly the former class of qualities which military life calls for and displays; these are they which purchase eminent generalship, which win the garlands of honor, and are hailed as heroic. The moral character of the work is often forgotten; its moral results studiously concealed, while the process of canonization is going on. For whatever of true greatness war has displayed, we may return our hearts' acknowledgement; for whatever of real benefit it has rendered the world we may be thankful; but when we look into its school for the highest and choicest examples of heroism, we are often "seeking for the living among the dead."

In the records of philanthropy, imperfectly as they have been kept, and sadly as they have been misinterpreted, are to be found, and roughly executed perhaps, the portraits of heroic beings.

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We do not insist upon hanging the Evangelist's likeness of Jesus in the centre of this gallery, for it is likely to be objected against as borrowing its distinctive grandeur from the Divinity which animates it. And yet it were only just to say that the fact that the sphere of philanthopy was the one in which Christ chose to act, indicates it as the sphere where the highest greatness may most appropriately act. He would not soil his sandals with the dust which rises amid the strife for earthly empire; he would not touch the sword, which martial ambition offered him, nor lift his hand to aid the carnal resistance which patriotism was making against foreign encroachment. But in the paths of usefulness, however uninviting, he was ever ready to walk; and he ever seemed to count the brokenly uttered gratitude of an humble sufferer, whom he had relieved, sweeter music than the plaudits of the crowd. In choosing the sphere of philanthropy, therefore, the Son of man has indicated its harmony with the highest form of heroic life.

The [illegible]ness and sympathy which are supposed to enter largely into a philanthropic character are very far from denoting weak nerves or servile cowardice. They rather indicate the loftiest courage, and the most manly independence. To become a practical lover of his race, any man is required to subject himself to a discipline from which the victor in a hundred battles would often shrink appalled. He has sustained a contest which, though no human eye has witnessed it, is but feebly symbolized by the outward struggle of Austerlitz or Waterloo. Against the clamor of selfish passions, the appeals of ease, the blandishments of office, the reproofs of friendship, the maxims and customs of society, the seductions of wealth, the sneers of ridicule, and the contemptuous pity of the proud, he has often been compelled to stand alone, guarding, by nothing save his own inflexible will, the purity of his motives and the fidelity of his life. There is no flourish of trumpets to inspire and nerve him for the charge; no garland, waving in the hands of fame, to fire his ambition in his weariness; no stately column looming up from afar, waiting to tell his deeds to after time. Instead, there are the sad cries of human necessity coming up from the lips of outward want and inward desolation; the continual prospect of unappreciated effort, an obscure sepulchre, and a name unspoken by futurity. And so must he struggle on, weary and worthy, but forbidden to repose upon his laurels, and consenting to be disesteemed; kindling his zeal at the altar of duty, and reaping his reward from his conscience and his hope.

The energetic activity which does so much to single out a man from the mass and fix the regard of the world upon him, finds no low examples among the philanthropic. The very fact of choosing and occupying that sphere is indicative of energy, decision, and independence. It is full of obvious difficulties, and it is very far from being popular. It is, doubtless, popular enough as a *theory*. A convention of misers would, doubtless, "Resolve" readily enough, that John Howard and Elizabeth Fry were most excellent people; but, at the same time, they might perhaps be as ready to call one of their own number a good-hearted simpleton, who should venture to imitate them. And the memoir of either of these distinguished individuals is the biography of energy embodied, of executive force incarnate. Considering the difficulties they met and overcame with the most meagre outward advantages, they would not compare unfavorably with Napoleon himself.

And so far as the self-devoted courage is concerned, philanthropy yields the highest illustrations. There is here little or none of that reckless bravery which passion and presumption inspire, and which so often passes for true heroism on the battle-field. In this work of love the selfish passions are still, perils are distinctly seen and measured, no artificial enthusiasm braces the nerves; but, with the calmness of reflection, and the trust of a genuine faith, the actor addresses himself to his beneficent work. And such a work! To humanize the brutified, to teach savage natures kindness, to teach ignorance wisdom, to dignify the outcast, to make despots merciful, to transform the stare of the maniac into the look of benignity, to create a moral garden in the heart of a social wilderness, to lift sensual wretchedness up into spiritual peace! And to do this, dungeons must be explored, loathsome cells visited, suspicion and abuse confronted, the mockery of vice endured, threats of violence and death encountered in answer to the generous offers of aid, disappointment be seen blasting the long cherished hope of success, and premature death be observed stealing on to cut short the labor ere it has scarcely begun to see fulfilled the heart-prophecies which have animated it. And yet true philanthropy has met all this, with a patience which never tires, a zeal knowing no abatements, a resolution which gathered strength before every obstacle, and a death so triumphant as to beget penitence and prayer where the life of labor seemed spent in vain.

Such is the heroism of philanthropy. Its deeds are rarely outwardly imposing, but they are always inwardly glorious. It is unostentatious;

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not caring much that its left hand should know what its right hand doeth, if its secrecy will allow the deed to be done as well; and so it has often been treated with contempt, when it has escaped neglect. But it is finding a recognition, and awaking more or less reverence. It is less easy, now that history employs so many pens, and the deeds of nations and individuals find so many chroniclers, to forget the *results* of human conduct amid the dust it raises, or the dazzling brilliancy it wears. The Argus eyes of the Government and of the Press are tracing human life down into its deepest recesses, as well as following it up to the pinnacles of place and power; and what is seen is told through their many-tongued speech. And men are losing their reverence for titles and insignia, and becoming disposed to criticise the character of a canonized saint, or a consecrated hero, as though they were but fallible mortals, and ought to prove their title to human homage before having it endorsed. And the result is obvious. They who have been benefactors to society will be revered, and they who have cursed it with suffering and vice by their ambitious career,—however brilliant it may have been,—must, in spite of the verdict of their times, be strongly condemned or generously forgiven and forgotten. And they who have displayed the spirit of good-will, and diffused joy and gladness about them with zeal and courage, will rise higher and higher as their lives emerge from obscurity, until their sepulchres become the Meccas of humanity, and their names titles for many generations; and so will they teach the world the lesson it has been so slow to learn, that "He who ruleth his spirit is mightier than he who taketh a city."

THE MOTHERLESS.

TO ——.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

SADNESS—It surely should not dwell
  Upon so young a brow,
And tears—why sprang the unbidden one
  That dims my eyesight now?
What should there be to cloud the heart
  Within so lov'd a home?
Sweet, cherished spot!—yet even here
  Has earthly sorrow come.

Yea, sorrow came, and o'er my soul
  Its dark'ning pall did fling,
And chilled my bright and airy hopes
  With its o'erspreading wing;
Then ask not why the tear should start—
  Why lowly droop the head,
Nor check the tribute yielded to
  The memory of—the dead!

My father—still his guardian care
  Doth fondly round me dwell,
Repaid with how intense a love
  No burning word could tell;
My mother—strange so slight a sound
  Should start a blinding tear!
Yet that sweet, unfamiliar word
  Falls sadly on my ear.

For Memory, true as vestal maid
  That watched the sacred flame,
Still treasures up the baby-tone
  In which I lisped her name,—
Still whispers me of childish hours
  Passed playful at her knee,
E'er I had learned life's morning sky
  Could wear a cloud for me.

Long years have passed since o'er a spot
  Where sighing willows wave,
The sculptur'd marble and the mound
  Have marked my mother's grave:
Yet not a murmur would I breathe,
  Since God to me hath given
Almost a *mother's* love on earth,
  An *angel's* love in heaven!

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THE FIRESIDE SCHOOL.

DIARY OF A CLERGYMAN

THERE is much said and much written on the subject of education. It is important, and too much cannot be said or written about it, provided the thing itself be not lost sight of in the agitation respecting it. It is just possible, however, that men may occupy the time in discussing plans which ought to be given to the erection of the building; or, what is more to the point, the attention of parents may be absorbed by this, that, and the other magnificent scheme, to the exclusion of the delightful duties of home. Home! *That* word is poetry. Sometimes beautiful as the flowers of Eden, and sometimes repulsive as the horrors of a dungeon; sometimes an ode, harmonious as "the music of the spheres," and sometimes a fearful tragedy; sometimes "the vestibule of heaven," and sometimes the frowning portal of hell; but it is poetry still. What a happy place home might be in almost every case! It is not dependent on wealth; for "better is little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith;" and "better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." It is not dependent on position in society; for "though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly;" and "it is better to be of an humble spirit with the lowly than to divide the spoil with the proud." It depends entirely on the state of mind of the head of the family, and of his partner in life. Wealth and position may both be possessed, and yet the home be a scene of anger, trouble, turmoil, recrimination, and mutual hatred. Those who would make home happy, must have home in their own hearts, the elements of true peace within—the breast that sympathizes with all that is beautiful, and good, and true. Cowper's "Poor Cottager," we vouch for it, had a happy home. The "Brilliant Frenchman" had a home, too; but—give me that of the cottager. I love the picture, and must quote it from my loved bard of Olney. I owe Cowper much. He was the poet of my boyhood; and, though I have read other poets in different languages since, Cowper is near my elbow still.

"The path to bliss abounds with many a snare—
Learning is one, and wit, however rare.
The Frenchman, first in literary fame,
(Mention him if you please. Voltaire?—The same)
With spirit, genius, eloquence, supplied,
Lived long, wrote much, laughed heartily, and died.
The Scripture was his jest-book, whence he drew
Bon mots to gall the Christian and the Jew;
An infidel in health, but what when sick?
Oh! then a text would touch him to the quick.
View him at Paris in his last career:
Surrounding throngs the demigod revere;
Exalted on his pedestal of pride,
And fumed with frankincense on every side,
He begs their flattery with his latest breath,
And smother'd in't at last, is praised to death.
You cottager who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store;
Content, though mean, and cheerful, if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
She for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit;
Receives no praise; but though her lot be such,
(Toilsome and indigent,) she renders much:
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
O happy peasant! O unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
He praised perhaps for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half a mile from home;
He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She safe in the simplicity of hers."

Success to every wise plan of education; but if the schoolmaster has to contend against the influences of home, his task is terrible. It is very easy for parents to complain of schoolmasters—to say that their children are not getting on, are getting very little good, and all that sort of thing. How can they, if the seeds of the school are choked by the pernicious influence of the fireside, or if the admonitions of the teacher are counteracted by the dispositions of the father or mother? How can a vessel get on with adverse currents and ever-changing winds? How can a young mind improve, however good the *doctrine* it is taught by the master, if it be poisoned by the *practice* it sees in the father? And parents also err, if they suppose that mere teaching at home, without the exhibition of corresponding habits, will meet the precept "Train up a child." Think of the absurdity of a vicious parent lecturing his child on the beauties of virtue—of a wrathful man

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inculcating meekness upon his son—or of a prayerless father commanding his offspring to pray! The motive power with children is not so much what their parents say, as what they do. "Example is better than precept," is a trite saying: but it is both true and important; and if parents would attend to its significance, they would have happier homes and better families. It is true that parents cannot "change the heart" of their offspring; but they have it in their power to illustrate truth and goodness in their own lives, which He who can effect that change may condescend to use as means to that end. There are many facts illustrative of the influence of example.

Mr. Innes, in his work on "Domestic Religion," mentions a fact strikingly illustrative of the power of religious example. A young man, when about to be ordained as a Christian minister, stated that at one period of his life he was nearly betrayed into the snares of infidelity; "but," he added, "there was one argument in favor of Christianity which I could never refute—the consistent conduct of my own father."

When Lord Peterborough lodged for a season with Fenelon, he was so delighted with his piety and virtue, that he exclaimed at parting—"If I stay here any longer, I shall become a Christian in spite of myself."

"Well," said a mother, one day, weeping, her daughter being about to make a public profession of religion by going to the Lord's table, "I will resist no longer. How can I bear to see my dear child love and read the Scriptures, while I never look into them—to see her retire and seek God while I never pray—to see her going to the Lord's table, while his death is nothing to me?" "Ah!" said she to the minister, who called in to inform her of her daughter's intention, "I know she is right, and I am wrong. I have seen her firm under reproach, and patient under provocation, and cheerful in all her sufferings. When, in her illness, she was looking for dissolution, heaven stood in her eye. Oh, that I were as fit to die! I ought to have taught her, but I am sure she has taught me. How can I bear to see her joining the church of God, and leaving me behind—perhaps for ever?"

Some years ago, a young man of respectable appearance, who was employed as the agent of a benevolent society, was introduced to me by letter from the secretary of that society. This gentleman, being a good man and a personal friend, told me, in confidence, that the mind of the bearer was in a state of transition from infidelity to a belief of the truth, and that I might take an opportunity of gliding from things indifferent to those of highest moment, and thus be the ins ment of lasting good to his mind. I accordingly vited the agent to breakfast on the following d After the transaction of official business, we gan to talk of the current topics of the day, am which the words politics, socialism, sectarian and the church, might have been heard. Hav reached this region, and thinking the time rived for the introduction of something person I said, "These conflicting opinions have at le one good result: they compel men to think themselves: they drive a man upon his indi duality, and urge him to obey the sadly negle ed precept, 'Search the Scripture.'"

"They ought perhaps to have that effect," replied; "but I apprehend there is a strong luctance to search the Scriptures, and that ma talk about them who are very ignorant of the meaning, and what they say, therefore, is of ve little consequence."

"One error always begets another," I remark ed; "and the error of ignorance respecting the sacred books is sure to launch him who speaks about them in folly; but you will observe that this sword cuts both ways, for, whilst the unenlightened friend of the Bible, who fancies himself conversant with its contents, may utter very ludicrous things in its name, its unenlightened enemy can only expose himself to contempt by railing against that of which he knows nothing. Ignorant faith, though it is to be lamented, can never be contemptible; but ignorant skepticism, denouncing that which it does not understand, can only expose itself to the scorn of every honest mind."

My guest colored slightly at this remark, and there was that momentary fixedness of the countenance which indicates the action of *memory*; after which he said, "It strikes me that there is some importance in the distinction you make between the two kinds of ignorance, but I confess I do not exactly see it."

"The distinction is just this," I replied: "the believer assumes a positive, that is, that God *has* spoken; the infidel assumes a negative, *that is*, God has *not* spoken. The former may know very little about systems, creeds, and classes, or about ecclesiastical and general history; he may be, in a word, what is called an ignorant man; yet the direct tendency of the positive which he believes is to regulate his conduct, to improve his character, and to make him a virtuous citizen, a good husband, and a good father. He may say things which the educated or the fashionable may deem rude or ludicrous; but the doctrine he believes is so sublime in itself, and so beneficial to man, that he can never be the subject of contempt. On the

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r hand, the man who has assumed the nega- , and goes about to prove that God has not ken, while he is ignorant of the insurmount- difficulties that lie in his way, in the shape e evidences of Christianity, the tremendous equences that would ensue to society without od, like a ship driven from her moorings in midst of a hurricane on a tempestuous sea, not by any ingenuity save himself from well- erved contempt."

"I thank you, sir," he said; "and may I ask ether you are of opinion that those who write lecture against the Bible are in general igno- t of its meaning?"

"Most certainly I am; and that opinion is nded upon unquestionable evidence. Nor do imit myself by your implied deduction, that nerally they are ignorant of that which they nounce; but I say emphatically, they are all, a man, except they be hypocrites, thus grossly norant."

"Hypocrites?" he asked, with surprise; "how an that be?"

"Oh, I see how it is," I answered, smiling; 'you have fallen into the common notion, that ypocrites are only to be found amongst us poor Christians. But that is only one of the thousand charges under which we must be content to lie until the hidden things of darkness are brought to light. But I will undertake to find you hypo- crites 'thick as autumnal leaves' in the world; men who pretend to be what they are not; poor men who pretend that they are rich; vulgar men who pretend that they are related to noble fami- lies; ignorant men who pretend that they are educated; and men who, with a contemptible daring, pretend that they are skeptics, while all the time they are wretched in heart, because they believe that the book against which they launch their harmless thunderbolts is really inspired."

"It is so," he cried, starting to his feet—"it is so! and I know it *personally*."

He then related such parts of his history as bore upon the subject under discussion; and, in answer to my question respecting the circum- stances which led to his secession from his recent skeptical confederates, he continued thus: "Sir: the recollections of childhood were the means, in the hands of the Long-suffering One, in snatching me from the precipice over which I was hasten- ing. Blessed with devout and truly religious pa- rents, whose value, alas! I knew not until it was too late to gladden their hearts by evidences that I felt the importance of their teaching and ex- ample, I left them, to use a common phrase, to seek my fortune in the world, and gradually for- got, or tried to forget, their invaluable lessons, until I was nearly sucked into the vortex from which there is no escape. But again and again, after the fearful dissipation of the night, would their mild image rise to my vision to rebuke me. Their tones of heartfelt kindness would fall upon my ears; and, above all, their religious consist- ency, the beautiful harmony between their pro- fession and practice, would exhibit itself to my memory, so as to convince me that there is a supernatural power in the religion which they undoubtedly both believed and loved. Never can I forget the unmurmuring spirit of my father, and the gentle assiduity of my mother to soothe him, amidst the cares and troubles of life. He was full of hope, even when everything seemed to oppose his temporal interests. He used to say to my mother, 'My dear, it is *all* right; have pa- tience; our Father knows best; he would not have us spoiled children, and therefore he does not give us every toy we wish for; there is no such thing as chance in the creed of the true Christians; it is all right; let us in *everything* give thanks.' Often did I wish to know the secret of that man's happiness. My wish, after a mad career, is, I trust, nearly realized, through Divine mercy; and I believe I may say emphatically, this restora- tion and prospective happiness are solely owing, as a means, to what I may call 'the FIRESIDE SCHOOL.'"

CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

AROUND our home sweet blossoms cling,
As roses deck a lonely mere;
A lovely—shadowy—wreathy ring
Of flowers, fed by affection's spring,
That death alone can sere.

Deep through the crimson cloud of years
A hallowed region lies,
With sky unclouded, hopes nor fears
Disturb'd its halcyon calm. A sun-gleam cheers
The lily's dawn—evanishes—and dies.

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OLD MORTALITY.

(SEE PLATE.)

To many readers, the finely-wrought and expressive engraving accompanying this number, will revive pleasant and affecting associations. Perhaps there are but few characters drawn by the magic pencil of Scott, more distinctly marked, or more true to the historic traits of which he is made the realization, than Old Mortality. The engraving shows a quietness of tone and simplicity of treatment peculiarly adapted to the subject; and the principal character is so thoroughly individualized, that no reader of the romance will fail to recognize him at a glance. So well known for his virtues and his piety, and exemplifying so finely many of the best traits of the times, Old Mortality, like the Vicar of Wakefield, almost possesses historic reality, and scarcely belongs to the category of fictitious characters. It may be that the incident depicted by the artists is forgotten or unknown; for the benefit of which we transcribe the passage:—

"One summer evening, as, in a stroll such as I have described, I approached this deserted mansion of the dead, I was somewhat surprised to hear sounds distinct from those which usually soothe its solitude—the gentle chiding, namely, of the brook, and the sighing of the wind in the boughs of three gigantic ash-trees, which mark the cemetery. The clink of a hammer was on this occasion distinctly heard; and I entertained some alarm that a march-dike, long meditated by the two proprietors whose estates were divided by my favorite brook, was about to be drawn up the glen, in order to substitute its rectilinear deformity for the graceful winding of the natural boundary. As I approached, I was agreeably undeceived. An old man was seated upon the monument of the slaughtered Presbyterians, and busily employed in deepening with his chisel the letters of the inscription, which, announcing in scriptural language the promised blessings of futurity to be the lot of the slain, anathematized the murderers with corresponding violence. A blue bonnet of unusual dimensions covered the gray hairs of the pious workman. His dress was a large old-fashioned coat of the coarse cloth called *hoddin-gray*, usually worn by elder peasants, with waistcoat and breeches of the same; and the whole suit, though still in decent repair, had obviously seen a train of long service. Strong clouted shoes, studded with hob-nails, and *gramoches* or *leggins*, made of thick black cloth, completed his equipment. Beside him, fed among the graves, a pony, the companion of his journey, whose extreme whiteness, as well as his projecting bones and hollow eyes, indicated its antiquity. It was harnessed in the most simple manner, with a pair of branks, a hair tether, or halter, and a *sunk*, or cushion of straw, instead of bridle and saddle. A canvas pouch hung around the neck of the animal,—for the purpose, probably, of containing the rider's tools, and anything else he might have occasion to carry with him. Although I had never seen the old man before, yet from the singularity of his employment, and the style of his equipage, I had no difficulty in recognizing a religious itinerant, whom I had often heard talked of, and who was known in various parts of Scotland by the title of Old Mortality.

"Where this man was born, or what was his real name, I have never been able to learn; nor are the motives which made him desert his home and adopt the erratic mode of life which he pursued, known to me, except very generally. According to the belief of most people, he was a native of either the county of Dumfries or Galloway, and lineally descended from some of those champions of the Covenant, whose deeds and sufferings were his favorite theme. He is said to have held, at one period of his life, a small moorland farm; but whether from pecuniary losses or domestic misfortune, he had long renounced that and every other gainful calling. In the language of Scripture, he left his house, his home, and his kindred, and wandered about until the day of his death—a period of nearly thirty years.

"During this long pilgrimage, the pious enthusiast regulated his circuit so as annually to visit the graves of the unfortunate Covenanters who suffered by the sword, or by the executioner, during the reigns of the two last monarchs of the Stuart line. These are most numerous in the western districts of Ayr, Galloway, and Dumfries; but they are also to be found in other parts

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[illegible] MORTALITY.

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of Scotland, wherever the fugitives had fought or fallen, or suffered by military or civil execution. Their tombs are often apart from all human habitations, in the remote moors and wilds to which the wanderers had fled for concealment. But wherever they existed, Old Morality was sure to visit them when his annual round brought them within his reach. In the most lonely recesses of the mountains, the moor-fowl shooter has been often surprised to find him busied in cleaning the moss from the gray stones, renewing with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions, and repairing the emblems of death with which these simple monuments are usually adorned. Motives of the most sincere though fanciful devotion induced the old man to dedicate so many years of existence to perform this tribute to the memory of the deceased warriors of the church. He considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty, while renewing to the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and sufferings of their forefathers, and thereby trimming, as it were, the beacon-light which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood.

"In all his wanderings, the old pilgrim never seemed to need, or was known to accept, pecuniary assistance. It is true, his wants were very few; for wherever he went, he found ready quarters in the house of some Cameronian of his own sect, or of some other religions person. The hospitality which was reverentially paid to him he always acknowledged by repairing the grave-stones (if there existed any) belonging to the family or ancestors of his host. As the wanderer was usually to be seen bent on this pious task within the precincts of some country churchyard, or reclined on the solitary tombstone among the heath, disturbing the plover and the blackcock with the clink of his chisel and mallet, with his old white pony grazing by his side, he acquired, from his converse among the dead, the popular appellation of Old Mortality."

TO MY DREAM-CHILD.

"All is nothing—less than nothing! The children of Alice call Bartrum father."—CHARLES LAMB'S "DREAM CHILDREN."

LITTLE one! I lie i' the dark,
With thy sweet lips pressed to mine;
My hot, restless pulses meeting
Thy still heart's slow, quiet beating,
In a calm divine.

On my breast thy bright hair floats;
Well its memoried hue I know!
And thine eyes if thou wert raising,
They would answer to my gazing
Looks of long ago.

Fairy hand, that on my cheek
Falls with touch as dove's wing soft,
I can feel its curves, resembling
One that, like a young bird trembling,
Lay in mine so oft.

Thou wilt spring up at my feet,
Flower-like—beautiful and mild;
Gossips too, on me bestowing
Flattery sweet, will say, "Thou'rt growing
Like thy father, child."

I have given thee a name,
What name—none shall ever know;
When I say it, there comes thronging
A whole lifetime's aim and longing,
And a life-time's wo.

Ah, that word!—I wake—I wake—
And the light breaks cold and bare;
Bright one—never born, yet dying
To my love—without replying,
Dream-child, melt to air!

Eyes, no wife shall ever kiss;
Arms, no child shall ever pile;
Lift I up to Heaven, beseeching
Him who sent this bitter teaching;
Be it as his will!

Not as man sees, seeth God;
Not as man loves, loveth He;
When the dregs-stained lips are failing,
When the tear-spent eyes are veiling,
Dawns eternity.

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SHAKSPEARE'S HYGIENE.

SHAKSPEARE, that "myriad-minded man," as Coleridge has emphatically called him, who has left no subject untouched and unadorned, has scattered through many of his wondrous plays scraps of wisdom relating to life and health, of equal truth and value with anything that science can teach us. A few of these *hygienic* maxims, or plain rules of health, we here subjoin.

The influence of the mind on the digestive organs is shrewdly glanced at, when the poet makes Henry VIII., in giving Wolsey the schedule of his ill-gotten wealth, say—

> "Read o'er this—(*giving him papers*)
> And, after, this; and then to breakfast with
> What appetite you may."

Nor is the "green and yellow melancholy" of her who "never told her love" to be regarded as a metaphorical or poetic fiction.

> "And truly, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing."

How often is the wealthy epicure, even although

> —"Epicurean cooks
> Sharpen with cloyless sauce the appetite,"

tempted to exclaim,

> "Will fortune never come with both hands full?
> She either gives a stomach, and no food—
> Such are the poor in health—or else a feast,
> And takes away the stomach; such are the rich:
> That have abundance, and enjoy it not."

Hear the reward of active exertion, the industrious poor man's especial privilege:—

> "Weariness can snore upon the flint, while resting sloth
> Finds the down pillow hard."

Rarely, indeed, are the indolent and luxurious

> "As fast locked up in sleep as guiltless labor
> When it lies starkly in the traveler's bones."

Many a time and oft does the pampered invalid, as he tosses restlessly on his uneasy couch, cry out in the language of the dying monarch—

> "Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,
> The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
> Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
> Chief nourisher in life's feast."—

> —"Sleep, gentle sleep.
> Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
> That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
> And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
> Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
> Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
> And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
> Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
> Under the canopies of costly state,
> And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
> Oh thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
> In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
> A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
> Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
> Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
> In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
> And in the visitation of the winds,
> Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
> Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
> With deafening clamors in the slippery clouds,
> That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
> Canst thou, oh partial sleep! give thy repose
> To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude:
> And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
> With all appliances and means to boot,
> Deny it"—unto me?

That excessive exercise of the mind is injurious to the body, is constantly seen in the lean, pale, shrivelled aspect of hard students. Thus Cæsar says—

> "Let me have men about me that are fat;
> Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
> Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look—
> He thinks too much."

Compared with such medicine as healthful exercise, "the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than horse-drench;" so that he who makes good use of it may well declare, "I will make a lip at the physican," and is almost disposed to exclaim, with Macbeth—

> "Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it!"
>
> "Out, loathed medicine; hated poison hence!"

For most of our slighter ailments we shall often find that

> "The labor we delight in physics pain."

Beware, however, at all times of those pests of society—*quacks:*

> —"I say we must not
> So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
> To prostitute our past-cure malady
> To empirics."

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The Guitar

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Sweet Melody.

BY C. E. HORN

Allegretto con Molto.

1. When sor - row speeds her ven - om'd dart, And

pp

rends the lone - ly maid - en's heart, And

sf

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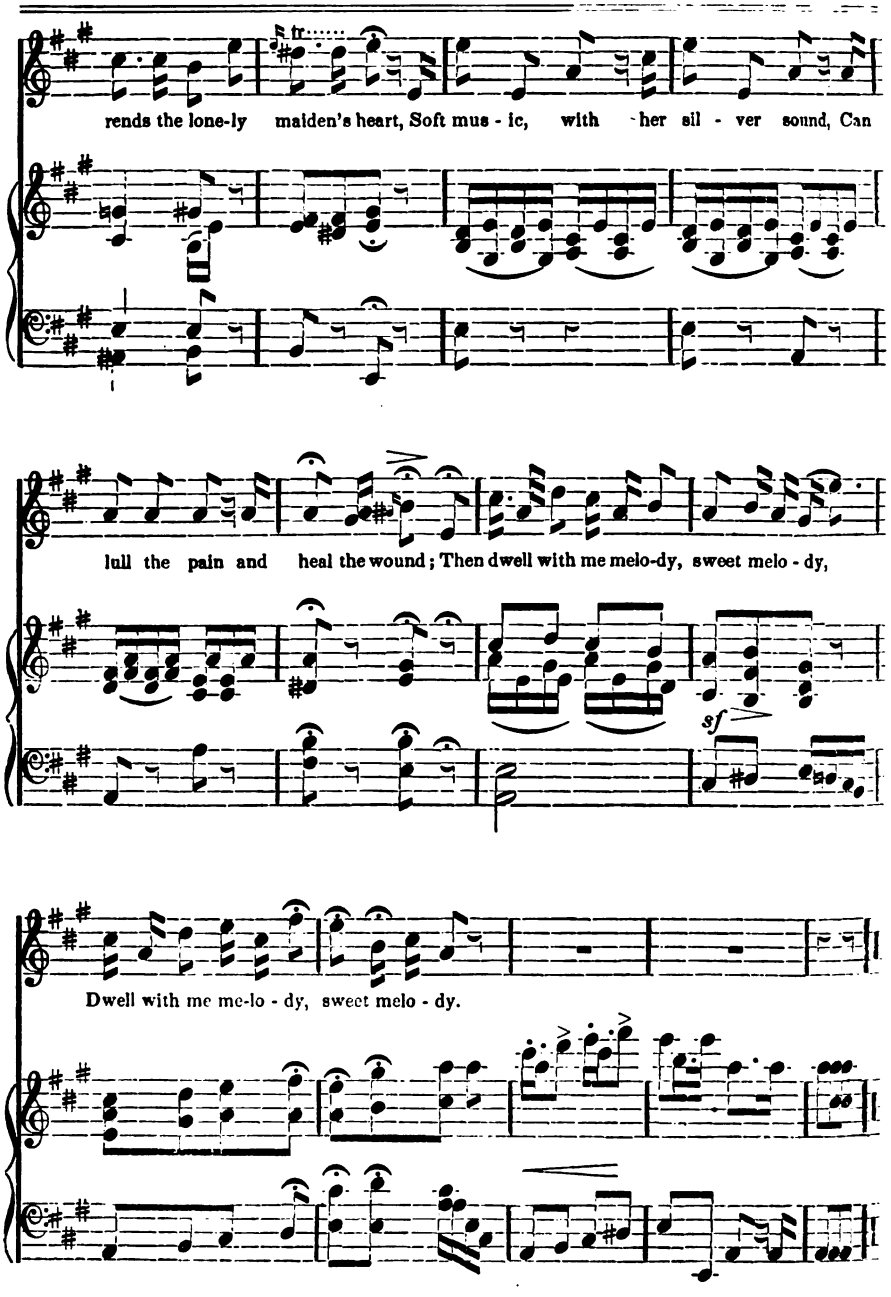

2.

When pleasure beams and hope is nigh,
How light the joyous moments fly;
If music lend her dulcet aid,
To soothe and cheer the lonely maid.
Then dwell with me melody, sweet melody,
Dwell with me melody, sweet melody.

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MEMORABILIA OF SYLVESTER LARNED.

BY REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER.

> If it be sad to speak of treasures gone,
> Of sainted genius called to soon away;
> Of light from this world taken while it shone,
> Yet kindling onward to the perfect day;—
> How shall our griefs, if these things mournful be,
> Flow forth, O thou of many gifts, for thee!
>
> FELICIA HEMANS.

SEVERAL years ago, the writer of this paper resided for a period of time in an honored Christian family at New-Orleans, who had often entertained the Rev. Sylvester Larned; and in the room which he occupied, there hung a portrait of that eminent servant of God. The esteemed father of the family, since gone to his rest, was often heard speaking of Larned, and narrating to his guests facts illustrative of his life and virtues both as a minister and a man. There was also the family of a United States' Judge of Louisiana, from whose conversation we gathered many facts and impressions of Larned, out of the notes and reminiscences of which, and other things read at that time, we now construct the following sketch.

Sylvester Larned was the son of Colonel Simon Larned, an honorable officer in the American Revolution, and was born in Pittsfield, Mass., August 31st, 1796. His mother was a woman of extraordinary intellect and piety, and she left the impress of her character strongly upon her son, like the mother of the late Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. It is said that, in going her nightly round among her children, to see that all was well in the bed-chamber, she often found Sylvester apparently engaged in his sleep in some mental process, which was accompanied with a quick motion of his hands and fingers. Thinking was spontaneous and irrepressible with him, and his rapid mind did not repose even in sleep. Like Beattie's minstrel,

> He was in truth no vulgar boy;
> Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye.

In early boyhood he gave intimations of the future manhood; the "child was father of the man, and the germ of that commanding eloquence for which he was so much distinguished in after life, began to be developed in the nursery, and in the sports and studies of the village school. He was remarkable too for sprightliness and gayety of temper, and other marks of mental superiority. It is recorded, that when quite a boy, while at play on one occasion with his brother, he laid a wager with him that he could make him weep by talking to him. There was at the time nothing solemn in their situation or employment. But he began his appeal to his brother's sensibilities; and such was the overpowering effect of the young orator's pathos, that in a very short time he actually melted down his brother into unwilling tears, and then, with a playful taunt, claimed his prize.

In the child at school and the child out of school the elements of a powerful mind early discovered themselves. The acquisition of his lessons seemed rather a pastime than a labor. Possessing a temperament full of fire and vivacity, he was said to have rushed rather than to have reasoned himself into his mental decisions; so that these decisions seemed as much a matter of feeling as of intellect, and his knowledge was more like intuition than the result of laborious acquisition. In his classes he always led with apparently little effort. In the mimic courts held by the scholars of Pittsfield Academy, he was accustomed to act the lawyer. Always ready and at home, in this pastime he took equal pleasure in foiling the Attorney General, or in harrassing the witnesses on the opposite side of the question, or in eloquently pleading the cause of his client.

At the early age of thirteen, he was chosen by his fellow-students of the Academy to deliver a public oration on the Fourth of July, wherein he acquitted himself with a fervid eloquence, and at the same time a calm self-possession, that sur-

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prised even those who most knew and admired him. In the fall of the same year, 1809, he entered William's College. But having incurred the just censure of the College Faculty by irregularities growing out of his extreme youth and his bold, buoyant spirit, he left that institution, and became connected with Middlebury College, Vermont.

In the early part of his course there, also, he was wild and unsettled. The elements of his character being by nature tempestuously strong, his early life was marked by a constant tendency to excess; and his great activity of mind made him impatient of control. The love of pleasure in his youthful breast was almost equal in power to the counteracting principle, the love of applause. But by the renewing grace of God, it did not attain the indomitable ascendancy in the mind of young Larned, that it has, alas! in how many youth, endowed like him with noble genius and deep-toned sensibility, whom an early ignominious grave has closed upon—the monitory wrecks of disappointed hopes and blighted expectations, and once blooming, manly forms, that have faded and forever fallen, the melancholy victims of voluptuous indulgence.

It was not until he had reached his last year in college, being the eighteenth of his age, that it pleased God to arrest him by his Spirit in a very sudden and striking manner, in the midst of plans and expectations that had but little reference to the world to come. His convictions of sin were deep and overwhelming—the process of transition from nature to grace, rapid, conclusive, and thorough—the resulting change of regeneration truly transforming. The joy it caused among his pious classmates, now rendered spiritually congenial by the surprising change, as they were before intellectually, was very great. Not less was the sensation of astonishment produced in his native region when it was noised abroad there that the gay, and ambitious, and high-spirited Larned had become a man of humble piety and prayer.

Up to this momentous era in his being, his destination had been to the bar, and eminence in the profession of law his ambitious aim. But at the call of duty and under the teaching of the Divine Spirit, he now declared it to be the great purpose of his life to serve God in the gospel ministry. He at once therefore entered the theological seminary at Andover, upon graduating at Middlebury in the autumn of 1813. His continuance there was only for one year, and he afterwards connected himself with the seminary at Princeton, in the year 1815. It was said of him while there, hat "he thought more than he read; he acted and said more than he thought. He was seen to be there, as everywhere, a man of strong feeling, and of much action. His mind was commonly independent, original, rapid, and assimilative; so that he made much of little, and required less preparation and thought than ordinary men in order to act his part with effect. An evident and most promising increase of strength of mind, of knowledge, and of personal piety was, however, visible during his course of study at Princeton; and he was often actively engaged in doing good around him, while a member of that institution."

In the summer of 1817, Larned came forth with brilliant promise from the school of the prophets, and was licensed to preach the gospel by the Presbytery of New York. The impression made upon the public mind by his preaching was immediate and electric. Wherever he went, the report that he was to preach was the signal for a general assembling. Everywhere delighted congregations hung with rapture on his lips, and were fascinated or melted under the strains of his sacred eloquence. Calls, alike urgent and attractive, were tendered him, from Boston, Baltimore, Alexandria, and Savannah. But from diligent attention to the indications of Providence, together with the promptings of his own enterprising and bold spirit, he early became convinced that New-Orleans was the field in which his exertions were most demanded, and to which his duty plainly directed him, being the centre alike of an immense influence, and of a large and growing population, hitherto neglected.

After being ordained as an Evangelist, he proceeded at once by way of the West to the scene of his labors. For a few weeks previous to his arrival at New Orleans, in January, 1818, the small band of Christians there had been enjoying the preparatory labors of Rev. Elias Cornelius, while absent from New England on his missionary tour among the Indians, and through the South-west. Cornelius thus speaks in his Journal of Larned's reception, and the impression first made upon the people of New Orleans: "This morning, had the unspeakable satisfaction of greeting Mr. Larned, who has long been expected in this city as one of its permanent laborers. The people were anxiously waiting. From the report they had received of this excellent young man, their expectations were very high; and although I had never witnessed his public performances, I could not doubt the correctness of the opinion which has been already extensively formed in regard to him. Though much fatigued, he consented to preach the lecture this evening. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for condescending to

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grant to his Church so rich a blessing as she enjoys in this wonderful young man. The congregation was large and respectable, and one single burst of approbation told at once the reception they gave this new messenger. I rejoice that, in regard to correctness of sentiment and elevation of piety, as well as the inimitable manner in which it was delivered, the discourse was such as every Calvinist and every real Christian must unhesitatingly approve."

Ten thousand dollars were soon subscribed for the erection of a house of worship; a church was organized, under favorable auspices; and Larned at once became its pastor, devoting himself enthusiastically to its service. Dearly as he loved New England, yet, in view of the claims of his own field of duty, he said to a friend, "I would not settle in New England, if I could be endowed with a bishopric." The ensuing summer of 1818, he made a visit to the North and East, not only with a view to escape the sickly season of New Orleans, but to procure materials for building a house of worship. After a brilliant and successful tour among the Northern churches, winning from all a deep interest in himself and his enterprise, by his solemn eloquence, he returned to his charge early in the winter, and by the close of the next spring an ample church edifice was completed for him.

A revered minister, now of Brooklyn, communicated to us the following reminiscence of his last interview with one whom he was pleased to call "that paragon of a man," just prior to his autumnal departure for New Orleans. "We were walking and conversing together, on a bright moon-light evening, rather pensively, for our topic was our separation, and the widely different fields we were called respectively to cultivate. Never can I forget the occasion or the scene. "See," said I, "that glorious moon. It shines the mirror of heavenly glory. When I look at it, I will think of you. And will not you think of me?"

"Truly, I will, my dear brother," was his warm and lucid answer. "It will shine on us both at once." "Yes," I replied, "and that makes New Orleans seem more in our own neighborhood. Possibly we shall both look at it at the same moment, the remembrancer of those we love. You have the same moon at New Orleans that we have at the North." "We have," he rapturously answered; "and not the same moon only, but likewise the same sun. And what is infinitely better, my brother, we have the same Gospel, and the same glorious God! THE LORD GOD IS A SUN; and to the beams of his beatitude I devoutly commend you."

We parted. There was music in his voice, such as I never recollect to have realized from any other. There was rapture in his manner, with no caprice, or levity, or weakness, or affectation. It was magnanimous, and it was magnificent. What a column will he show in the morn of glory!"

Among many other interesting anecdotes of this extraordinary man, elicited in conversation with a citizen of Louisiana, a friend and companion of Larned in traveling, the two following are well worthy of record and preservation:—On the evening of the day of their arrival together at Baltimore, from the South, in the summer of 1818, Larned was urgently invited to preach a lecture at the church of the Rev. Dr. Inglis. Ill prepared as he was, both in body and mind, for such an exercise, he asked his friend what he should do. Yielding to persuasion, he prepared himself as he might on so short a notice, and at the appointed hour appeared in the desk, with his open princely countenance and noble bearing. And there, for nearly an hour, he held a large and admiring audience in such breathless attention, that our informant said, at the close of his effectively eloquent, impressive discourse, there was an audible sigh—the free expiration of the held breath, from all parts of the house—a spontaneous tribute to the power of pulpit eloquence very rarely evinced.

John Quincy Adams, who heard him on this same visit to the North, asking a friend if he had availed himself of the privilege of listening to the preaching of Larned, gave it as his judgment that he knew not of so eloquent a man then living.

While returning together, Larned and his friend, in the fall of the same year, to New Orleans, they were delayed two or three days at a town in Kentucky, and compelled to abide at a tavern, where some political occasion had called together an assemblage of drinking, boisterous Kentuckians. Larned's "spirit was stirred within him," by what he saw and heard there. Entering therefore the bar-room, he elevated himself behind the counter, and at once attracting attention by the bold and commanding dignity of his air and manner, and impressive personal appearance, he addressed so forcibly the disputatious, drinking crowd, that their tumult was at once hushed, and the assembly peaceably separated, some of them deeply affected, leaving the eloquent orator and his friend in undisturbed possession of the public house.

An anecdote alike illustrative of his surprising power over mind, as well as of his personal courage, is told by another. Among his friends

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in New Orleans, he had one, a man of great personal prowess, who, in a fit of insanity, to which he was subject, formed the design of taking Larned's life. This he kept a profound secret, and Larned, not aware of the derangement of his friend, was one day asked by him to take a walk into the country. He consented, set out with him, and had walked far out of view, when, to his amazement, the madman drew a dagger from his breast, and, in a furious tone, ordered him to prepare to die! Larned was unarmed, but not intimidated, or forsaken by his presence of mind. Drawing himself up before the armed madman in all the majesty of his bold and striking mien, he called aloud, "In the name of the Almighty I defy you." The subduing power of his voice and manner, and his undaunted boldness, at once disarmed the maniac; the dagger fell from his hand; and Larned led him, like a harmless child, back to the city.

It was this unusual share of natural courage and moral heroism, stimulated by the cowardly insinuations of one of the city newspapers, and not properly chastened and restrained by Christians who knew the danger, that combined with Larned's confidence in God, and love for New Orleans, and devotion to the cause of his Master, (which he thought would be injured by the suspicion of his having been driven by fear to fly from danger,) which induced him to stay firm at his post during the sickly season of 1820, in order that while death was making his annual fatal visitation, he might point the still-surviving as well as dying sinner to the Saviour. The last Sabbath of August had been appointed by him as a day of public humiliation among his people, and prayer to God that he would deliver the devoted city from the awful scourge of pestilence under which it groaned. He met his people in the morning, and also in the afternoon of that solemn day. But before its close, himself was laid prostrate by a violent attack of the malignant yellow fever. It soon broke his strength: for a season it shook the powers of his mind, and on August 31st he breathed his last.

Some of the circumstances of his short sickness, his own immediate premonitions of a fatal result, their sad fulfillment, and the crushed hopes of a newly-married wife, and of his disconsolate flock, we have heard narrated with thrilling interest by a Christian lady of New Orleans, who well understood his character and worth, and who retains in vivid remembrance his social virtues, and his powers of tender pathetic appeal, and bold vigorous eloquence.

Sad indeed was the evening of that day, when a few of his agonized, smitten flock silently gathered together, and followed the remains of their deceased pastor through that populus city of the dead, to his last resting place, and deposited all that was mortal of the lamented Larned—his noble form, his commanding person, and countenance of manly beauty, lit by his bright blue eye—in the tomb!

How solemn to a thoughtful mind to be in the midst of a thronged city, while the pestilence is busy in its dread work of death! The closed stores—the half-deserted streets—the absence of the lively din of business and commerce—the hurrying of human corpses to the gaping grave—the timid, down-cast aspect of survivors—their hurried fearful glances—their comfortless, sad converse, announcing only the sickness or death of relatives and friends—these, with many others, are circumstances of melancholy observation in a city suffering like New-Orleans then was under the fatal scourge of a malignant and contagious disease.

No wonder that the heroic Larned should have felt constrained to stay in the city of his adoption through the season of mourning and death, since in affliction the people might become tender, and with his almost inspired eloquence he might hope to win them to Christ. But God, in his infinite, unimpeachable wisdom, saw fit suddenly to remove one so eminently fitted, in our view, for usefulness on earth, to his rest on high. He did it in love to his church, and all for the best, though none could see it then, or fathom it now.

A monument of beautiful white marble, after the model of that over the grave of Cornelius, is seen erected to the memory of Larned, within the enclosure at the foot of the granite steps of the New Presbyterian Church on Lafayette Square. It bears the simple inscription, in the words of his last text—FOR ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST, AND TO DIE IS GAIN. Everlasting gain we may be sure it was to that beloved servant of Christ. But, as it was feelingly said by the Rev. Dr. Nevins, when the whole American Church mourned that untimely death, "Scarcely has death ever stopped the beat of a warmer or more expanded heart, or quenched—so far as it can quench—the light of a more brilliant intellect. He was one of those few men whose death shall make us willing to die. In the general revelation, these eyes shall see him again in peace; these ears shall hear; this hand shall grasp the hand no longer chilled, and this heart shall again mingle and coalesce with the heart of him for whom it feels."

He has gone into peace; he has laid him down,
To sleep till the dawn of a brighter day;
And he shall awake on that holy morn
When sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

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THE MINISTER'S WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

BY MRS. E. MERCEIN BARRY.

Nay, check that fear, beloved one! believe me, 'twas no sigh
Of vain regret for bygone days, I breathed as you came nigh;
'Twas but the tribute of a heart, o'erfraught with gratitude,
For all the blessings it receives in so rich plenitude!

The one dear thought that I am thine, can more than make amends
For all I have resigned for thee—name, comforts, home, and friends;
And surely I have gained in rank—the chosen wife of one
Commissioned from on high to preach redemption through the Son!

True, I have left my father's smile,—and oh! all else above,
The looks that beamed on me with all a mother's sacred love,—
A sister's depth of tenderness,—a brother's fond regard,—
And still I feel to soothe thy lot no sacrifice too hard!

To welcome thee on thy return from labors far or near,
With love too deep for utterance, with but affection's tear;
Then hear thy full-toned voice in prayer—then swell the holy song—
How could I wish to change a lot to which such joys belong!

When thou art absent, still my heart can commune hold with thine,
Still feel, in spirit joined, we bow before our Father's shrine;
Yes, rocks and hills in vain may rise—rivers in vain may roll—
They do not, cannot interrupt the union of the soul!

And e'en in sorrow's darkest hour, when thoughts of parting wring
The trembling heart that still too much to earthly love may cling,
One thought can consolation yield,—the thought that soon around
Immanuel's throne our blended song of triumph shall resound.

Then go! nor let one thought of home, one lingering fear for me,
Impede thy usefulness—to God I freely yield e'en thee!
My daily prayer that thou may'st win immortal souls to God,
Reclaim the wanderer—mourners teach to kiss the chastening rod!

And have we not the promise, dear, that they who many turn
To righteousness, shall as the stars of Heaven in glory burn?
Ah yes! and the pure hope is mine, that when the crown you wear,
Some rays of its resplendent light reflected I may share!

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IN MEMORIAM.

A BEAUTIFUL little volume of poems, thus curtly and obscurely titled, has lately made its appearance, creating no small sensation among the lovers of poetry. The strain has gained a ready entrance to the hearts of readers, and found an echo there. The poet's name is not given, but the master's hand is known. The melody, the pathos, the merit of the verses, tell that ALFRED TENNYSON is the *maker*. The brief inscription,

"IN MEMORIAM
A. H. H.
OBIT MDCCCXXXIII."

unintelligible at first sight as it stands, yet clearer after a time, is the key to the poem, and briefly sums up the burden of the song. A. H. H. are known to be the initials of Arthur Hallam, a son of the distinguished historian. Arthur, for years, was loved by the poet with more than a brother's love.

"Dear as mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me,"

are his words. He had been his companion in childhood, even

"Ere childhood's flaxen ringlets turned
To black and brown on kindred brows."

Winters passed, but the bonds wherewithal they were bound together were not broken; their minds were one in kind: but let the poet speak it:—

"Thou and I are one in kind,
As moulded like in nature's mint;
And hill and wood and field did print
The same sweet forms in either mind.

For us the same cold streamlet curl'd
Through all his eddying coves; the same
All winds that roam the twilight came
In whispers of the beauteous world."

The friendship thus strong promised eventually to become dearer and more intimate. The sister of the poet was betrothed to his friend; friendship was about to pass into relationship; but, evil day! while Arthur was in a foreign land—

"In Vienna's fatal walls,
God touched him, and he slept."

A dark calamity thus blasted the joys and hopes of sister and poet:

"O, what to her shall be the end?
And what to me remains of good?
To her, perpetual maidenhood,
And unto me, no second friend."

"In Memoriam" consists of a series of short pieces, most of them resembling the sonnet in length, and resembling the sonnet in this, also: that each piece is complete in itself. The pieces are a hundred and twenty-nine in number, and are without distinctive titles. They are occasional poems, that have been composed, apparently, at different times during the sixteen years between 1833, when Mr. Hallam died, and 1849, when the whole was wound up and prepared for the press. The author has freely and fully expressed, in those occasional verses, the varied feelings of his mind: at one time he scarce can credit the evil news that bring to him such woes; at another he calmly looks forth to the hour when the tie that has been so rudely sundered, shall again be renewed; now on imagination's airy wing upborne, he hovers round the ship that brings the dear, lifeless corpse to the shore of his native land; now he bends over the grave where his friend is laid, and finds consolation there. The memory of the lost one is recalled by each return of the Christmas-tide; the merry bells that ring out the old year and in the new, bring no joy, as they awaken thoughts of other happier times; in the walk by the "grey old grange" or "windy wold," an old companion seems to return, and gaze, as in other days, on the scenery:

"From end to end,
Of all the landscape underneath,
I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend.

* * * * * * * *

Each has pleased a kindred eye,
And each reflects a kindlier day;
And, leaving these, to pass away,
I think once more he seems to die."

Though "In Memoriam" be thus made up of a series of detached parts, yet is the unity of the whole unbroken, because there is ever a recurrence to one and the same melancholy event. The author does not maintain the measured march of a stately poem; he briefly, and often abruptly, gives utterance to the fleeting emotions of his mind. The poem is not epic: in his own words, he

"Loosens from the lip
Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away."

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"In Memoriam" must have been composed at different times, as "lullabies of pain." Often the eyes seem dimmed because of the grief that has fallen so oppressively; but again there is serenity, and peace, and hope in the future—

> "Less yearning for the friendship fled,
> Than some strong hope which is to be."

Deepest grief, like deep dead rivers, murmureth not, but is still. With the overcharged heart there is the silent tongue. Nevertheless, with the song of it own woes the anguish of the bosom may be softened. In these lines the poet gives a fine reason for his having broken the silence that betokens heartfelt grief:

> "I sometimes hold it half a sin
> To put in words the grief I feel;
> For words, like nature, half reveal
> And half conceal the soul within.
>
> But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
> A use in measured language lies;
> The sad mechanic exercise,
> Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.
>
> In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
> Like coarsest clothes against the cold:
> But that large grief which these enfold
> Is given in outline and no more."

As the poet has made many excursions through the far realms of fancy, he has fetched thence a multitude of fine thoughts, which will afterwards become familiar to the writers of our language; while felicitous expressions—word-pictures, are scattered with lavish hand, plentiful as autumn leaves on the fields. A few specimens of thoughts may be taken at random from the volume:

> "Oh yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill,
> To pangs of nature, sins of will,
> Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;
>
> That nothing walks with aimless feet;
> That not one life shall be destroyed,
> Or cast as rubbish to the void,
> When God hath made the pile complete;
>
> That not a worm is cloven in vain:
> That not a moth with vain desire
> Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
> Or but subserves another's gain.
>
> Behold! we know not anything;
> I can but trust that good shall fall
> At last—far off—at last, to all,
> And every winter change to spring.
>
> So runs my dream: but what am I?
> An infant crying in the night:
> An infant crying for the light:
> And with no language but a cry."

The poet's vocation is noble: he is as the voice of one preaching from age to age. To reckless youth, what better than this could be preached?—

> "How many a father have I seen,
> A sober man, among his boys,
> Whose youth was full of foolish noise,
> Who wears his manhood hale and green!
>
> And dare we to this doctrine give,
> That had the wild oat not been sown,
> The soil, left barren, had not grown
> The grain by which a man may live?
>
> Oh! if we held the doctrine sound
> For life outliving heats of youth,
> Yet who would preach it as a truth
> To those who eddy round and round?
>
> Hold thou the good: define it well;
> For fear divine philosophy
> Should push beyond her mark, and be
> Procuress to the lords of hell."

How finely is that load of misery pictured, which is borne by the race of mortals—

> "Never morning wore
> To evening, but some heart did break."

This truth, so strikingly well expressed, is thus followed up by the reflection, that over the joyous and hopeful, all unconscious of their misfortune, the cloud may have noiselessly burst overhead, dashing hopes and joys to the earth:

> "O father, wherescoever thou be,
> That pledgest now thy gallant son;
> A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
> Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.
>
> O mother, praying God will save
> Thy sailor,—while thy head is bow'd,
> His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
> Drops in his vast and wandering grave."

Has any painting, so shadowy, vague, and dread, yet been made of death, like this:

> "The shadow fear'd of man;
> Who broke our fair companionship,
> And spread his mantle dark and cold;
> And wrapp'd thee formless in the fold,
> And dull'd the murmur on thy lip:
>
> And bore thee where I could not see,
> Nor follow, though I walk in haste;
> And think that, somewhere in the waste,
> The shadow sits and waits for me."

Thus is the solemn, black yew-tree—that sentinel which keepeth watch over the dead, and moaneth a deep requiem when the winds are in its boughs—thus is it described in an apostrophe:

> "Old yew, which graspest at the stones
> That name the under-lying dead,
> Thy fibres net the dreamless head;
> Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> O! not for thee the glow, the bloom,
> Who changest not in any gale!
> Nor branding summer suns avail
> To touch thy thousand years of gloom."

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Nothing can be finer than the picturesque description of the calm on "this high wold," "yon great plain," and "the seas," and, in contrast therewith, the calm despair of one heart, and the dead calm in that noble breast, dead now to all emotion, heaving only with the heaving deep:

"Calm is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief.
And only through the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground:

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
And on these dews that drench the furze,
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold:

Calm and still light on yon great plain,
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main:

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair:

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep."

Conceive young men in the full flush of health, and with the vigor of mind, passing from field to field on the light toe, discoursing of philosophy the while. The hurried words of the talkers find an echo in the lines beginning, "Each by turns was guide to each," and so softly and sweetly dies the strain, that one would think old Pan had breathed it on his flute on a summer eve in the vale of Arcady, among the echoing hills. To the young men, the lands through which they passed were

"Lands where not a leaf was dumb;
But all the lavish hills would hum
The murmur of a happy Pan:

When each by turns was guide to each,
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought,
Ere thought could wed itself with Speech:

And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that Time could bring,
And all the secrets of the spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood:

And many an old philosophy
On Argive heights divinely sang,
And round us all the thicket rang.
To many a flute of Arcady."

The beauty of such passages is not, however, the chief merit of "In Memoriam." The high merit of the poem consists in its general tone of lofty spiritualism. Tennyson has already sung of "Mariana of the moated grange"—of her who, looking over the "glooming flats" to see if her false and treacherous lover was not coming to visit her in her loneliness. Meet words these as she looked:

"The night is dreary,
He cometh not she said,
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'"

Poor Mariana of the moated grange! Tennyson has sung, and how touchingly, of the little May queen, who faded in her beauty, and was queen of the May no more. Mariana and the May queen are only tales of earth and earth's children. But what of Arthur, of whom he has now sung? *He* is but a remembrance and a name—he is a sleeper among the dead. No more his eye is eloquently bright—no more flow his words of music; the eye is dull, and silent is the tongue. What then, poet, is there no more to thee of thy friend than the shadowy remembrance of what he was?—"What are these dead that sleep so peacefully?" ask all men. Do they rest there for ever in dead sleep beneath those grey memorial stones? Let all reply, and chiefly let poets reply, whose words are winning and sweet, "The dead are not to be bound down for ever in that winter-frost; a spring-time from on high will visit them." Speak it, O poet, for thy thought is true and heartening; speak it, and let atheist and materialist hear it.

"Those we call the dead,
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends."

The thoughts awakened by reflections on life and death—on the reality life and the reality death—give to this work that vitality which outlives mere beauty of description and mere pathos of sentiment. What is life? what is death? are questions which the poet should not evade, but answer. Such themes are a higher inspiration than the beauty of summer or the grandeur of winter, than the gloom of the brooding hurricane or the loveliness of even-tide. He who will not choose such inspiration may be an artist, but he is no poet. Beauty may invest his creations as a mantle, but no life is beneath the foldings of that mantle. The statue "may fill the air around with beauty," yet "soul is wanting there." It is different with the creations of the poet, who revolves the problem of free-will and fate, and gives utterance to his feelings of awe and hope. His thoughts are then not "such perishable stuff as dreams are made of," but they "wander through eternity." Tennyson is a true poet when he says,

"My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is;

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This round of green, this orb of flame,
Fantastic beauty; such as lurks
In some wild poet, when he works
Without a conscience or an aim.

What then were God to such as I?
'Twere hardly worth my while to choose
Of things all mortal, or to use
A little patience ere I die:

'Twere best at once to sink to peace,
Like birds the charming serpent draws,
To drop head-foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness, and to cease."

Equally fine is the view of the triumph of faith and feeling over those insinuating doubts that would banish from the mind the thought and belief that there is a God:

"I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye,
Nor through the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun:

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice 'believe no more,'
And heard an ever breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And, like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up and answer'd, 'I have felt.'"

It must rejoice all to find such passages in the work of one who may yet do much to enrich the stores of our poetry. These passages are not the light and happy thoughts struck out in a giddy hour, but they flow as life's blood from a heart that has been deeply wounded. A graceful apology is given for the introduction of such themes into the song, when the poet says,

"I am but an earthly muse,
And owning but a little art
To lull with songs an aching heart,
And render human love his dues:

But brooding on the dear one dead,
And all he said of things divine,
(And dear as sacramental wine
To dying lips, is all he said),

I murmur'd, as I came along,
Of comfort clasp'd in truth reveal'd;
And loiter'd in the master's field,
And darken'd sanctities with song."

To appreciate the beauty of "In Memoriam," it is necessary to abandon the mind entirely to the harmony, and melody, and pathos of the song. "Wild and wandering cries," "confusions of a wasted youth," the poet has styled the present effusion. For a time, as we read, we noted passages whose meaning was obscure, and whose connection with the leading idea was too remote to justify their admission to where they stood. "Confusions of a wasted youth!" Ha! verily this is "confusion," we sometimes said ironically; but as we passed along the pages, the pen fell from our hand, and we could read, and only read; spell-bound we read; not held as with the skinny hand and glittering eye of the ancient mariner of Coleridge, but held by the sweet singer with the faltering voice and the tear-dimmed eye. The sympathy that is felt with the poet is complete; while the entire possession of his soul with the melancholy theme fairly captivates and wins the hearts of all.

The incessant recurrence to the one idea of this poem—the death of a friend—may be irksome to some readers. Every scene is darkened; even the gay fields of summer are sombre with shadow; and amid the revelry of a marriage-feast—amid the joyous guests, there is the shadowy and august presence of

"A stiller guest,
Perchance, perchance, among the rest."

The work may appear to be throughout monotonous, but to many this very monotony will be its chief beauty. Listen to the voices of nature. Monotonous is the dirge of the hollow seas as they moan over some glory that is flown. Monotonous on the waste moorland is the lapwing's scream, as it tells in fancy's ear the sad tale of Tereus and Philomel. Monotonous, too, may be the poet's song as he tells of the loved ones he has lost, and the drear blank and barren world that is left behind.

The readers of "In Memoriam" will doubtless call to mind "Adonais," which was composed by Shelley on the death of Keats. "Adonais" and "In Memoriam" have some points of resemblance. Both are works of high genius, and both breathe the warmest love—a love that borders almost on adoration—to the dead whom they commemorate. They, however, widely differ. "Adonais" was written in fury; wild scorn now curls the poet's lip—now the face is distorted with agony—now the flood of tears flows free. Not so in "In Memoriam." No passion but love inflames the mind—no bitterness distills from the lip; the lays are yearnings after a treasure that has been rudely torn away; the poet is at peace with the world—his only controversy is with oblivion, and his struggle is that the name of the lost one may be rescued, and that he may not wholly perish in the consuming grave. "Adonais" is the monument of genius over a brother bard; "In Memoriam" is the monument of genius over the grave of friendship. "Adonais" and "In Memoriam" promise to be alike in this. Each will be a monument "more lasting than brass,"—each will endure longer than the "storied urn and animated bust," which the sculptor's hand has chiseled.

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A better conclusion could not be found for this notice than the introductory verses, which, as they were written in 1849, convey the impression of a review of the varied emotions that have come and fled during the sixteen years that have passed since the bereavement.

"Strong Son of God, immortal love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest life in man and brute;
Thou madest death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, are more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell:
That mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before.

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear:
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
What seem'd my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair,
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth:
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make us wise."

FORGIVENESS.

BY WILLIAM CUTTER.

FORGIVE!—'tis Heaven's divine command,
The measure of its grace:—
Said Jesus—"When ye praying stand
Within the holy place,
Bring no resentments in your hand,
No frowns upon your face."

"Tho' oft repeated, seven times seven,
In guilt's most hateful forms,
Forgive, as thou wouldst be forgiven"—
Dost thou accept the terms,
Yet proudly hope to enter heaven,
Frowning on fellow worms?

I know my dreadful sin abounds—
I feel the deep offence,
My debt to Christ, ten thousand pounds,—
To thee, an hundred pence:
Both, both, with shame and grief profound,
My burdened soul laments.

And dost not thou to Him confess,
Like me, a mighty debt—
Without one plea of righteousness
The charges to offset—
Which only grace—free sovereign grace—
Can cancel or forget?

Has not thy daily prayer been heard,
Repeated morn and even—
"As I forgive offences, Lord!
So be my sins forgiven?"
Ah! should he take thee at thy word,
Where were thy hopes of heaven!

Since 'tis to grace, free sovereign grace,
The most exalted bow—
Who, who of all our blood-bought race
Will be censorious now?
Or to the guiltiest say "give place,
I'm holier than thou!"

And yet, oh! yet, this load of guilt!
The offence must bear its wo!
Ay, scorn me—curse me—if thou wilt—
I cannot lie too low—
The blood, the blood on Calvary spilt—
There only can I go.

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DR. CHALMERS IN GLASGOW.

CONTINUATION OF HIS PERSONAL CHARACTER.*

JOHN FOSTER, speaking of John Howard, remarked, "He who would do some great thing in this life, must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces as, to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity." And the observation might with equal propriety have been made with reference to Thomas Chalmers. There was an intensity exhibited in his exertions, the value of which, ordinary spectators failed to appreciate. Like all great men, his purposes were few and homogeneous; and prosecuted with an intellect exhaustlessly fertile in expedient and untiring in zeal, his schemes could not fail to command a large measure of success. The elevation of the masses physically, morally, and spiritually, was his one grand object through life. In the bold phraseology of Ebenezer Elliott, it might be said that, with holy importunity, his prophet-like cry was "The people, Lord! the people!" If he toiled night and day in the wynds of Glasgow, it was for the people; if he fought with the hydra-monster of pauperism, it was for the people; if he sought to cover the land with churches and schools, it was for the people; if he left the pulpit for the University chair, it was to shake the dust from the latter and to purify and animate schools of the prophets for the people; if he contended with the State as to Church discipline, and rent the establishment in twain, it was that the people might have a free Church. He was a man of high aims, of wide sympathies, of thorough earnestness—in one word, a true man, and as such he has taken his place in the view of posterity.

The second volume of Chalmers' life, by Dr. Hanna, commences with his settlement as minister of the Tron Church, Glasgow, in 1815. He was inducted into his charge by the Rev. Sir Henry Moncrieff. Next year he was rewarded with the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity, a compliment so freely bestowed by the universities, both of Scotland and America, as to have ceased to be of much value. The subsequent title of Doctor of Laws, conferred by the University of Oxford, was a more solid honor.

His fame as a preacher had long preceded him in the western metropolis of Scotland; and Lockhart's famous portrait of him in that capacity, inserted in "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," referred to a sermon preached in Glasgow before he became one of the ministers of that city; and amongst the many descriptions which have been given of Chalmers's pulpit appearances, this, amongst the earliest of them, may still be reckoned amongst the best. An engraved portrait accompanied the literary one; and although regarded very properly by the subject of it as an inferior production, was afterwards, to his surprise, the means of his being recognized in an English stage-coach. A fellow-passenger furtively eyed him for some time. "You are from Glasgow?" he remarked at last. "Yes." "And your name is Chalmers?" "Yes"—no doubt he has heard me preach somewhere, might be the not unreasonable cogitation of the great divine. But no! "Know you from the portrait in 'Peter's Letters,'" continued the observant traveler.

Among Chalmers's great public demonstrations, must be reckoned his sermon before his Majesty's Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, in 1816. He had previously spoken, as a member of the Assembly, on the subject of clerical pluralities, with such uncommon fervor of eloquence, that Jeffrey said of him, "I know not what it is, but there is something altogether remarkable about that man. It reminds me more of what one reads of as the effect of the eloquence of Demosthenes, than anything I have ever heard." And it was at the Commissioner's special request that he officiated before him on the after Sunday.

At so early an hour as nine o'clock in the morning, a crowd began to gather in front of the High Church, which, long ere the doors were opened, was manifestly greater than any church could contain; so that when entrance at length was given, in one tremendous rush, hazardous to all and hurtful to many, pews and passages were densely filled. It was with the greatest difficulty that the Commissioner, the Judges, and the Magistrates reached their allotted seats. Dr.

* Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL D. By his son-in-law, Rev. William Hanna, LL.D. In three volumes. Vol 2. Harper & Brothers.

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Chalmers's text on this occasion was—(Ps. viii. 3, 4)—"When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained; what is man that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" Having strained every imagination to the utmost, by carrying his audience up to and abroad over those vast fields of space, teeming with unnumbered worlds, which science had brought within the circle of her discoveries, "What," asked the preacher, "is this world that we inhabit, in the immensity above and around it, and what are they who occupy it? We give you but a feeble image of our comparative insignificance, when we say that the glories of an extended forest would suffer no more from the fall of a single leaf, than the glories of this extended universe would suffer though the globe we tread upon and all that it inherits should dissolve." The infidel objection, grounded upon the unlikelihood that upon a theatre so narrow and for a race so insignificant, such high and distinguishing attentions should be lavished as those which Christianity described, was then stated in its full strength. Argument after argument in refutation of it was advanced. "The attention of the auditory," we are informed, "was so upon the stretch, that when the preacher made a pause at the conclusion of an argument, a sort of sigh, as if for breath, was perceptible through the house." "Thirdly," said Dr. Chalmers, renewing, after one such pause, his theme, "it was the telescope that, by piercing the obscurity which lies between us and distant worlds, put Infidelity in possession of the argument against which we are now contending. But about the time of its invention, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man with a discovery which serves to neutralize the whole of this argument. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star—the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity—the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbor within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon—the other redeems it from all its insignificance; for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me that, beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may lie fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me that, within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may lie a region of invisibles; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might there see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all his attributes, where He can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidences of His glory."

"At the end of this passage," one present upon the occasion remarked, "there ran through the congregation a suppressed but perfectly audible murmur of applause—an occurrence unprecedented in the course of the delivery of a sermon, but irresistible, in order to relieve our highly excited feeling."

Before referring to other celebrated occasions of pulpit eloquence, it may not be inappropriate to anticipate the historical course of the narrative, and glance at the after-development of this discourse into the well-known astronomical series. The "Astronomical Sermons" were delivered by Dr. Chalmers on the recurrence of his share of a Thursday evening service, conducted in rotation by the Glasgow city clergy; and the delivery of the course occupied all the Thursdays which fell to his share in 1816. Dr. Hanna's pen must tell how they were received.

"The spectacle which presented itself in the Trongate upon the day of the delivery of each new discourse, was a most-singular one. Long ere the bell began to toll, a stream of people might be seen pouring through the passage which led into the Tron church. Across the street, and immediately opposite to this passage, was the old reading-room, where all the Glasgow merchants met. So soon, however, as the gathering, quickening stream upon the opposite side of the street gave the accustomed warning, out flowed the occupants of the coffee-room; the pages of the *Herald* or the *Courier* were for a while forsaken; and during two of the best business hours of the day, the old reading-room wore a strange aspect of desolation. The busiest merchants in the city were wont, indeed, upon these memorable days, to leave their desks, and kind masters allowed their clerks and apprentices to follow their example. Out of the very heart of the great tumult, an hour or two stood redeemed for the highest

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exercises of the spirit; and the low traffic of earth forgotten, heaven and its high economy and its human sympathies and eternal interests engrossed the mind at least and the fancy of congregated thousands."

We have some curious revelations as to the mode and the circumstances under which these famous orations were composed.

"I began," says Dr. Chalmers, "my fourth astronomical sermon to-day." "And in a small pocket-book," continues his able biographer, "with borrowed pen and ink, in strange apartments, where he was liable every moment to interruption, that sermon was taken up and carried on to completion. At the Manse of Balmerino, disappointed in not finding Mr. Thomson at home, and having a couple of hours to spare—at the Manse of Kilmany, in the drawing-room, with all the excitement before him of meeting for the first time, after a year's absence, many of his former friends and parishioners—at the Manse of Logie, into which he turned at random by the way, and found a vacant hour—paragraph after paragraph was penned of a composition which bears upon it as much of the aspect of high and continuous elaboration as almost any piece of writing in our language.

"I believe that literary history presents few parallel instances of such power of immediate and entire concentration of thought, under such ready command of the will, exercised at such broken intervals, amid such unpropitious circumstances, and yet yielding a product in which not a single trace either of rupture in argument or variation in style appears. Those ingenious critics who, on the first appearance of the 'Astronomical Sermons' in print, spoke of the midnight oil which must have been consumed, and the vast elaboration which must have been bestowed, how much would they have been surprised had they but known the times, and modes, and places, in which one at least of these discourses had been prepared!

In ten weeks six thousand copies were disposed of; and in the course of one year from their first publication, nine editions, or twenty thousand copies, were disposed of. Three or four of the Waverley Novels had by this time appeared, and "Childe Harold" came forth during the same year; but the volume of Sermons kept its place in circulating libraries and in public demand, despite the great attractions of new tales from the author of Waverley, and a new poem from the pen of Byron. Parenthetically, it may be remarked as a curious fact, that Scott and Chalmers, although long living in the same city, do not appear to have come into contact, or to be scarcely at all referred to in each other's writings. Chalmers visted the scenes of "Rokeby," and also those of "Old Mortality," but apparently before he had made himself acquainted with the latter work. Like many authors, Dr. Chalmers mistook where his greatest strength lay. He always considered the "Astronomical Sermons" as a premature production, and that his "Commercial Discourses" were a much higher effort of intellect; but to this day the former still continues to be most in demand of all his writings.

In 1817, he accepted an invitation to preach in London; and, on his way, he had interviews with Robert Hall, John Foster, and James Montgomery. Feeling a great interest in the missions of the Moravian brethren, he astounded the amiable poet of that excellent brotherhood by promising to raise £500 for the funds. The poet doubtless regarded the pledge as Ossianic; but a long period had not elapsed when Chalmers remitted him a sum nearer £600 than the one promised. In London, the great Scotch preacher had for auditors, at different times, Rowland Hill, Canning, Macintosh, Huskisson, Wilberforce, Lord Dudley Ward, and, doubtless, other celebrated men whose names have not transpired His publisher, Mr. Smith, of Glasgow, who accompanied him on this expedition, thus describes his first London sermon:—"I write under the nervousness of having heard and witnessed the most astonishing display of human talent that, perhaps, ever commanded sight or hearing. Dr. Chalmers has just finished the discourse before the Missionary Society. All my expectations were overwhelmed in the triumph of it. Nothing from the Tron pulpit ever exceeded it, nor did he ever more arrest and wonderwork his auditors. I had a full view of the whole place. The carrying forward of minds never was so visible to me; a constant assent of the head from the whole people accompanied all his paragraphs, and the breathlessness of expectation permitted not the beating of a heart to agitate the stillness."

On another occasion equally remarkable, the church was so crowded that Wilberforce and a party of ladies had to enter the church-window by a plank, and take their places upon the pulpit stairs. On individuals his oratory had often a singular effect. Dr. Hanna refers to the case of Professor Young, of the Glasgow University, whose admiration of eloquence, and susceptibility of emotion when under its influence, are described as having been extreme. He frequently attended in the Tron Church, and scarcely ever heard Dr. Chalmers without weeping like a child. Upon one occasion he was so electrified that he leaped up from his seat upon the bench near the pulpit, and stood, breathless and motionless, gazing at the

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preacher till the burst was over, the tears all the while rolling down his cheeks. Upon another occasion, forgetful of time and place—fancying himself, perhaps, in the theatre—he rose and made a loud clapping of his hands, in an ecstacy of admiration and delight. But a prophet is seldom honored in his own country; and in singular contrast to the public testimonials to his powers as a speaker was the indifference displayed by his own immediate relations.

Amid all the excitement in London, which, of course, would be greatest among Dr. Chalmers's own countrymen, there was at least one Scotchman there who continued quite unmoved. His own brother James never once went to hear him preach. He could not escape, however, hearing much about him, for the stir created had penetrated even into his daily haunt, the Jerusalem Coffee-House. "Well," said one of his merchant friends to him one day, wholly ignorant of his relationship, "have you heard this wonderful countryman and namesake of yours? "Yes," said James, somewhat dryly, "I have heard him." "And what did you think of him?" "Very little indeed," was the reply. "Dear me!" said the astonished inquirer; "*when* did you hear him?" "About half an hour after he was born." Nay, his own father had such an extraordinary attachment to the old parochial economy of Scotland, that, although the churches of Eastern and Western Anstruther stood but a few hundred yards apart, he did not go to hear his own son preach, when his doing so would have carried him across the separating *burn* away from his own parish church.

But we must return with Dr. Chalmers to Glasgow. His labors as a parish minister appear superhuman, and can only be adequately appreciated by examining his biography. The secret of his success lay in his being at once a man of theory and practice. His plans were on the largest scale; but instead of confining himself to ornate exordiums and perorations, he worked them out to the smallest possible ramificatians. Like the elephant's trunk, which can double up a foe, or pick up a needle, he was not more in his element stirring up the energies of peers and bishops in London, with his trumpet tongued eloquence, than he was in arranging for the cutting of the hair of the boys in his school at the West-port, Edinburgh, at so much per dozen heads, or in allowing so many pounds of soap per week to their sisters for washing. We can point out hundreds of orators, and hundreds more of men of details; but the man who was both has left us. In the words, and quaint words they are, of an old Covenanter. "The renowned eagle has taken his flight to the mountain of spices."

The Tron parish of Glasgow consisted of 12,000 souls. Chalmers formed the resolution to visit each family once in a year. The ministrations could not, under such a system, be domiciliary, but they were district; and to this, like all his preconcerted plans, he rigidly adhered.

"Doctor," said an old and pious widow to whom he paid his usual brief visit, "you will surely not leave me without offering up a prayer." The practice, however, must be uniform—the established rule must not be broken; he refused, therefore, saying in his defense, "If I were to pray in every house I enter, it would take me ten years to get through the work." That work was hard; the wynds were often close and filthy, the stairs narrow and steep, the houses vile and ill ventilated; yet cheerfully and resolutely did he carry it through, cheering ever and anon the flagging spirits of his companion, as they went along. "Well," said he, looking kindly over his shoulder upon his elder, who, scarcely able to keep pace with him, was toiling up a long and weary stair—"Well, what do you think of this kind of visiting?" Engrossed with the toils of the ascent, the elder announced that he had not been thinking much about it. "Oh! I know quite well," said Dr. Chalmers, "that if you were to speak your mind, you would say that we are putting the butter very thinly upon the bread."

Here is his own account of his way of occupying his time:—"I spend four days a week visiting the people, in company with the agents of the various districts over which I expatiate. I last week overtook between 700 and 800 people, and have great pleasure in the movement. This I am generally done with in the forenoon, and then dine either at the vestry or in a friend's house. In addition to this, I have had an agency-tea every night excepting yesternight, and in a few evenings more I expect to overtake the whole agency of my parish. At nine I go out to family worship in some house belonging to the district of my present residence, where I assemble the people of the *land*, or close vicinity, and expect, ere I quit my present quarters, to overtake in this way the whole of that district. I have generally Mr. Newbigging, who lives on the opposite side of the road, to accompany me upon these excursions, in the capacity of precentor, and to drink a tumbler of rum toddy with me before I go to bed. I generally breakfast at home, so that tea and punch have formed the only manufactures I have yet required of my landlady.

"I furthermore have an address every Friday night, to the people of my vicinity, in the Calton Lancasterian School-room; and a weekly address

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will be necessary, for each of the four weeks in St. John's Church, to the people whom I have gone over in regular rotation. Add to all this the missionary monthly meeting held yesternight, and you will find that, without one particle of study, I am in full occupation. I study only on the Fridays and Sundays, and I am happy to say that the stock prepared by me in Kirkaldy is serving me out abundantly for my pulpit ministrations."

"Over the whole of this parochial intercourse," Dr. Hanna remarks with much truth, "the charm of an open-hearted cordiality, and the light of a cheerful mirthfulness, were thrown. Entering the school-room in Macfarlane-street one Monday forenoon, he said to Mr. Aitken, "My family, you are aware, are now at Kirkaldy; and as I wish to have an hour's easy chat with you and Mr. M'Gregor, will you just come up at three o'clock and have a steak with Mr. Irving [Edward] and myself in the vestry? In company with Mr. Irving, he called as the schools were dismissing, and the two ministers and the two teachers proceeded to the vestry. The table was set, and John Graham, the beadle, officiated as waiter. Tales of the school and out of the school followed close upon each other. Mr. Aitken mentioned that Dr. Bell, from India (founder of the Madras system), had called the previous day, between sermons, designing to see the class-room.

"'I had a call from him,' said Dr. Chalmers, 'this morning. I was lying awake in my old woman's room, cogitating whether I should get up or not, when I heard a heavy step in the kitchen; and the door opening, and the speaker entering, a rough voice exclaimed, 'Can this be the chamber of the great Dr. Chalmers?'

"'And what did you say!' inquired Mr. Irving, who enjoyed exceedingly the ridiculousness of the question.

"With a quiet smile and inimitable archness, accompanied by frequent shutting of his eyelids, 'I even told him,' said Dr. Chalmers, 'that it was, and I invited him to stay and breakfast with me.'"

The Tron parish was an old one, and those great obstructions to progress, "vested rights," "use and wont," "prejudices of corporations," &c., &c., prevented Dr. Chalmers from carrying out his peculiar views, and he resolved to accept the presentation to the new parish of St. John's, where he expected facilities for putting his theories into practice, and especially those connected with pauperism. The new district was still more plebeian than the Tron. Its population numbered some 10,000, but of such an humble grade were they, that in some parts of it there was only one domestic servant to every fifty-seven families. Not content with having 793 children at school in the new sphere, the Doctor adventured a deadly onslaught on its pauperism, and throughout life he never lost sight of the subject, or of his illustrative treatment of it at this stage of his history. Before 1700, there were but three parishes assessed for the poor; now there are about 700. At the period we are now referring to, in Dr. Chalmers's time, the cost of Scottish pauperism was £10 to £15 per 1,000 of the population; that of England, £500 to £1,500 per 1,000. There was, therefore, a very obvious necessity why the people's minister should cling to the Scottish system, believing, as he earnestly did, that with it was bound up the maintenance of the national morality and independence of its working population. More immediately under his own field of observation, he saw, in 1819, the royalty of Glasgow, with the system of assessment, groaning under a pauper weight of 1 in 27, at a cost per head of the whole inhabitants of 3s. 11½d., whilst the suburban locality of the Gorbals, which was unassessed, had only 1 in 178, with a cost per head of 3½d.! St. John's bore, as its share of the city wretchedness, £1,400; and Dr. Chalmers set himself to reducing it to £480, which amount he raised by voluntary collections. This feat was performed by a rigid scrutiny of all pretended paupers, which had the effect of driving that class of the community beyond the precincts of St. John's—by encouraging the parishioners to assist one another, not merely the rich bearing up the helpless, but, as William Thom, the Inverary poet, well expressed it, thirty years afterwards, "the poor keeping the poorer from begging"—and generally by active industrial and educational appliances.

Much of the Glasgow confusion at length ceased; but individual instances, ever and anon, occurred, and, with all deference to Stirling Castle and its guns, might have taken place in that ancient town as well as in Glasgow. We refer to the following:—

"*Glasgow, Tuesday, July 11th.*—Miss ———'s sister, a married woman, called with the object of delivering a long rigmarole invective against her sister. I was quite impatient. She spoke of my being in her sister's will, and of my having taken her down one day in my chariot from Kensington-place to St. John's, which was all true of the noddy. I got so desperately tired of her incessant volubility that I said I would listen no longer, and left the drawing-room for my bedroom, whither, however, she followed me, but I soon got the door shut against her; and I shall now insist that Miss ——— puts my session out

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of her will altogether, for I am to have nothing to do with a set of cackling old maids." On another occasion, teased by a lady who kept him listening to her for a long and at a very inconvenient time, he said to a friend after her departure, when describing the infliction from which he had just escaped, "and it would have been nothing if she had been saying anything to the purpose, but it was a *mere gurgle of syllables.*"

Here is another and still more serious specimen of the troubles he experienced at the hands of the feminine gender:—

"Scarborough was his favorite Church tune, scarcely a Sabbath passing in which the precentor did not get specific instructions to close the services by singing it; and they were once opened by it in St. John's in rather a singular manner. A half-witted woman, who was a most faithful attendant on Dr. Chalmers's ministry, seized the opportunity, and as soon as the first line of the psalm had been given out from the pulpit, struck up the favorite melody. The precentor had no time given him to interfere, and so well and so powerfully was his office performed for him that he wisely let her singing stand for his own, and struck in at the second line of the psalm. This woman's extreme love for the ministry turned at last into an extreme love for the person of Dr. Chalmers, a love which became with her an absorbing passion. She firmly believed it to be returned. "Mrs. Chalmers, folk said, was his wife, but she kent better, and so did the Doctor himsel'." At first she had been perfectly harmless, and had been freely admitted to the church; but now, persecuted by all kinds of strange attentions from her, and alarmed as to what her singular passion for him might tempt her to do, Dr. Chalmers was seized with a nervous terror of her. One Sabbath, when the church was very crowded, she had got up to the top step of the pulpit stair. Dr. Chalmers entered the pulpit without noticing her, but, on turning round, there she was by his side. "John," said he to the beadle, shrinking back to the furthest side of the pulpit in extreme terror, "John, I must be delivered conclusively from that woman." She was now forbid access to the church, as the very sight of her disturbed him. Nevertheless, she faithfully attended in Macfarlane street, and when she could not get near to him, she would stand wiping with her handkerchief the froth off the mouth of the horse which had carried him to church. At one time she was seized with the dread that he did not get enough to eat at home. Coming upon him once unexpectedly at the corner of a street, "Come, Doctor, do come, and get a plate of parritch; I hae fine meal the noo." As he would not take the food that she thought so necessary at her house, she resolved to carry it to his own. One evening, at Kensington-place, the servant, on opening the door, was surprised by a large round bundle, covered with a red handkerchief, being thrown into the lobby. On unwrapping it, it was found to contain oat-cakes and sheep's trotters, for the special sustentation of the minister. On his return to Glasgow, a year after, going to St. Andrew's, he entered the house of one of his elders in great agitation. "Mr. Thomson," he said, "that daft woman is in pursuit of me. Can you not carry me to my brother's by some way that she cannot track our path?" Mr. Thomson undertook and executed the commission; but they had not been long gone when she appeared at the door with a large jug of curds and cream, nor would she be satisfied till Mrs. Thomson had taken her through all the rooms of the house to convince her that Dr. Chalmers was not there."

A more delicate, but perhaps to the Doctor an equally troublesome member of the sex, was a Clapham lady, whom he encountered some years afterward in a traveling conveyance, and who, on discovering him, asked the favor of "a pretty little exhortation" before separating!

In the fraternal, paternal, and conjugal relations he was exemplary in the highest degree. To his aged and infirm father he was uniformly kind, respectful, and patient; and at the death of the old man the letters written to his numerous brothers and sisters, scattered over different parts of the world, attest the numerous home influences of which he was susceptible. Writing to his wife on the anniversary of his marriage, he says:—"I write under the impulse of the recollection that this is our marriage day. Nor can I refrain from expressing, not merely my ardent and unabated affection for you, an affection which I can assure you has suffered no decay, but is fresher, and livelier, and more determined than ever; but I also write to express my gratitude for your unwearied anxiety for all that could conduce to my comfort, an anxiety which you have ever kept up under all my perverseness, and all my peculiarities of habit and temper, and all the annoyances I have given you, and all the willfulness with which I have adhered to my own taste and my own inclination, unmindful as I have often been of your feelings, and ever disposed to make my way take the precedence of your way. May God long preserve you a comfort to me!"

Of his children he was remarkably fond, and he was in the habit of addressing letters to them, not only suited to their capacity as regards

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composition, but in style of writing—the earlier notes being *written* in printed characters with his pen, a process which to one of his rapid caligraphy must have been laborious.

On one occasion, while very busily engaged one forenoon in his study, a man entered, who at once propitiated him, under the provocation of an unexpected interruption, by telling him that he called under great distress of mind. "Sit down, sir; be good enough to be seated," said Dr Chalmers, turning eagerly and full of interest from his writing-table. The visitor explained to him that he was troubled with doubts about the Divine origin of the Christian religion; and being kindly questioned as to what these were, he gave, among others, what is said in the Bible about Melchisedek being without father and without mother, &c. Patiently and anxiously Dr. Chalmers sought to clear away each successive difficulty as it was stated. Expressing himself as if greatly relieved in mind, and imagining that he had gained his end, "Doctor," said the visitor, "I am in great want of a little money at present, and perhaps you could help me in that way." At once the object of his visit was seen. A perfect tornado of indignation burst upon the deceiver, driving him in very quick retreat from the study to the street door, these words escaping among others—"Not a penny, sir! not a penny! It's too bad! it's too bad! And to haul in your hypocrisy upon the shoulders of Melchisedek!"

Some curiosity having been manifested as to who should preach in the High Church, Edinburgh, on the visit of George IV., Sir David Wilkie asked him whether Principal Baird, who had a habit of crying (*Scotice* greeting) in the pulpit was to preach. "Why," said Dr. Chalmers, "I do not know; but if he does, it will be George Baird to George Rex, *greeting*."

Chalmers must have met many illustrious public characters in his time; but whether it was that, absorbed in his own all-engrossing pursuits, he had not leisure to observe peculiarities, or that, having observed them, and perhaps too freely, his biographer has not deemed it prudent to give such matter, we cannot tell; but certain it is, much illustration of this kind is not given. That the Doctor could hit off character briefly and yet well, may be seen from what he says of Wilberforce:—

"He positively danced and whisked about like a squirrel. He insisted on taking small packages with his own hand to the carriage that was waiting us at the door, and skipped before us in such a way that I could not refrain from laughing outright. I have the utmost love for him, at the same time, and the utmost reverence."

WILLIAM TELL.

"Why, father, watch we, wet and cold,
The livelong night in the dreary wold?"
"My son, my son, a hunter bold
Many a weary watch must hold."

"Look, father, haste your aim to take,
A roe is stealing from yonder brake."
"Be still, my son, be still; for sake
Of nobler game our watch we make."

"Look, father, look—yon antler'd deer—
Your arrow quick—he's bounding near."
"Son, let him pass sans harm or fear,
A nobler quarry will soon appear."

"See, father, see the lightning red,
A storm is bursting over head.
Hence, hence!" "My son should'st learn instead
To bide the storm, and know not dread."

"Hark, father—a steed with thundering hoof—
'Tis Gessler, his guards are far aloof."
"He looks not again upon heaven's roof
Unless his heart be arrow-proof."

"O father, hast thou slain the knight?
Alas! we both to doom are dight."
"A slave, my son, will cower in fright,
A freeman dares defend his right."

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INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY ON POETRY.

BY REV. J. W. M'LANE.

THE materials of poety, as long as its object is to interest man in man, must ever remain the same, and inexhaustible. It has its origin in the nature of man,—in the deep and mystic recesses of the human soul. It is not, therefore, merely or principally the external, but the inner life, the mysterious workmanship of man's heart, and the slumbering elements of passion, which furnish the materials of poetry.

The material is not wanting, but the hand of the master to fashion it. It is not the excess of light which prevents its progress, but the dimness of the eye. Let the true poet appear, the man, like Burns, of whose being poetry is "the celestial element," and human nature will teem with the poetic, and its mysterious chords, when struck by such a hand, will vibrate to every heart. A great change has taken place in modern poetry. She has laid aside her ancient costume; but it yet remains to be proved that she has lost anything essential to her nature, or seriously affecting her character.

It becomes, therefore, a most interesting inquiry, what those causes are, which have produced the change in question; which have turned the eye of the poet from external objects to the world of passions within; which have excited deeper and more intense emotions in the soul of the poet, to embody which in words, all the powers of language and imagery are laid under contribution, but fail to exhibit the full conception.

The principal cause, one which lies at the foundation of all others, is Christianity. The influence of the Bible has led the poet from inanimate objects to animate,—from the threshold into the penetralia of nature; from the court of the Gentiles it has conducted him into the inner temple,—to the sacred recesses of the human soul, "where true poetry alone is born, nourished and invigorated for her heavenward flight."

We are aware that this is not the refined doctrine of modern days. Many seem to think that the Bible, especially the New Testament, exerts an unhappy influence on poetry;—that by throwing things so much into the light, it leaves no room for the imagination of the poet. This is the great point which we wish to consider,—*the influence of Christianity on poetry.* Is that influence injurious, or favorable?

We fully admit that the influence of the Bible has laid aside much of the machinery of ancient poetry. From many subjects, formerly attached to poetry, it has been divorced by the progress of pure Christianity. A multitude of low and vulgar allusions, a host of false and superstitious associations, have been thus swept away. In a word, it has removed from the Christian world all the gross absurdities of the ancient heathen mythology. As says Mr. Montgomery, "From the highest heaven of invention, Jove and his senate are forever fallen; and it would be as rational and about as easy to rebuild their temples and restore their worship, as to reinstate them in the honors and immortality which they once enjoyed on Parnassus."

But in all this influence and these consequences, has the Bible destroyed anything which is essential to the character of genuine poetry? Is a heathen dress the only one to which her nature is suited? We believe not. It can be shown, we doubt not, that the influence of the heathen mythology in the production of poetry, has been greatly overrated;—that its power, in regard to what Schlegel calls the great constituents of poetry, and in which its essence consists, viz., invention, expression, and inspiration, was very circumscribed. Some, we know, think differently. The pagan theology has been called the parent of poetry; and appeals are often made in confirmation of that opinion to the poetry of Greece. But we should always remember the very peculiar circumstances under which that poetry was composed. A great variety of elements, if we may so speak, entered into its formation. It was not written in the retirement of study, to meet the cold calculating eye of criticism, but to be recited or sung at their public games and religious festivals, where everything combined to kindle and diffuse a deep and ardent enthusiasm for poetry.

The influence of Christianity tends to destroy another great theme of poetry. Its spirit is peace. It breathes harmony and love, and aims to bring

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together in appropriate union all the wild and jarring elements of this world; and warrants the anticipation of that blessed future, when we shall no more hear the confused noise of battle, or behold garments rolled in blood. The object of poetry is to please, to instruct, and to deepen our social interest in existence. Is war, then, a fit subject for poetry? The muse may weep,—she has often, like David, poured forth her bitter lamentations over the slain with inimitable pathos. But what theme of pleasurable poetry does the strife of war or a field of death present? We feel that there is delusion on this subject, arising from early associations, and strengthened by the whole course of our education. To many there seems something noble in "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war;" something sublime in the onset of battles, as the contending legions meet and dash against each other; something generous and godlike in the ardor of that chivalrous feeling which glows in the hour of danger. We need not say, that this feeling is powerfully invigorated by the glowing descriptions of the historian and the poet, in their apotheosis of the warrior. To us, however, there is no poetry in such scenes. There are too many painful associations connected with them. We cannot confine our imaginations to the glories that encircle the individual hero; our minds revert to the scene where his ovation was purchased,—the ensanguined plain,—and dwell upon the thousands that have fallen under his victorious car.

Let us look at this subject in the light of sober, Christian philosophy. Let us survey thus the field of Waterloo, that "Golgotha of nations." There stood the mighty combatants, it is true, in awful array;—the chivalrous legions of France opposed to the more determined hosts of Britain. They meet, and when that day's work is over, what do we behold of poetry there?—a field for a mile square covered with ghastly and disfigured forms, with the mutilated, the dying and the dead. "Melancholy and terrific sounds are heard; the shouts of victory have given place to groans of anguish, the complaints of the vanquished, and the prayers of the dying. One is calling upon heaven to protect his children; another raves for a beloved wife; a third tenderly breathes a beloved name, consecrated only by that tie; while others deprecate their own sufferings, or plead piteously for the pardon of their sins. There are those who pray ardently for death, and others who implore a few minutes more of life. Some make complaints of bodily pain, some of the 'gnawings of the never-dying worm;' while others, as they gaze upon the fast-flowing crimson torrent, waste the brief remains of breath in moralizing upon the shortness of life, and man's careless prodigality of existence. The eyes of all wander wistfully over the scene that is fast fading from their view; and fervently do they grasp the hand of those who are mournfully bidding them a last farewell." Surely there is something in all this too unnatural for a poetic theme! something too humiliating; something which gives man, with all his boasted sensibility and elevation of soul, a superiority, on the score of ferocity, over the lion which roams through the desert, or the shark which ranges the ocean. The lion preys upon the antelope. The tiger howls in unison with his brothers of blood. But man, when about to exhibit the greatness of his soul, and furnish to after ages a theme for poetry, is aiming to destroy his fellow man, and by the wisdom of the deep-laid plan, and the success of its execution, to gain immortal honors from the historian and the poet! Let no one talk of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war." Such are the awful consequences connected with that pomp and circumstance. We might as well undertake to separate the lightning's vivid flash from the riving thunder-bolt, as to dissociate in the mind of a benevolent man the horrors of the battle-field from the glories of the individual conqueror.

Is war, then, the theme of pleasure,—the object of poetry? We blush for poor degraded human nature! Our hearts sicken at the very thought! Well may we exclaim, with the anointed bard, "Lord, what is man!"

The tendency and aim of Christianity is the same with the legitimate and highest efforts of poetry,—to interest man in man,—to lift him above the grossness of material things,—to spiritualize his nature, and fit him for a higher and nobler existence. From the time when Wickliffe opened the scriptures, which were a "sealed book" before,—a "fountain shut up," we can distinctly trace the influence of Christianity on the poetry of the English bards, exciting the dormant intellect of the nation, and contributing to its future field of song. From this remark we are not willing wholly to except the father of the English drama. Thus says Mr. Campbell, "We are apt to compare such geniuses as Shakspeare to comets in the moral universe, which baffle all calculations, as to the causes which accelerate or retard their appearance, or from which we can predict their return. But those phenomena of poetical inspiration are, in fact, still dependent on the laws and light of the system which they visit. Poets may be indebted to the learning, philosophy, and, we may add, the religion of their

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age, without being themselves men of erudition, philosophers, or Christians. When the fine spirit of truth has gone abroad, it passes insensibly from mind to mind, independent of its direct transmission from books; and it comes home in a more welcome shape to the poet, when caught from his *social intercourse* with his species, than from solitary study. Shakspeare's genius was certainly indebted to the intelligence and *moral principles* which existed in his age; and to those moral principles the revival of *pulpit eloquence*, and the *restoration* of the SCRIPTURES to the people in their native tongue, contributed."

We do not believe, therefore, that Christianity exerts an influence prejudicial to anything essential to the character, or material to the existence of genuine poetry. Its nature is not to cramp or paralyze man's intellectual powers, but to quicken and invigorate them. We may go still farther. It has given more than it has taken away: it has not circumscribed, but enlarged the field of poetic invention. It will be admitted, that the Bible has rescued woman from her supposed inferiority and real degradation, and made her the friend, equal, and companion of man. Every valley has been filled, and every mountain and hill brought low; the rough and crooked ways of man have been smoothed, straightened, and strewed with flowers of a rich poetic hue.

Woman thus elevated has been called the poetry of life. And with reason too; for such are the elements of her character,—her beauty, grace, and gentleness,—her fullness of feeling and depth of affection,—her courage, when danger and trials come, yet grafted on qualities of the softest kind;—her vivacity, which throws its cheering light over the gloom of man,—the fidelity of her love to a wayward heart;—a sister's affection, so feminine and dignified, and yet so fond, so devoted;—the tenderness of a mother's love,—"those thousand chords, woven with every fiber of her heart, and which complain like delicate harp-strings at a breath." These are pre-eminently poetical, and in every form of fear, and love, and hope, have furnished some of the richest and most tender strains within the whole range of poetry. This entire influence, however, was unknown and unfelt by the heathen world. In that world she was the slave of man's passions. Her degradation destroyed the influence of her character.

The *moral* life of man, in which Christianity deepens our social interest, is not tamely prosaic, as it has sometimes been called. The charms of external nature are not so richly varied or so important as the world of passions and affections within us. To the keen observing eye of Shakspeare, the human bosom teemed with poetic images. To his mind the affections spread beyond ourselves, and reached far into futurity. The working of mighty passion armed his genius with an almost supernatural energy, in the delineations of every shade and lineament of human character.

He discarded at once the whole machinery of ancient poetry. To him the heathen mythology was of no avail. Instead of its cold and distant deities, interfering in the concerns of men, he had recourse to higher, nobler instruments. He looked at man,—studied the human heart, in all its lofty aspirations and its guilty depths, and employed the magic of powerful passion, and those illusions which it suggested, in his vivid descriptions, —descriptions of man's higher nature, which will continue to be read and admired, as long as that nature he has so admirably portrayed shall continue to exist.

If poetry should concern itself with human happiness; if it should comprehend man's higher life, and present it to the world in its deeper meaning, then indeed does Christianity exert a happy influence upon poetry. That influence carries the poet beyond where the eye of sense can penetrate, or the lamp of reason shine, and brings life and immortality to light, and thus fills his soul with

"grandeur, melody and love."

By its all-chastening and subduing influence, it awakens in his bosom the purest feelings and the deepest sympathies for man,—

"A sweet, expansive brotherhood of being."

Bursting the bonds of his hitherto imprisoned energies, it turns his thoughts upward to the joys and pleasures of our home in the skies, and thus throws around the character of man a dignity and importance unknown to the heathen world.

The poet who would attain to the "height of this great argument," must draw from the Bible the fountain of fiery inspiration, as Schlegel calls it. The fire of pure devotion must exist at the same time with that of the muse, kindled to as intense a glow, and blazing as high. He must drink in a sacred influence from the pages of the inspired prophets, and attain to a sympathy with their minds, in the feelings of highest elevation and deepest humility.

If it be objected, as it often has been, that religious subjects are not fit themes for poetry of the highest character, we adduce, with Mr. Montgomery, "the fact that three out of the only four long poems which are daily re-printed for every class of readers among us, are decidedly religious.

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That fact ought forever to silence the cuckoo-note, which is echoed from one mocking-bird of Parnassus to another,—that poetry and devotion are incompatible. No man in his right mind, who knows what both words mean, will admit the absurdity for a moment." "That man has neither ear, nor heart, nor imagination, to know genuine poetry, or to enjoy its sweetest, sublimest influences, who can doubt the supremacy of such passages as the song of the angels in the third, and the morning hymn of Adam and Eve in the fifth book of Paradise Lost."

"The hymn at the close of 'the Seasons,' is unquestionably one of the most magnificent specimens of verse in any language, and only inferior to the inspired prototype in the book of Psalms. And Pope's Messiah leaves all his original productions immeasurably behind it, in combined elevation of thought, affluence of imagery, beauty of diction, and fervency of spirit."

The influence of Christianity is necessary to the poet himself. To be a poet, and at the same time a happy being, a man must, we believe, be religious. We speak here of religion as a conservative principle in this life. The follies and misfortunes of this class of men are well known. Their minds are so peculiarly constructed, that nothing but religious principle can save them from total bankruptcy of heart. The celestial element of poetry in their minds is above this earth, and is destroyed by the grossness of vice. If God be not the central sun, from which such bodies receive their light and cheering warmth, and around which they revolve, and to which they are bound by a sweet attractive influence, the disturbing force through which they must pass will most assuredly forever hurl them from their true and proper orbits. The names of Burns and Byron occur to our minds as mournful examples of this fact,—names which we cannot mention without sorrow of heart. These men had the soul of poetry in them; their hearts were tremblingly alive with adoration,——but "there was no temple in their understandings." They were most unhappy men,—minds they had of the very first order, but they wanted the balancing power of religious principle,—truly splendid were the efforts of their genius, but these could not hush the mad turbulence of their bosoms. "Like moonlight on a troubled sea," they only brightened the storm which they had no power to calm.

The influence, then, of Christianity on poetry is most happy. Nor is it to the twilight of knowledge, or the mists of seperstition, that we are to look for the most splendid examples of poetic invention and diction. Light and purity exalt this divine art. What, we would ask,—if a single doubt remain in the minds of our readers on this subject,—what produced those examples of unequaled sublimity,—"that bright constellation of Hebrew poetry," which looks down from its celestial elevation on all the productions of the human intellect? What but the clear manifestation of truth to the minds of Isaiah, Job, David, Habakkuk, and Nahum, called forth those inimitable strains of poetry? What but the clear and full communication of truth

> "To the prophet's eye—that nightly saw,
> While heavy sleep fell down on other men,
> In holy vision tranced, the future pass
> Before him, and to Judah's harp attuned
> Burdens that made the pagan mountains shake,
> And Zion's cedars bow?"

The Bible, it is a remark of Schlegel, has exerted the same influence upon the poetry of our more cultivated times, which Homer did among the ancients: it has become the fountain, the rule and model of all our figures and images. From this source, the great masters of painting and poetry have drawn their scenes, and kindled their sublimity. It was here that the Florentine caught his inspiration. It was the habitual and yearning contemplation of the sacred volume, which furnished Milton with his finest images, and prepared and animated him for the noblest flight of human genius. It was on Zion's hill, and at Siloa's brook, that he caught that inspiration which raised him above the Aonian mount. Yes, it was under the refining, elevating influence of the holy oracles, that he rose as on an angel's wing, and "soared, like the bird of morn, out of sight, amid the music of his own grateful piety."

The history of English poetry bears ample testimony to the ennobling influence of Christianity on this divine art;—an influence that has produced some of the finest, sweetest strains to be found within the whole range of poetry. We would not undervalue the originality and elegance of the Grecian muse, but we cannot repress the feeling that in all the scenes of domestic tenderness or moral sublimity,—in all that is calculated to excite and agitate the soul, or to move the softer and more gentle affections of the heart, the British poets stand unrivaled. Homer may be more dramatic, and Virgil more correct; but in Milton there is a sublimity, a moral grandeur of conception, which we believe is unreached by any other uninspired poet.

Our English poetry, as a whole, is indeed a rich inheritance,—the tender legacy of the master spirits of by-gone days. But while we thus express our admiration, we must not forget that there are many things in this poetry which only

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move our abhorrence. Instances there are, and not a few either, of moral dignity coupled with disgusting coarseness;—strains that might seem to come from higher regions, even from a seraph's lyre, are followed by scenes which vulgarity itself would not stoop to own! Genius is indeed an awful trust; and most sincerely do we hope to see the day when its creative powers shall be employed only in doing good, and in warming into higher and holier action the minds of men.

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST MAN.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

Revolving centuries had left their stamp
Upon the world's broad front;—age set its seal
Deeply upon the everlasting hills,
And giant cedars reared their knotted trunks,
Moss-grown and hoary with the weight of years.
Thick-strewn along Euphrates' hallowed banks,—
By all the thousand streams that girt the land,—
Upon the sunny slopes of Ararat,—
O'er Syria's swelling hills and lovely vales,—
Throughout the spicy plains of Araby,—
Along the Nile and even to farthest Ind.
The human race had spread and found abode.
Yet wheresoe'er were homes or haunts of men,
The curse had left its witness,—sepulchres
Were hewn in many a rock; and men had learned,
What haply they were slow to learn,—that none
Once borne within the dark and dim recess,
Returned to mingle with their fellows more!

Yet still arrayed in Godlike majesty,
The first-created stood; relentless Death
Seemed fearful of such prey, and even Time
Forebore to mar the glory of a form
That wore the visible stamp of Deity,
And claimed coeval being with his own.
But century was piled on century,
Till the old man grew weary of the weight,
And sighed to leave a world his sin had made,—
Oh, thought how full of grief!—so sorrowful!

What crowding memories thronged upon his view,
As on life's outer verge he stood and gazed
Thro' the long line of ages, to that point,
That luminous spot, where he had known the joy
Of new, untried existence! How his soul
Kindled with rapture, as he called to mind
The hours of sacred converse with his God,—
When Angels were his visitants,—and she,—
His beautiful Eve in her divinest grace,
Was like a loving seraph at his side!
Then came the bitter memories of the fall,—
The fearful curse,—the wreck of innocence,—
The banishment from peace and Paradise!—
Until his soul with penitential shame
Was humbled in the dust. The promise then
Rose to his vision, and his faith's firm gaze
Pierced thro' centurial darkness, till it saw
The light of Bethlehem's star.
Within his heart
Stirred the remembrance of the bliss he felt,
When in his arms he clasped his eldest-born:
And then,—that first experience of death,—
That realizing of the curse!—No time
Could blot the horror of that fearful hour!

Onward throughout the vast vicissitudes
Of unrecorded ages, memory strayed—
Ages how full of marvelous events,
Of sins and sorrows,—myriad births and deaths;
Till wearied wandering o'er this ocean wide,
She sought his bosom's sheltering ark again.
But now the lengthened life drew near its close;
And he whom his posterity perchance
Deemed born to earthly immortality,—
The judge, the arbiter, the ancient man,
Whom all regarded with mysterious awe,—
Was doomed, like common men, to pass away.
How flew the tidings!—how the multitudes,
Countless as leaves of summer forests, pressed
To see once more the patriarch!—How the crowds
From populous cities poured their living stream!
Upon the mountains, shepherds left their flocks,
And in the valleys, husbandmen their fields:
All on one common pious errand bent.

When on the stately brow the hues of death
At length sank heavily, and on the face
The lines grew rigid, and the palm-like form
Silently settled to its last repose,—
A thrill of universal sorrow ran
Thro' all that anxious, thronging multitude—
Earth's family was orphan'd!

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ONE MORE VOYAGE.

Wildly blew the keen March wind everywhere; along the dark dreary waste and through the lamp-lit streets of the crowded city, sweeping with fierce gusts the grassy downs, and careering over the ocean with a force no bark could stem. But nowhere did its voice sound louder or more dismal than while roaring and howling among the rugged rocks of Daffer's Point, and around the dwellings of the few villagers. Every now and then a ruder blast than common tore away a fragment of some roof, while every cottage trembled as though the next breath would lay it low.

But whatever spirits rage without, the spirit of love can shed light and peace within; and in one cottage, where three persons sat around the bright clear fire—a girl working, her mother knitting, and a young man telling tales of other lands—the gale was little noted.

At length, as the cottage was trembling beneath a furious gust, the young man paused abruptly in his narrative, and observed, glancing towards the window, as though he could have gazed through the darkness afar on the tossing waters—

"'Tis a wild night afloat! We shall hear something of this gale."

The girl dropped her work; and though the speaker quickly resumed his story—and it was a deeply interesting one—with, "Well then, as I was telling you," she no longer heard the words uttered by the voice which was so dear to her, but after a moment rose, and, leaning against the casement, listened anxiously to the wild sounds without. Then, when the roar of another terrific blast had died into the usual tones of the tempest-voice, she came suddenly to the young man's side, and murmured—

"Oh, William, how wretched I should feel if you were at sea to night!"

"But I'm not at sea, my dear girl," said he, laughing; "so there's no need of your being wretched about the matter. Come, do not look so melancholy; it is enough to be unhappy when one cannot help it—is it not, Mrs. Weston?"

"Quite enough," said Mrs. Weston. "Sophy would make but a poor sailor's wife, if she went on in this way."

Sophy shuddered. "Oh, how dreadful it must be, year after year, to hear the tempests howling and waves beating, and know that one you love is exposed to all their fury!"

"But you are not to be a sailor's wife," said William, smiling. "This voyage over, and then, Sophy, I shall come into port for altogether."

"But why should there be this last voyage?" sighed Sophy, while tears trembled in her eyes.

"Because it is prudent," said her mother. "It will give you the means of settling with more comfort, and beginning the world without the difficulties and hardships you would otherwise have to struggle with."

"Comfort!" thought Sophy—"at what a price it must be bought! Oh, William!" she sighed, when they were alone, "I would sooner bear any hardships, any difficulties, than that you should brave danger for my sake. And if our home was humble, I should like it better than to see things around me which could but recall the fears and anxieties with which they had been purchased."

Perhaps William Collins might have been won over by Sophy's simple eloquence, for there was a voice within his heart ever whispering "how pleasant it would be to hear her soft tones and look on her fair face every day, instead of dreaming of them in absence." But Mrs. Weston's prudence carried the day; she called Sophy a foolish child, and talked of the great importance which this voyage would be in setting them forward in the world—for William was just made first mate of a South American trader, and the higher pay of his new post, and the expected success of a few private ventures, promised to double the young couple's means of beginning housekeeping. Indeed, Mrs. Weston would have preferred that William should retain his situation, but that his uncle wished him to give up the sea altogether, and come and assist him in the management of his mill, with which he had been acquainted from his boyhood; and, as the old man said, he would continue to have sails to trim, and find the wind of so much consequence that he might have all the delight of fancying himself still looking out for rocks and shoals.

So it was arranged--yet one voyage more! The first-mate of a large vessel would be thought somebody in the village, and pride as well as prudence prompted this decision in the elders of both families.

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Never, until this stormy night, had even Sophy shrank so fearfully from the thought of a separation; and not all the arguments of her mother, or the encouraging gayety of William, could reconcile her to the idea of his voyage, or convince her of its propriety.

But when the morrow's sun shone over the sea, Sophy's late fears seemed like a fevered dream, and it was easy for William to laugh them away, and win her to listen to *his* dreams of the happy hours that awaited them in future years—when, if thorns and shadows should sometimes come, there would be a loved one nigh to pluck away the thorn, and smile hope's welcome through the gloom.

At length the hour of parting came, and Sophy wept bitterly; but there was another whose tears flowed fast as her own—for William's mother had no child but him.

But the sea wore its fairest summer aspect, and the wind blew steadily over its bright blue waves; and now came tidings of some vessel having spoken the *Peruvian* on her passage, and, after a time, the gladder news that she had safely reached her port. Then there were letters from William, telling of all he thought, and felt, and saw, and awaking smiles almost as bright as though his own cheerful tones were uttering each welcome word. Letter after letter came, to be smiled over, and wept over, with the mingled emotion which bids us shed tears on the characters traced by the loved and absent. And then William wrote that they should hear from him no more until he reached the British waters, for the *Peruvian* would sail in a day or two, and perhaps be home almost as soon as the ship which brought his letter.

A bright sunny morning smiled on Sophy Weston, as these glad tidings greeted her eyes, and her joy appeared uncontrollable, as, with a light step and buoyant spirit, she ran up to the mill, to share her happiness with Mrs. Collins. How pleasantly she and the fond mother talked over the bright hours in prospect!

Sophy slept the calm deep sleep of youth that night, but towards daybreak the howling of the freshening gale penetrated her mother's lighter slumbers. In an instant she was wide awake, and lay anxiously listening to the wild blasts which swept boisterously by, and to the quiet breathing of the unconscious sleeper at her side, who was dreaming, perchance, of William's ship floating over a summer sea. Louder and louder still the wind blew, and Mrs. Weston listened with a painful intentness, she seemed not to know for what. Then the gale appeared suddenly to gain in fury, and roared like thunder around the cottage, which shook to its very foundations, while a few bricks, loosened from the chimney by the violent gusts, clattered on the roof, and fell loudly to the ground.

Sophy awoke with a start. It was daylight, and, springing up, she looked from the window on the waters of the little bight which, only partially sheltered by the high land, was covered with foam. "Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, "I cannot—dare not think of where William may be now!"

Neither dared her mother; yet she went on dressing herself, as she said, soothingly, "My dear child, it is not likely that his ship should be so near to land; and you know that on the open sea these gales do little damage."

"This must be terrible anywhere!" said Sophy, shuddering, "Oh, that I knew he was safe, were it ever so far away!"

It took but few minutes for the anxious girl to dress, but, as she was hastily banding her soft brown hair, her hands fell, clasping each other. "Oh, mother!" she cried in agony, "what was that?"

Mrs. Weston was deadly pale; she could not answer; for it was indeed the sullen boom of a gun, which, amid a lull of the tempest, had reached their ears. Without another word, Sophy caught up her bonnet and shawl, and hurried out of the house.

Early as was the hour, and wild the weather, Sophy was not the first to reach the high land which afforded a view of the open sea, now raging and tossing in all its fury. Again and again had the fearful sounds of the minute-gun thrilled to her heart, and now, as she gained the spot where the wide wilderness of foaming waters burst on her sight, it fell once more on her ear.

"There's the ship!—just beyond the reef, there!" cried a little boy eagerly, thoughtless of the misery of his listener.

Yes—there lay a large vessel, scarce, it seemed, a cable's length without the breakers, which stretched in long lines of gleaming foam for miles on either hand. Her foremast had gone by the board, and, crippled as she was by its loss, she was making strenuous but vain endeavors to struggle with her fate, and beat up against the heavy gale, which was driving her towards the shore. But the canvas spread on her remaining masts availed little but to make her labor more heavily amid the billows, that leaped and raged madly around her, dashing fiercely over her decks, and casting their spray high over her yards; and, though her head was turned seaward, it soon became evident that the wind and

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sea were bearing her gradually in upon the rocks. Heedless of the crowd of villagers quickly gathering along the land, heedless of the cold rainy wind, Sophy stood gazing on the fearful scene, with feelings which seemed paralysed by their intensity.

"They are brave fellows; but 'tis no use, unless the gale abates—which it won't do until their log is ended," said one near her, in an under tone.

Sophy started at the well-known voice, and sprang to the side of an old sailor, Barrett, exclaiming, "Oh, tell me, is it not his ship?"

The old man bent on her a pitying look, which involuntarily revealed what he would gladly have withheld—that the keen eye of the experienced seaman had recognized the *Peruvian* by those distinguishing points which, to a skillful mariner, are plain as the features of a friend. Then, without speaking, he walked away some yards, and resumed his examination of the vessel with his glass.

Sophy pressed her hands tightly on her bosom, and gazed on the plunging, struggling bark as though her very soul was in the look, which became only more painfully intent when, as often happened, the dark hull was lost to view among the encircling waves, and the slender spars alone told that they had not engulfed her. But once, when she re-appeared, she was tossing more violently than before. Then, after a moment, her head fell off from the point to which it had been kept, and in another she lay in the trough of the sea, utterly helpless and unmanageable, rolling from side to side, gunwales under, as though at every roll she would upset.

A low cry escaped Sophy's lips; at the same moment she heard Barrett say—

"Her tiller has been washed away; it is all over with the poor fellows! God help them!"

God help them! Ay, how often, amid the wild war of the elements, is that prayer the only aid man can give his fellow-man! How often from the wave-washed deck, or iron-bound shore, must he behold his fellow-creatures sink into their watery graves within his sight, all human succor unavailing — vain; and sadly he looks on, and breathes in a brief and soul felt "God help them!" the most humble and eloquent confession of his helplessness and dependence.

"God help them!" was echoed by many a lip and heart among the villagers, who knew that it was William Collins' ship they looked on.

"And God help *her* also!" murmured a young woman, glancing for a moment at Sophy Weston.

"Oh, for a life boat!" said Barrett: "no other boat could live one moment in such a sea."

"Save him! save him! Will no one save him?" wildly cried Sophy Weston, rushing to the old man's side.

"Tell her, Martin, that it's no use," said the seaman, turning away, for he could not bear the sight of her anguish.

"Indeed, my poor girl, we can do nothing," said Martin—one of the coast-guard—in a tone of deep sympathy. "If even they could send us a rope, no man could reach the shore alive through these breakers. Their only chance is being washed in on the fragments of wreck."

Spars and planks were already scattered on the foaming waters; every wave that broke over the unfortunate vessel bore away some trophy of its share in her destruction. A few minutes more, and it became obvious that she was rapidly breaking up. But it was more rapidly even than they thought. She heaved violently, as if agitated by some terrible convulsion; then, by a sudden wrench, she was broken in pieces; the severed parts fell off into deeper water, and all that remained of the *Peruvian*, that had bravely stemmed many a fierce gale and stormy sea, were the fragments of her wreck floating wide among the breakers.

A cry of horror arose among the spectators. The mother bowed her face in her hands, and wept: from the first she had felt there was no hope. The day passed on—the gale abated—and the starry heavens looked calmly down upon the troubled deep: then, wearied and exhausted, Sophy Weston was led home; and all that night she sat silent and abstracted; not giving way to sorrow, but revolving in her thought every possibility of William's escape—of the ship not being his; and sustained by the feverish excitement of uncertainty, which forbade her bowing her head in passive grief.

The calm morning air was sleeping softly on land and sea as Sophy left the cottage. An exclamation of mingled voices struck on her ear, and she hurried to the beach. Several men and boys were collected in a group; she darted forward. Yes, it was he—all hope was over now—it *was* the lifeless body of William Collins!—beside which she flung herself, to weep in all the anguish of the despair against which she had so long struggled.

"Oh, mother why did you advise this fatal voyage? What need had we of the gold which he has died to win?" cried the poor girl in her agony, when her mother strove to draw her from the spot.

It was the only reproach that ever passed Sophy's lips, but it sank deeply into Mrs. Weston's heart: and long and bitterly she sorrowed over the thought that her pride and value of the world's consideration should have urged the fatal decision, Yet one more voyage!

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NEANDER.

WITH A CHARACTERISTIC SKETCH.

BY A. H. GUERNSEY.

On the 17th of July, a long funeral procession was slowly passing beneath the trees in the beautiful street *Unter den Linden*—"Under the Lindens,"—in Berlin. They were bearing to the tomb all that was mortal of a great conqueror; but one whose victories had been gained on the fields of thought, whose conquests had been won from the barren realms of darkness. Before the bier was borne the tried weapons and armor of the champion—a Bible and a Testament: for it was the funeral of Neander, the great theologian, the beloved teacher, the pure philanthropist, the wise and good man.

Johann August Wilhelm Neander, (more usually written simply Augustus Neander,) was born at Göttingen, January 16th, 1789, and died at Berlin, July 13th, 1850, being thus in the sixty-second year of his age. Of Hebrew descent, he was nurtured in the faith of Judaism; but at the age of seventeen he embraced Christianity, with what sincerity and ardor, a lifetime passed in its exemplification and defense will best show. Having completed the usual University course at Halle and Göttingen, he passed some time at Hamburg, secluded from general society, with his whole soul absorbed in communion with Plato, the influence of whom upon his modes of thought and apprehension may be readily detected. From Hamburg he went, in 1811, to Hiedelberg, where he was appointed Professor-extraordinary of Theology. In the following year he received the appointment of the first Professor of Theology in the Royal University at Berlin, which post he held till his death, a period of thirty-eight years.

Neander's whole life was that of a student and teacher, an acquirer and imparter of knowledge. He was never married, but lived with a sister, who took the entire charge of his temporal concerns. Amid the din and bustle of the most thoroughly modern city in Europe, he dwelt in far-off ages. He was walking over the hills and plains of the Holy Land with the founder of our faith; he was conversing with apostles and confessors; he was holding communion with the Fathers whose minds were enshrined in the tomes of his library. The Gnostic heresiarchs, their brows weighty with thought, their brains overwearied in the vain attempt—old as the world, and yet new as every fresh morning—to explain the inexplicable, to measure infinity, were by his side. Bernard poured into his ear his rapt imaginings. Chrysostom spake to him with an almost Attic grace, and with an almost Hebrew earnestness, as though the grove of Academus had been planted upon Mount Zion, as though Plato had sat at the feet of John.

What wonder that, amid such companionship, the dim bodily eyes of Neander should have been closed to surrounding objects? that he should need a guide through the streets of Berlin? The office of conducting him to the lecture-room was usually assumed by some student, and toward the close of his lecture his sister might be seen pacing the street, waiting to conduct him to his home. There are many anecdotes told of his abstraction and absence of mind; such as his making his appearance in his lecture-room with his toilet but half completed, his walking along the gutter, his invariably taking his way to a residence he had long left, and the like.

But if careless and inattentive to what he did not consider as the proper objects of his life, Neander was not negligent in the performance of the duties which rested upon him. Upon him devolved the direction of the theological seminarium, and the examination of theological candidates. His official duties in the departments of exegesis and history occupied from two to three hours each day, in delivering lectures in the University. His manner as a lecturer was peculiar, and is well represented in our illustration. He leaned over the desk, clasping his book with his left arm, and bringing his face almost in contact with his notes. One hand held a quill, which he was always twirling about and crushing. Sometimes he would push his desk forward upon two legs, swaying it back and forth; anon he would spring forward almost spasmodically, flinging one foot back in such a manner as to lead one to fear that he must lose his balance and precipitate

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himself upon the heads of his audience; all this, in connection with a frequent expectoration, and an incessant twirling of his pen, a countenance as far as possible from beautiful, and a dress the very reverse of neat and elaborate, gave him an appearance so *outre*, that one could hardly believe that he could be the celebrated Neander.

As a man, Neander was everything that is lovely. His charity was limited only by his means. He devoted much time to personal intercourse with his pupils, to whom his house was open at a certain hour each day. He was especially delighted in furthering the efforts of young scholars, thousands of whom yet live to testify to the healthful influence which he exerted over them. Many of the first scholars of our own country can bear testimony to the charm of his personal intercourse. A letter of introduction, presented at the proper hour, brought him to the stranger's side, with the warmest expressions of interest in the objects of his visit, and proffers of aid in its accomplishment. Thus was he seen on the 19th of June, by one of the most distinguished of our American scholars, who was then at Berlin, and found him in better health and spirits than he had been for years. He was engaged on the great work of his life, the History of the Church, and with every prospect of being able to bring it to a conclusion. In less than three weeks from that day he gave his last lecture. He was attacked by a species of cholera; a day or two of pain was followed by a lucid interval, during which he dictated a page of his History, and then turning to his sister, said, "I am weary; let us go home." He had no need to prepare to die; his whole life was one continual preparation. He was first attacked on Tuesday, and on the following Sabbath the mortal put on immortality.

Of the many great men who have recently passed away from among us, and joined the silent throngs of the immortal, we can hardly call to mind one whose death is so great a loss to the world as that of Neander; not that we claim for him the intellectual primacy, but that he left unfinished a work which no other can complete, and which he would have completed had his life been prolonged. The death of a great statesman or politician seldom leaves a permanent void. He is but the head of a party comprising many men of ability, equal, or almost equal, to his own. If he towers above them, it is at most like the son of Kish among the hosts of Israel, only by the head and shoulders. Other hands are always ready to lift the banner which has fallen from his grasp; other laborers can complete his unfinished task. It is otherwise with works of the pure intellect. He who conceived, can alone complete. If he fails, the work remains unfinished: it is a creation, not a construction, and ceases with its creator. So sang mournfully the old Greek elegiac poet over Bion, "With him the song expires, the Doric measure ends."

We cannot now call to mind a single great man who has recently died, the death of whom has cut short the work of his life. Had the shadow gone back upon the dial of Coleridge, and fifteen years been added to his days, his "Great Work" would still only have existed in magnificent fragments in the profundities of his own imagination. When Wordsworth passed to the still home of the Shakspeares and Miltons, like Scott, and Goethe, and Southey, he had swept his full circle, and could look back upon the work of his life all accomplished.

The great work of Neander's life was to write the History of the Church and of Christianity. To this all his other writings are subsidiary; or rather they are all but parts of this work. Before his eyes the Church arose, as "through all time, a living witness of the divine power of Christianity, as a school of Christian experience, a voice of instruction and warning." He saw it as a living tree, growing up and developing itself in accordance with its own inward laws. It sprung from a divine seed planted in the hard and ungenial soil of earth. It was planted in despondency and anguish; it was watered with tears and blood; its first tender shoots were trampled down by every beast of the forest; its trunk was scarred by the woodman's axe; its branches shattered by the lightning; all the winds of heaven strove to wrench its roots from the soil; it has bowed to the blast, till to all seeming it lay level with the earth, but it has again sprung up, more erect than before, and spread broader and broader its branches, which are to be a shelter for all the generations of the earth. To trace the history of the Church, in its conflicts with the world, within and without, was, as we have said, the work to which Neander felt a divine call; and in this work he was engaged when the Lord took him.

Neander's "Life of Christ" which properly forms the first volume of his History, though almost the last written, demands a particular notice on account of the circumstances which called it forth, and to which it owes its somewhat polemical aspect. It was undertaken to counteract the influence of Strauss's "Life of Christ," in which an attempt was made to explain the whole structure of the evangelical history in accordance with the "mythical theory." According to Strauss, the sum of the truth embodied in the gospel narrative is simply that Jesus lived and taught in Judea, where he gathered around him a band of

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disciples who believed that he was the Messiah whom the Hebrew poetical legends had taught them to expect. These legends announced that the period of the Messiah was to be signalized by signs and wonders; and the hopes and expectations which had been thus aroused, were simply transferred to the person of Jesus by the eager credulity of his adherents. The miracles ascribed to the Messiah, thus, instead of being narrations of what actually took place, were only what the heated imaginations of his followers taught them was to have occurred. This work of Strauss produced a marked sensation in Germany. It was proposed by government to refute its heresies by the stringent logic of a legal prosecution, by a prohibitation of its sale, and a confiscation of the book. The opinion of Neander was asked, and his answer is worthy of a place by the side of Milton's Areopagitica. Though, said he, the views of the book are inconsistent with the truths of the Scriptures, yet as they are calmly and seriously propounded, in the spirit and form of scientific discussion, at the tribunal of science they must be left to stand or fall. We certainly cannot doubt the wisdom as well as justice of this reply; but it was so far in advance of Neander's country that he was most unsparingly denounced for it by the prominent periodical of the evangelical party there. The Life of Christ, which Neander produced in consequence, has passed into the rank of a standard work both in German and English. And it is a matter of congratulation to the lovers of sacred literature, that this, as well as his History of the Church, has been made accessible to readers of English, by admirable versions made by American scholars; the former by Professors McClintock and Blumenthal, the latter by Professor Torrey. We also perceive that the commentaries upon Philippians and James, mentioned below, are announced as in process of translation by Mrs. H. C. Conant, whose acquirements render her fully competent for the task.

The following is a list of Neander's published works: The Emperor Julian and his Times, 1812; Bernard and his Times, 1813; Genetical Developments of the Principal Gnostic Systems, 1818; Chrysostom and the Church in his Times, 1820, 1832, and 1849; Antignosticus: Spirit of Tertullian, 1826 and 1848; Memorabilia from the History of Christianity, and of the Christian Life, 1822 and 1825–26; A Collection of Miscellanies, chiefly exegetical and historical, 1829; A Collection of Miscellanies, chiefly biographical, 1840; The Principle of the Reformation, or Staupitz and Luther, 1840; History of the Planting and Training of the Christian Church, 4th ed., 1847; The Life of Jesus Christ in its Historical Connection and its Historical Development, 4th ed., 1845; General History of the Christian Religion and Church, 1842–47; The Epistle to the Philippians practically Explained, 1849; The Epistle of James practically Explained, 1850; besides a number of smaller occasional essays.—A. H. G.

AN EVENING SONG.

Day is past, and night is creeping
  Softly o'er the summer sky,
Flower and bird alike are sleeping,
  Soothed by Nature's lullaby.
Come, ye weary sons of labor,
  Who have toiled the live-long day,
Cast away your cares and sorrows,
  Mingle with us blithe and gay.

Let us leave the town behind us,
  With its crowded streets and courts,
Change its tumult for the music
  Of the stream that freely sports:
Till the time of rest approaches,
  Let us gayly pass each hour,
Owning that "the voice of Nature
  Is a glorious voice of power."

See the beauties that surround us,
  In the sky, and on the sod!
'Tis the temple wherein Nature
  Bids us worship Nature's God:
In this hour of holy silence,
  Pure and sacred thoughts will rise,
Lifting us from earthly visions,
  To communion with the skies.

And when stars look down upon us,
  With their radiant watchful fires,
When the silver moonbeams glisten
  On the distant city spires,
We will homeward bend our footsteps,
  With a calm and peaceful breast,
And awake upon the morrow,
  For our daily toil refreshed.

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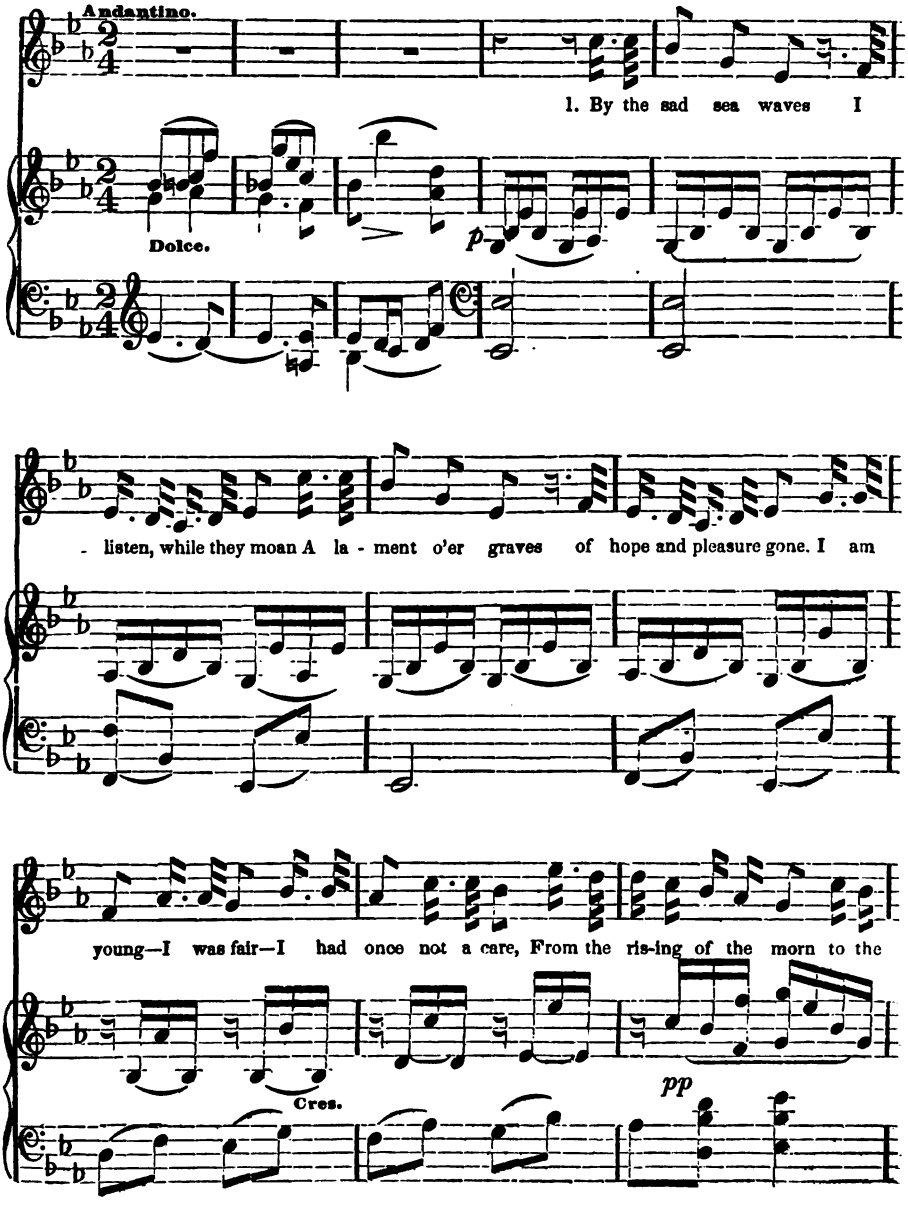
By the Sad Sea Waves.

SUNG BY MLLE. JENNY LIND. MUSIC COMPOSED BY BENEDICT.



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set - ting of the sun; Yet I pine like a slave By the sad sea wave. Come a-

p e Legato.

gain, bright days of hope and pleasure gone, Come again, bright days, Come a-gain, come a-

gain.

2.

From my care last night by holy sleep beguiled,
In the fair dream-light my home upon me smiled!
O how sweet, 'mid the dew, every flower that I knew,
Breathed a gentle welcome back to the worn and weary child.
I awake in my grave by the sad sea wave.
Come again, dear dream, so peacefully that smiled,
Come again, dear dream, come again, come again!

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JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

It makes but little difference what color or cut of a coat a man wears, so long as he has a heart beating beneath it, and that heart happens to be in the right place. He may dress in the last Paris fashion, or he may ensconse himself in corderoys with brogans to match, it will be all the same: for, in all probability, neither are the garments in which his soul (if souls wore any other garments than those of clay) would be the most appropriately dressed. Let us for a moment suppose that every man, woman, and child were properly dressed, what would be the result? why, that everybody would be changing clothes: you would have my coat on, I, your pantaloons, and our next neighbor perhaps have a pair of old boots belonging to both of us. The fine lady of fashion, (dressed according to the complexion and cast of her mind,) would go down into her own kitchen and exchange with the cook; while her seamstress would wear the costly satins she fits, bastes, sews and finishes for seventy-five cents per diem; the statesman would often change his coat (how many do!) with his secretary, for he it was who penned the electrifying speeches, that the great man delivers extempore at the shortest notice; or it may be the parliamentary reporter would stand a chance of a better suit, than his seedy and well-worn relict of better days. There would be a great difference in our appearances generally,—there is no doubt of that; and many strange and unfashionable garments made that no respectable tailor would own: the man that would be popular then, would then be tempted to exclaim with Jacques—

> "Motley's the only wear.
> * * * *
> Oh that I were a fool,
> I am ambitious for a motley coat."

Setting aside the motley, and coming to the broad brim and straight collar of the Friends, we must say that we think nobody was ever less at home in it than John G. Whittier. Quakerism, as we understand it, implies patience and gentleness—the spirit of love and charity. Who can conceive of a fighting quaker? yet such a one is John—not bodily, "with fists, sticks and stones," but mentally—a spiritual fighting quaker, a man of bone and sinew, ready to do battle at any time and place, with the slight understanding beforehand, that he has truth and justice on his side. He is, mentally, be it understood, a powerful fellow; the Elliot of America. Show him a wrong to be redressed, and he thunders away in behalf of it like a man with a fiery heart and a strong arm; not like many modern reformers, gentle, soft, pensive sentimentalists, like Lamartine for instance, or poets, like Swain and Tupper, who "roar like sucking doves." He is a man of another and better stamp.

It is a glorious thing in this age of time-serving and vice-pandering, to see a true, honest, sincere man: and truth, honesty, and sincerity, however they may be slighted and scoffed at, are their own "exceeding great reward." Here is a world of some hundred millions of human beings, immortal souls—children of time journeying to eternity; great interests are at stake here—the interests of two worlds; every man should be up and doing—life should be thought and labor: there is much to be performed, and but little time to perform it in. Liberty, equality, and religion have equal claims upon the consideration of all men; but how many think of either? How many are willing to make any sacrifices for the sake of principle? The world is sunk in a state of dullness and apathy; who shall arouse it? The great and mighty: kings, heroes, statesmen, and poets; that should be their mission, but is it, is it their mission? "Ay, there's the rub." The word King is synonymous with all things tyrannical, foul, and base; the word Hero, with bloodshed and wholesale murder; the word Statesman, with trickery, shifting, and the arts of Machiavelli; the word Poet, with everything fanciful, beautiful, wonderful, and strange. These are the men that should save and regenerate mankind; but how do they perform their work? As Jonah performed his, when he fled to Tarshish. How few great men are ever good men: self steps in between them and duty. When they might benefit mankind, they curse it, to become famous. An honest, great man—a simple, sincere, unaffected great man, has

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nearly become a paradox; but such a man was George Washington, such a man is Kossuth, and such a man, in a different sphere of thought and action, among many that we could name, is John G. Whittier. Life is not a dream to him: he was never made to loll away his hours in ease and quiet; "the burden of the mystery" presses too hard upon him: he has work to do, and must be up and doing. He puts this motto to his poetry:

> "Was it right,
> While my unnumbered brethren toiled and bled,
> That I should dream away the intrusted hours
> On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
> With feelings all too delicate for use?"

Rare and brave John, it was not right, and you knew it from the first; and not only knew it, but did it not: you have worked a good work, and fought a good fight, though we differ from you a little in our opinion of the best and true way of doing it. We have high notions of what Poesy should be, and think that you have not used her fairly; not intentionally, but erring from the depth of your love and feeling. We have neither the time nor inclination to investigate the cause and cure of the social evils of society. We believe (as who does not?) that sectarianism and slavery are evils, but do not believe that Poesy can ever cure either. Poetry is not political economy, philosophy, or religion. It may embody either or all of these sciences—in fact, the best poetry does; but that is the least part of the matter,—the dimmest phase of its many forms of brightness: the soul of all is a spiritual essence of the beautiful, which wraps and folds it in its embrace, and animates and pervades every part, as the air pervades the sky, bright with day or gleaming with the starlight.

We do not mean to deny the name of poetry to much that Whittier has written; but it is not poetry of the highest order; it is strong, nervous, and manly, but it lacks spirituality. When we speak of spirituality, we have not reference to the cant phrases of the day,—"spirit-life," "duality," and the twaddle of the transcendantalists; but to the presence of the beautiful and ideal. Whittier's ideal is not high enough. He writes too many occasional and fugitive poems—verses on reading such things, and elegies on the death of so and so. This habit of ready composition is one of his worst faults. Congress may pass laws against anti-slavery, meetings may be called, secretaries of colonization societies may die, and the poet be blameless of neglect, if his lyre remain suspended on the willows. Poets should never lightly esteem and use their high and holy calling. It is the loftiest and holiest of arts, and was never made to deal with the commonplaces of life. The real must be elevated before it can become a fit subject for the sympathies of the ideal.

But says some one, "what can be greater than Nature? what is deeper than the human heart?" Wordsworth, my dear sir, made the human heart "the haunt and main region of his song," and to this we are indebted to him for Betty Foy and Peter Bell. "Ay," says somebody again, "but look at Shakspeare." "Well, sir, look at Shakspeare! compare him with Wordsworth, or any one who cants of simplicity and unadulterated nature, and it is the old story of

> "Hyperion to a Satyr."

The human heart is idealized, and passions are elevated in Shakspeare—not that he does not embody the commonest characters and passions, but he throws such a halo of poetry around them, that they are lifted above their ordinary spheres. Macbeth is not a mere kingly murderer, Richard a humpback, Othello a jealous blackmoor, nor Lear a crazy old monarch—but each and all are great tragic creations, because they are lifted above the reach and sway of the common passions of common men.

The human heart, as it exists in the world, with all its pettiness and littleness, is not a fit subject for poetry; but the heart of suffering, and genius elevated by suffering, and love, and sorrow, lift themselves into its sphere, and reign for ever

> "With the kings of Thought!"

But it is time to leave this generalization, and come to the subject. The following poem, which embodies a softened and chastened sorrow for the early dead, is very sweet and touching:—

GONE

> Another hand is beckoning us,
> Another call is given;
> And glows once more with angel-steps
> The path which reaches Heaven.
>
> Our young and gentle friend, whose smile
> Made brighter summer hours,
> Amid the frosts of autumn time
> Has left us, with the flowers.
>
> No paling of the cheek of bloom
> Forewarned us of decay;
> No shadow from the Silent Land
> Fell round our sister's way.
>
> The light of her young life went down,
> As sinks behind a hill
> The glory of a setting star—
> Clear, suddenly, and still.
>
> As pure and sweet her fair brow seemed,—
> Eternal as the sky:
> And like the brook's low song, her voice,—
> A sound which could not die.

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And half we deemed she needed not
  The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a Shining One
  Who walked an Angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
  Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,
  Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindly deeds
  Were in her very look:
We read her face, as one who reads
  A true and holy book;

The measure of a blessed hymn
  To which our hearts could move,
The breathing of an inward psalm,
  A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer,
  And by the hearth-fire's light;
We pause beside her door to hear
  Once more her sweet "good night!"

There seems a shadow on the day
  Her smile no longer cheers,
A dimness on the stars of night,
  Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
  One thought hath reconciled,—
That he whose love exceedeth ours
  Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, oh Father! in thine arms,
  And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
  Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
  Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
  Our faith in Goodness strong.

And grant that she, who, trembling, here
  Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
  The well beloved of ours.

Almost everybody that ever wrote at all, if nothing but school compositions, has written album verses. Young ladies of sixteen and thereabouts (they generally keep thereabouts for some ten years!) have martyred their male acquaintances with them time out of mind. Charles Lamb filled a volume with nothing else; Montgomery might fill another; Leigh Hunt another, and so on in a lessened degree through the English poets. There might have been some fun in it when it was new, and some inspiration drawn from the bright eyes and red lips which so pleadingly said, "Do write something in *my* album!"—but now, when everybody that can, or cannot, write verses is pestered to do it, the fun and inspiration is gone. Whittier, however, has written a very pretty poem on the subject:

THE ALBUM.

The dark-eyed daughters of the Sun,
  At morn and evening hours,
O'erhung their graceful shrines alone
  With wreaths of dewy flowers.

Not vainly did those fair ones cull
  Their gifts by stream and wood;
The good is always beautiful,
  The beautiful is good.

We live not in their simple day,
  Our Northern blood is cold,
And few the offerings which we lay
  On other shrines than gold.

With Scripture texts to chill and ban
  The spirit's morning hours,
The heavy-footed Puritan
  Goes trampling down the flowers;

Nor thinks of Him who sat of old
  Where Syrian lilies grew,
And from their mingling shade and gold
  A holy lesson drew.

Yet, lady, shall this book of thine,
  Where Love his gifts has brought,
Become to thee a Persian shrine,
  O'erhung with flowers of thought.

The proem to the Boston edition of Whittier's collected poems gives us his own opinion of himself. From this we learn, what no one could for a moment doubt, that his poetry is the natural outburst of a loving and sympathizing heart, unschooled in the niceties of art, rude and rough, but honest, sincere, and manlike in everything:

PROEM.

I love the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,
  The songs of Spenser's golden days,
  Arcadian Sydney's silver phrase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

  Yet vainly in my quiet hours
To breathe their marvelous notes I try;—
  I feel them, as the leaves and flowers
  In silence feel the dewy showers,
And drink, with glad still lips, the blessing of the sky.

  The rigor of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untaught ear,
  The jarring words of one, whose rhyme
  Beat often Labor's hurried time,
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife are here.

  Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
  Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
  Or softer shades of Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

  Not mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;
  To drop the plummet line below
  Our common world of joy or wo,
A more intense despair, or brighter hope to find.

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Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;—
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

Oh, Freedom, if to me belong,
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvel's wit, and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine!

No better criticism on Whittier could be written. He has given us the key to his poetry, and we may unlock it for ourselves, knowing fully what we shall find in the casket. He loves Spenser, Sydney, Shakspeare, and all the lights of that age, but he cannot write as they did; he cannot

"Caper in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of the lute;"

nor sing ditties in praise of wine, and the jollities of good fellowship, nor roar with the old cavaliers,—

"A steed! a steed of matchless speed,
A sword, of metal keene,
All else to noble heartes is drosse,
All else on earth is meane."

Far from it. He is a man of peace, and a Christian; he abhors war, and its train of evils; intemperance, and its kindred vices; love, and its soft sorrows. He cares not who touches the golden lyre; he must smite his own iron harp as long as the land is full of sin and wrong, and slavery, like a brand, blackens the brow of American freedom. We see and feel these evils in our way as deeply as he does; but, as we said before, we do not believe they come within the province of poetry. He thinks otherwise; and to his opinions and warm heart we are indebted for the greater portion of his poetry. But, after all, perhaps it is absurd to set any bounds to the dominions of song. The question has often been asked: What is poetry?—but it has never been satisfactorily answered. Whatever has stood the test of time may be fairly canvassed and commented on, but we cannot so safely judge of what now exists in our midst; the most impartial have some prejudices lurking in their minds—some leaning to favorite models and schools, which must, in a greater or lesser degree, cloud and darken their judgments. We believe in no man's infallibility in any one thing, much less in criticism, which is made up of half the faculties which constitute the human mind. Posterity will grievously disappoint many whose expectations of fame are sanguine, and seemingly well founded; but the verdict of posterity, which has spared so many noble monuments of the past, may safely be relied upon when it tries the present.

Many of Whittier's minor poems are extremely felicitous, and linger long in the mind. Among many beautiful, simple, severely finished poems, nothing pleases us more than "Raphael." We suppose nearly all our readers have seen the print which it illustrates; it is a picture of the divine painter in his youth, painted by himself; a sweet unripe boy, pale and thin, with a sad spiritual face, not too spiritual for a boy, but rather a pining, longing, earth-loving face,—something like that of Mignon in Ary Sheffer's picture:

RAPHAEL.

I shall not soon forget that sight;—
The glow of Autumn's westering day,
A happy warmth, a dreamy light,
On Raphael's picture lay.

It was a simple print I saw,
The fair face of a musing boy;
Yet while I gazed a sense of awe
Seemed blending with my joy.

A simple print;—the graceful flow
Of boyhood's soft and wavy hair;
And fresh young lips and cheek, and brow
Unmasked and clear, were there.

Yet through its sweet and calm repose
I saw the inward spirit shine;
It was as if before me rose
The white veil of a shrine;

As if, as Gothland's sage has told,
The hidden life, the man within,
Disevered from its frame and mould,
By mortal eye were seen.

Was it the lifting of that eye,
The waving of that pictured hand?
Loose as a cloud wreath on the sky
I saw the walls expand.

The narrow room had vanished,—space,
Broad, luminous, remained alone,
Through which all hues and shapes of grace
And beauty looked or shone.

Around the mighty master came
The marvels which his pencil wrought,
Those miracles of power, whose fame
Is wide as human thought.

There drooped thy more than mortal face,
Oh, Mother, beautiful and mild,
Enfolding in one dear embrace
Thy Savior and Thy Child!

The rapt brow of the desert John;—
The awful glory of that day,
When all the Father's brightness shone
Through manhood's veil of clay.

And, midst grey prophet forms, and wild
Dark visions of the days of old,
How sweetly woman's beauty smiled
Through locks of bronze and gold.

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Then Fornarina's fair young-face
  Once more upon her lover shone,
Whose model of an angel's grace
  He borrowed from her own.

Slow passed that vision from my view,
  But not the lessons which it taught:
The soft calm shadows which it threw
  Still rested on my thought:

The truth, that painter, bard, and sage,
  Even in Earth's cold and changeful clime,
Plant for their deathless heritage
  The fruits and flowers of time.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
  With which the coming life is made,
And fill our Future's atmosphere
  With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be
  We weave with colors all our own;
And in the field of destiny
  We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call
  The shadows which it gathered here,
And, painted on the eternal wall,
  The Past shall re-appear.

Think ye the notes of holy song
  On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng
  Has vanished from his side?

Oh no!—we live our life again;
  Or warmly touched, or coldly dim,
The pictures of the Past remain,—
  Man's works shall follow him.

We have left ourselves but little room to speak of Whittier's anti-slavery and legendary poems. The former are not favorites with us; they are rather earnest exhortations and spirit-moving denunciations, than poems. He repeats the same sentiments in too many different ways; these are the poems which made us call him "a fighting quaker." "Cassandra Southwicke," "St. John," and "the Exiles" are the best of his legendary verses. The two first are very spirited, and, in the embodiment of single passions and moods of mind, worthy of Tennyson himself. We must not forget to mention "Randolph of Roanoake," which is one of the finest poems ever written in America. His two Indian poems, "The Bridal of Pennacook" and "Mogg Megone," are, in our opinion, decided failures. The failure in this instance, however, is more in the subject than the poet. We do not believe the North American Indians can be made poetical,—at least they never have been. Some half a dozen rememberable volumes have been written on the subject, none of which are worthy of serious consideration. Robert C. Sands and his friend Eastman wrote "Yamoyden;" Seba Smith, "Powhattan;" the late lamented Colton, "Tecumseh;" and Alfred B. Street has, within a year or two, published his "Frontenac," to say nothing of a thousand nameless scribblers, with their forgotten nonsense. Old forests and painted red men, smoking wigwams, and squaws with their pappooses; bloody massacres, tomahawks and scalping-knives, and the usual machinery of these things, cannot be made poetical. Poetry is the embodiment of beauty and truth, not of barbarism, bloodshed, and horrors. Even the simply grotesque, in unskillful hands, is dangerous, and oftentimes disgusting. It needs all the poetry of a Shakspeare to reconcile us to Caliban. Bayard Taylor satirizes this class of writers finely in "The American Legend," his late anniversary poem, delivered at Harvard University. After a spirited enumeration of some of our best traditions, he says:

"These are the legends, at whose living springs
  Our bards should drink, and lave their dusty wings;
  Then from the baptism rising newly-born,
  Soar in the sunshine of their country's morn!
  Not theirs to grope amid barbaric mould,
  Where nameless mounds their nameless idols hold,—
  To bait their lines from antiquarian sods,
  And weave grim stanzas to the dumb-eyed gods,
  Where feathered serpents fill the sacred grove,
  And Quetzalcoatl (!!) takes the place of Jove!
  They need not dig to grace the toilsome page,
  The shapeless relicts of a fossil age.
  Let gaunt Behemoth rest his weary bones,
  And drop no tear on dead Palenque's stones.
  Nor dream, like those who wrought on Babel's plain,
  To pile them heavenward, building on your brain
  Some monstrous epic, doomed to rust ere long,
  A Gorgon-head upon the shield of song!"

Metrical romances, novels in verse, and rhyming stories cannot live any great length of time; mere description must perish. Why describe woods, fields, and mountains, men, women and children? Why say that the hero and heroine were dressed so and so, and performed such and such deeds, when there is nothing remarkable or worth remembering about them? It is but a loss of time, and a great waste of valuable ink and paper. Something more than mere descriptive common-places are needful to maintain a reputation. Scott may have done it in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "The Lady of the Lake," and "Marmion," but who reads his metrical romances now for anything but the story? Byron is infinitely his superior as a poetical story-teller. His romances will doubtless live, but only for the depth of passion, intensity, and force embalmed in their nervous lines; besides which, the character and misfortunes of the man will always lend an additional charm to his poetry. We have no room to speak of Whittier's last volume, "The Songs of Labor," further than to say, it strikes us as being the most artistic, finished, and best that he has yet written.

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THE FAILINGS OF GENIUS.

We were among the great number that listened the other evening to the sublime performance of Handel's Oratorio of "The Messiah," by the Harmonic Society, sustained and crowned by the magic voice of Jenny Lind. It was magnificently got up, every part displaying an exquisiteness of finish, as well as sublimity of power, such as we have never before heard equaled.

But we are not going to write about music; on the contrary, we are merely stating that the performance of "The Messiah," by association, led our thoughts to the great composer. The infirmities of distinguished men will always be visible in proportion as their knowledge of them is circumscribed, because the consciousness of their failings induces their concealment. Some traits of distinguished persons, however, are so obvious that they are either unconscious of them, or habit renders their existence too familiar to be deemed at all out of the way.

Returning home, we thought of the author of "The Messiah," a natural recurrence after such a gratification. Handel was a gross man, whose love of eating was anything but in accordance with the sublimity of his compositions. Can it be possible that the author of such heavenly strains, such a prodigality of the sublime, should have been the voracious glutton he is depicted! He used to order his dinner at an inn for two persons, and when the waiter inquired whether the company was not coming, (dinner being ready,) was told by the harmonist, in a voice of thunder, "I am the gompany; pring de dinner!"

If all that is said of Handel be true, he was sometimes either so sensible of this infirmity, or so fearful of not getting enough when invited out, that he took care to make an enormous repast before he went; and in one of those antepasts he devoured a couple of chickens, half a dozen mackerel, and good part of a duck, and in less than two hours went to complete his dinner with a nobleman. Handel was, in fact, an indulger of his appetite to excess.

But "The Messiah" having led us to Handel and his prominent failing, we were brought to the reflection that few distinguished men have lived without some obvious mark of human frailty. Many have exhibited foibles and vices in proportion to the magnitude of the talents by which they were raised above other men, lest, perhaps, they might carry themselves too m above common humanity. Pope was an epic and would lie in bed at Lord Bolingbroke's days, unless he was told there were ste lampreys for dinner, when he arose instantly came to the table. Even Sir Isaac Newton g credit to the idle nonsense of judicial astrolo he who first calculated the distances of the st and revealed the laws of motion by which Supreme Being organizes and keeps in their bits unnumbered worlds; he who had reveal the mysteries of the stars themselves. Dry Sir Isaac Newton's contemporary, believed the same absurdity. The great Duke of Ma borough, when visited by Prince Eugene on night before a battle, when no doubt the t generals were in consultation upon a meas that might decide the fate of an empire, w heard to call his servant to account for lighti up four candles in his tent upon the occasion, an was once actually seen on horseback darning his own gloves. Hobbes, who wrote the "Leviathan," a deist in creed, had a most extraordinary belief in spirits and apparitions.

Locke, the philosopher, the matter of fact Locke, who wrote, and in fact established the decision of things by the rule of right reason, laying down the rule itself; he delighted in romances, and reveled in works of fiction. What was the great Lord Verulam? Alas! too truly, "the wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind." As for Martin Luther, the reformer, he was so passionate and unchristian-like that he struck his friends, Melancthon in particular, and perhaps would have burned him, as readily as an Inquisitor in those days would have burned a heretic, in the paroxysms of his rage. Cardinal Richelieu, the minister of a great empire, believed in the calculation of nativities. Sir Thomas More burned the heretic to whom in his writings he gave full liberty of conscience. Alexander the Great was a drunkard, and slew his friends in his cups. Cæsar sullied the glory of his talents by the desire of governing his country despotically, and died the victim of his ambition, though one of the wisest, most accomplished, and humane of conquerors; but we are traveling too far back for examples which should be taken from later times. Tasso believed in his good angel, and was often observed to

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rse with what he fancied was a spirit or n, which he declared he saw. RAPHAEL, the gifted artist the world ever produced, died e age of thirty-seven, his constitution weak- by his irregular living.

. JOHNSON was notoriously superstitious. CHRISTOPHER WREN, who built St. Paul's edral, was a believer in dreams. He had a risy once, being in Paris, and dreamed he in a place where palm trees grew, and that oman in a romantic dress gave him some . The next day he sent for some dates, he full belief of their revealed virtues, they cured him. Dr. HALLEY had the same rstitious belief. MELANCTHON believed in ms or apparitions, and used to say that one e to him in his study, and told him to bid NÆUS, his friend, to go away for some time, as Inquisition sought his life. His friend went y in consequence, and thus, by accident, real- aved his life. ADDISON was fond of the bot- and is said to have shortened his days by it. ns, the poet, was a hard drinker, and there be no doubt wore out his constitution by his viviality. GOLDSMITH was a gambler, and victim of the fraudulent. PRIOR was the pe of a common woman, whom he believed to e an angel. GARRICK was as vain as any woman, and equally loved flattery. KNELLER's vanity was such that nothing was too gross for him to swallow. PORSON, the first of Greek scholars, was a notorious tippler.

We might multiply examples of the foregoing kind without end, but we need not have quoted so many to exhibit how wisely and well the balance is poised to keep human pride within due limits. The same lesson has been taught in all ages: we must, therefore, take our more gifted fellow men while living, with the full recollection of their foibles and failings. When they are taken away from us, and our flattery can no longer injure them, our admiration may have its full measure, and we are justified in suffering their glory, which may serve the living for an example of emulation, to blaze in full refulgence; that being their more noble earthly quality, destined for the benefit of future ages in the way of instruction, imitation, or to afford harmless amusement. In a few years the failing of HANDEL will be forgotten, or his greatness increase, until the frailty that accompanied the genius when living is obscured and lost. Like all men who have belonged to the highest order of genius, the halo surrounding his name will brighten by time when the race of the gods of fashion or ignorance in the art shall have become as if they never had been.

SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

Ah! wherefore art thou setting,
  Bright star, upon me here?
And wherefore art thou rising,
  To light another sphere?
And why is all thy softness
  Unto another given,
While not a ray is gilding
  My spirit's starless heaven?

Thou murmuring wind of even!
  Breathe calmly on my breast,
And with thy gentle sighing
  Lull the toss'd mind to rest;
In all thy coolness wander
  Across my burning brow,
And bear away the sorrow
  That thrills my heart-strings now.

Ye dark trees, gently waving
  Your branches long and fair,
Why do ye breathe so softly
  Your music on the air?

Why do ye spread so kindly
  Your green, refreshing shade,
And fling with such a fondness
  Your odors o'er my head?

In rich and crimson'd vesture,—
  In gilded beauty drest,
Why sparkles on so brightly,
  The setting sun to rest?
Why do the sky, the zephyr,
  The sun-light, and the tree,—
Tho' all are glad and lovely,
  Still wear no joy for me!

Ah! point me to that dwelling
  Where sufferings all shall cease,—
Where the worn, wearied spirit
  Shall calmly rest in peace,—
Where not an earthly sorrow
  Shall cast its gloomy shade,
Tho' grief and desolation
  Should veil the spot I tread.

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THE FIRST GREAT LAW.

BY MISS A. S. G., BROOKLYN FEMALE SEMINARY.

"THE earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the spirit of God *moved* upon the face of the waters." Through that divinely communicated motion, the shapeless void was transformed into a universe replete with life and beauty.

"In the beginning," matter had been diffused through space. Almost unlimited in extent, but inert, dark, and powerless as it first sprung into existence through the fiat of the Almighty, it awaited the divine impulse which should excite to action the mighty forces lying dormant within it. In the fullness of time that impulse was given, when "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters;" and, as servants and ministers obedient to His will, those forces went forth to aid in the cycle of changes and modifications, by which the universe assumed its present conformation.

"And God said, let there be light," and the elastic ether, which had hitherto been pent up and concealed, now, by the motion communicated to it, diffused itself through every part of the mass, in waves henceforth to be propagated throughout its vast extent. "And there was light."

While matter hung motionless in space, time was not; and even when motion had been imparted to the mass, another step was requisite before it could be measured. For time is a measurement of motion, and all measurement implies a comparison with some other and similar object. While, therefore, but one species of motion existed, it was indefinite; but when, by the undulations of the waves of light, a new action commenced, the two motions were limited, by being compared with each other; and time, the first, the greatest, and the most universal consequence of motion, commenced his reign; that reign which, having sprung from infinity, shall end in eternity. "The evening and the morning were the first day."

"And God said, let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters." Enabled by motion to exert their elasticity, the purer and more etherial were separated from the grosser particles of matter; and, yet retaining the motion impressed upon the general mass, they enveloped and surrounded it. "And God called the firmament Heaven."

"And God said, let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear." A still further separation now took place among the moving atoms. As the gaseous fluids had before been separated from those peculiarly liquid, so these were now evolved from the solid matter, and, being gathered together, the seas were formed, and the dry land appeared.

"And God said, let the earth bring forth grass, and herb-yielding seed, and fruit-tree, yielding fruit after his kind." Hitherto we have seen in motion merely the agent through which matter assumed its various solid, liquid, and gaseous forms. Now we are to recognize in it a reproducing, as well as a modifying, power. Only through the force of motion could the particles of matter be so assimilated as to produce grass, and herb, and tree, in all their endless varieties.

"And God said, let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven, to divide the day from night." Though matter had now undergone several modifications; though it was enveloped in an atmosphere; and though darkness no longer brooded over it; yet these changes affected particular portions, rather than the aggregate mass. Though no longer void, the mass was still without form; though no longer chaos, it was yet shapeless; but the motion with which it had been endowed was to bring even harmony of form out of the orignal void. Through the action of this force, world after world was evolved from the mass, retaining the motion which it had in common with it, and revolving round it as a centre. These giving out, by their proper motion, yet other worlds, became themselves the centres of subordinate systems. Thus were formed, for each separated mass, the magnificent variety of orbs which do indeed "divide the day from the night," rendering the former scarcely more brilliant with its "greater light," than is the latter sublime with its canopy of worlds.

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"And God said, let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven" Still another phase of motion is exhibited to us in the fulfillment of this command;—it has, so far, been considered as a property of inanimate matter. But it is now imparted to creatures having life and endowed with the faculty of independent motion;—the sea and the air become the habitation of countless species of inhabitants, to each tribe of which belongs its own peculiar motions. And the earth also becomes a source of imparted motion; for "God said, let the *earth* bring forth living creature after his kind, cattle and creeping thing after his kind; and it was so." Thus in water, in air, and on earth, is motion propagated in forms ever new,—ever varying.

"And God said let us make man in our image, after our likeness." By the progressive exercise of the power of motion, the elements of life and harmony, which existed in the original chaos, had been developed. The darkness which brooded over it had given place to vivifying light; its sterility had yielded to the fertilizing power of vegetation; its huge and shapeless mass had been moulded into the countless worlds with which space is peopled, and the primeval silence that bound the universe had flown before the multitudes which rendered glad the hills and valleys of the earth, and made vocal the groves that studded its surface.

Thus, the progress of creation exhibited a beautiful series of links, each forming part of one mighty chain, and each exceeding its predecessor in greatness and importance. But there was still an immeasurable distance between the highest of these and the Omnipotence of their Creator. Among all the creatures of his hand, there were none who could fitly represent the Majesty of the Almighty; the spirit of God had as yet found no medium through which its dignity and power might be suitably expressed. The living principle with which the animals already called into being had been endowed, was a consequence of the Divine impulse impressed upon all matter: but a more direct and immediate communication of Divine power must be made to created beings; there must be some visible likeness of God, ere the series of progressions should be perfected. "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and *breathed* into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."

As a consequence of the divinity communicated to man at his creation, "the dominion of every living thing that moveth upon the earth" was given to him. They rendered obedience to him, as to a power infinitely superior to them, even as man is subject to one immeasurably greater than himself. "And God saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good."

"Thus the heavens and the earth were finished and all the host of them." Not until the development of motion was complete,—not until its laws had been fixed, and its operation was everywhere felt in pulsations reproducing each other, and which should undulate through all space—all time, did God cease the exercise of his creative power. "And God *rested* on the seventh day from all his work which he had made."

Thus we see that worlds were shaped from chaos, and made the habitation of life and beauty, by the divinely communicated agent, which we call motion. But it may be said that we refer too much to the agent; that we ascribe to it power which does not properly belong to it. Yet circumscribed as our knowledge necessarily is, it is impossible that we should ever attain to a certain perception of the final causes of natural phenomena. We must often be obliged to consider that as cause, which is, in reality, but the effect of some superior force, as yet unknown to us; and all that we can do in such cases is to refer it to the immediate agency of God. The force which retains the planets in their orbits we name gravitation; but if we seek to ascertain the *natural* cause of this force, we are involved in inextricable confusion, and, as the only means of satisfying our inquiries, we refer it to the Divine agency,—to the spirit of God regulating and modifying the forces which had been originally impressed upon the particles of matter when they were called into existence. We see light and heat emanating from the sun, and from many artificial sources; but if we ask what causes produce these universal effects, we are again left in doubt and perplexity, and again we refer it to the spirit of God assimilating and combining the subtle ethers which pervade the universe.

We regard motion as a property of matter imparted by a Divine impulse, and, as a force so imparted, we refer the existence of the phenomena of nature to its immediate agency. Motion may be, and very probably is, the effect of some yet greater natural force; but if so, this cause is unknown to us, and while it remains so we must necessarily refer the impression of motion to Divine power; in other words, we must still consider "the Spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters," as the first cause of motion,—and motion as the agent through whose influence the conformation of nature was effected.

The effects of motion are not less apparent in

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the construction of our own world, than in the transformations which affected the whole material universe. The wonderful modifications of matter exhibited by the successive strata of which the crust of the earth is composed, as well as the relative disposition of the strata themselves, can only be satisfactorily accounted for by supposing them to be the result of a velocity, varying at different periods and at different points of the mass. For the endless diversity which exists on the surface of the globe, for the mountains and valleys, the steppes and prairies, the deserts and wildernesses, the oceans and rivers, the lakes and springs, the continents and islands, it is difficult to account; but of the thousand theories proposed on the subject, not one has attempted to dispense with the aid of motion. Whether, as some suppose, they have been produced by convulsions of internal fires, or by the devastation of the deluge, or, again, by a sudden change, either in the velocity of the earth on its axis, or in the direction of that axis, the influence of motion is equally indispensable.

But the force of motion is also employed to change and modify the conformation which it was concerned in producing. By the continual friction of air and water, a change of place among the particles of matter is constantly induced. Thus the forms of mountains are changed, valleys are elevated, the sea encroaches upon the land, and the land upon the sea; new islands are forming, new continents are rising into being new mountains are being elevated, and, by the combination of these with other natural causes, the climates of countries are modified, and a corresponding alteration is effected in animal and vegetable productions. In this way, through the agency of motion, a gradual but important change takes place in the whole economy of nature.

It is by motion among their particles that the great chemical agents are brought within the influence of each other, and are enabled to exert their power. Through the expansion produced by heat, water ascends into the atmosphere in the form of vapor; there it is condensed, and, descending in rain and dew, carries fertility and beauty in its path; is returned to streams which convey it to the ocean, and again undergoes the same cycle of transformations; thus exhibiting the most beautiful series of motions which is performed in the physical world. By motion the nutritive fluids contained in the earth and the air are drawn into the plant, and circulated through its system. Having performed their office in purifying and feeding the structure, the refuse portions are exhaled from the leaves, while new supplies are constantly received to take their place. It is by this process that the vegetable creation is produced and perpetuated; that the oak springs from the humble acorn, and the flower from the invisible germ.

By motion, heat, and electricity, forces which occupy so important a place in the economy of nature, are enabled to pervade every part of the material universe, to exert their almost unlimited power, and to produce their ever varying effects.

It is to motion also that we owe those combinations of sound, which form an ever-enduring source of pleasure. The noise of the tempest, and the murmur of the zephyr,—the cry of the eagle, and the hum of the bee,—the roar of the cataract, the din of the ocean, and the ripple of the brook,—all tones, from the most terrific to the most musical, are created and propagated by motion. "There is neither speech nor language, but their voices are heard among them."

By the unequal velocity of the waves of light, the endless variety of color is produced. To motion, therefore, the rainbow owes its gorgeous hues, the forest its robe of living green, the snow its brilliant white, the flowers their lovely tints, and the gems their dazzling splendor.

The effects of motion are as universal as they are grand and wonderful. They form the most pleasing, as well as the most sublime, of natural phenomena. Motion retains the planets in their orbits, and gives to the minutest grain of sand its form. It sustains the ocean in its place, and conveys the dew-drop to the earth. It speaks of wrath in the whirlwind, and whispers of peace in the zephyr. It moulds the iceberg, and forms the avalanche. It rouses the sirocco, and paints the mirage. As the mind of God pervades every part of his works, so motion, his potent creature, is present everewhere in the material universe. There is no particle of matter so inert as to possess no motion peculiar to itself;—no spot is so isolated as to escape its influence. Wherever we turn, to the heaven above, or the earth beneath, we see motion within motion, and wave upon wave.

Thus has motion existed since the moment when "the spirit of God, moving upon the face of the waters," first impressed it upon the mass; and thus, doubtless, it will remain, until its laws being, for a time, suspended by the convulsions which shall cause the heavens and the earth, which now are, to pass away, it shall again be called forth to assist in producing and perpetuating the conformation of "the new heavens and the new earth."

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THE CHILD'S TEAR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

READER, do you know what the green-room of a theatre is? A saloon of a few yards square, where, from six in the evening until midnight, are assembled actors, actresses, dramatic authors, and various other literary characters. In such a company, amongst friends and familiar faces, the conversation engaged in is without restraint; there is no beating about the bush for witticisms; rather than speak and say "nothing," one is silent. From hence arise a good deal of sociability, real wit, vigor of expression, and sometimes even a touch of sentiment. Here may be heard, in turn, the droll events of the day, the touching anecdotes and the small-talk closely bordering upon scandal. Here the narrator always speaks well, for he is sure of an attentive audience. I lately heard in a green-room a simple story, which went right to the heart. I will relate it as I recollect it. If it does not move you, it is because I do not tell it effectively.

The unseasonable weather, the copyright bill, and most of the topics of the day had already been discussed, a little of everything had been said, when suddenly the conversation turning upon a young *débutante*, who, the other evening, was struck dumb before that formidable monster, the public, became somewhat metaphysical.

"Bashfulness is an incurable defect," said one. "We are by nature bold and ready-witted, or timid and retiring."

"Yes," said another, "we are as we are made, cold and calculating, or ardent and enterprising; inclined by nature to vice or virtue, gamblers or sybarites, as it may happen."

"Come, come," said one of the audience, "you are preaching a most desolating doctrine. If it were as you say, our poor humanity would not be worth much; better put a stone about its neck, and cast it into the sea. Do you think, for example, that a man given up to folly, vice, and passion, may not be reclaimed?"

"Of his follies, perhaps; of his vices and his passions, never. Show me a man given up to ambition, a gambler, or a miser, who has been reclaimed. I defy you to do it!"

"A reclaimed miser! There is one amongst us," exclaimed a distinguished dramatic writer then present, a man whose generous prodigality of disposition was proverbial, "and I am he!"

"What! were you ever avaricious? You?"

"As *Harpagon*. More than that; I have the advantage of having been brutal; brutal as GOLDONI. The only difference between him and myself being, that I was as little benevolent as I was brutal. And now I flatter myself that I am radically cured of my two infirmities"

"And pray what can have operated so marvelous a cure?"

"The tear of a child."

Attention was now excited. We gathered round the converted miser.

"It was in the year 1834," said he; "I had just given to the theatre one of my most successful pieces; which had returned me the largest sum of money, and the greatest amount of reputation. Two letters from the country reached me at once; they were from the same town One was from the manager of the theatre; it contained a proposition that I should go down, and superintend the getting up of my drama. I was to fix my own price for traveling expenses and indemnity; but I must go immediately.

"The other letter was conceived in these terms:

"'SIR,—The wife and daughter of your brother are dying for want. A few hundred francs would snatch them from death; your presence would restore them to health.—D. L.'

"I said to you just now, and I do not fear to repeat it, for it is an avowal I may now make without shame, that I had the soul of an *Harpagon*. I was mightily displeased with the letter of the doctor; I tore it to pieces. Nevertheless the theatrical proposition required immediate attention; and I departed.

"During the entire journey I was calculating my expenses; considering the worth of my advice; ruminating upon the indemnity I ought to demand; and casting about for extra charges.

"As to my sister-in-law, I thought of her as little as possible. I strove hard to stifle every idea of her, as the remembrance of her position forced itself upon my mind. Oh, this was bad, very bad! I had already behaved most unkindly towards her. Some years before, my brother,

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an honest sailor, since drowned, had written to me to say that he was over head and heels in love, and that he was about to marry the daughter of a fisherman, who brought him for fortune an excellent heart, a pair of bright eyes, and an empty pocket. To that letter I made a most silly reply; I said, 'You are about to marry a woman who has the advantage of being less wealthy than yourself. Be happy if you can; but between ourselves, I must observe to both of you, that you are a pair of simpletons. If it is still time, be advised.' Whatever this letter might want in wit, it was at least not deficient in bad taste.

"My sister-in-law was a native of the western coast, and was proud and honest, but self-willed. She never forgot that unfeeling letter; and, in her heart, had conceived a profound contempt for the writer. So, when the elements had conspired to deprive her of her husband; when, without support, without hope, she found herself engaged in a struggle with poverty and disease, she resolved to endure a thousand deaths rather than invoke the aid of her brother-in-law. And she would have died as she had resolved, without pardoning me, which would have been very obstinate certainly, but not very wise, and not at all Christian, but that she was not alone in the world. She had a young child, a lovely young child, who, upon the languishing couch of its mother, suffered the pangs of hunger with the resignation of an angel, and wasted daily before her eyes. The obstinacy of the poor woman was all in vain; it could not stifle the love for her daughter which filled her soul. She soon became convinced that if she would not be the death of her child, she must make an endeavor to soften the obdurate and wicked heart of her brother-in-law. She made the confession to her doctor, an honest and charitable man, who at once saw that the ill health of his patient was the result of want, and he had it in his power to give but very inefficient succor, for he himself was poor. The doctors of the poor possess often every talent except that of making a fortune. This was the individual who had taken upon himself to write to me.

"When I arrived in the town, the doctor was waiting for me at the coach office. As I had not written by return of post, he had thought, in the simplicity of his heart, that I should come, and he went daily to meet me. 'Tis always thus with the well disposed; they are strong in the faith of humanity. The words with which he saluted me were—'You have lost no time, sir. You have felt that delay would be death. God will reward you.' This eulogy was bitter irony to me. I had not the courage to say I did not merit it. Who has ever declined commendation?

"My first visit, which in idea I had intended for the theatre, was to my sister-in-law. I found her in a miserable hut, where the sun's rays could not penetrate. Near the bed of pain was a young girl, with large dark eyes, and eyebrows already well arched, with bright flaxen hair, whose capricious curls encircled a countenance bearing the impress of ingenuousness and intelligence, combined with that quiet resignation imparted by the habit of early suffering. How beautiful she still was! What eloquence was in those pale sufferings features!

"I looked upon her in silence. I began to comprehend that there was in childhood a most mysterious attraction, a fascination capable of exercising irresistible empire even over hearts the most obstinately closed to the better and more humanizing sentiments of our nature. I longed to embrace this beautiful child; but sordid avarice conjured up in my mind a most horrible idea. I said within me, if I allow myself to be moved, I am lost. I shall create duties without number, which, up to this time, I have sought by every means in my power to evade. I said to myself that I must endeavor to forget every trace of the hideous misery I had before my eyes. This idea struck me with terror. I drew back as a man draws back who thinks he sees an abyss beneath his feet.

"The good doctor could not comprehend the frightful selfishness which possessed me; he mistook my fear for pity. The hesitation of selfishness, seeking to fly from a spectacle of grief and pain, appeared to him an emotion of compassion; a melancholy smile played upon his lips, as, approaching me, and seizing my hand, he said, 'The sight of misfortune touches you, sir! We are familiarized with the scenes of misery and distress we are daily called upon to alleviate and cure. But you are the only doctor needed by these poor creatures. Draw near, sir!' He led me to the bedside. Large drops of cold perspiration bedewed my forehead. Shame was grappling with my soul; my perverseness was my punishment.

"When the good woman perceived me so near her, she made a violent effort to assume a sitting posture. There was about her an expression of sorrow and pride; she would willingly have commanded, but dared not, and it was too great an effort to ask a favor of a man in whom she had no faith. She did not condescend to beg, but with a lean and withered finger, trembling with emotion, pointed to her daughter. 'See,' said

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she, in a hollow, heart-rending voice, 'a poor child, who will soon be without a mother!'

"This short but energetic appeal did not unnerve me: I took care not to look upon the child, lest my obduracy should forsake me. I replied as coldly as I could, 'You must not give way to these desponding notions; you are young, you have a good physician. You must not despair.' Any other person would have added, 'You have a brother who only desires to make you forget the grief he has caused you; rely upon him, he will be a father to your child.' But I did not say that; I had but one idea—it was to fly! O worship of the golden calf, how prolific are thou of infamies!

"Whilst, undecided, I was meditating a shameful retreat, the little child did not cease to look upon me with eyes more surprised than frightened; she drew near to me, laid hold of my hand, and pointing to the foot of the bed on which her mother was stretched, said to me, in the sweetest voice in the world, 'Sit down there, I cannot kiss you unless you take me upon your knees."

"I seated myself, and of her own accord the child got upon my knees.

"The woman observing it, raised her eyes to heaven, and appeared to pray.

"As to me, I felt that the decisive moment of the struggle had arrived, and I sought to shield my heart in a case of triple steel. I considered within myself that to this woman and this child I owed nothing; that the painful price of my own toil was my own, legitimately mine; that the future was spread wide before me, strewn with perils; that to make any sacrifice was imprudence and folly; in a word, I found many excellent reasons for the love of self, most learnedly and logically deduced. My conviction properly strengthened, I looked upon the child and frowned. She also looked at me; her transparent and innocently unshrinking gaze sought, as it were, the avenue to my soul; one might have imagined she was seeking how to make a breach into the rampart of ice behind which I had entrenched myself. At last, throwing her tiny arms around my neck, she said, in silver tones, 'Will you be my father? I should love you well; you are very much like my father! He had a wicked look like yourself, but he was very good; it was no use his looking black at me, I was not afraid of him. Are you good, too?'

"How much there was of winning grace in this childish appeal I need not tell you; nevertheless, I did not give way. Summoning for a last effort all the hardness of heart I could muster, I rudely unlocked the small arms which were thrown in supple folds around my neck, and without saying a word, placed the child upon the ground. At this moment I saw depicted upon her expressive countenance a sensation of heart-breaking grief; then a tear, gliding slowly down her soft transparent skin, fell hot upon my trembling hand; I felt within me a sudden revolution, my avarice and my brutality appeared to me in all their hideous truthfulness; I blushed for myself. Without seeking further to resist that instinct of benevolence of which every man possesses in his soul the germ, I resolved no longer to reason, but to content myself with feeling; and giving myself suddenly up to that happiness, so new to me, of being guided by my heart, I put my hands upon the head of the child, and exclaimed, 'Before God and before thy mother, who hear me, I promise to be thy father; and never, I swear it, shall daughter have been more tenderly cherished than I will cherish thee.'

"Ah! had you seen my sister-in-law as these words fell upon her ear; her eyes shone, her countenance, glistening with a strange lustre, seemed lit up with happiness, her breast heaved, and her mouth opened, doubtless to thank me, but the words came not. The doctor and myself were frightened, we thought she was about to die of joy; but joy kills not. The patient was soon enabled to breathe more freely; she could then cry, and said to me, 'Brother, I have judged you wrongfully.' She added I know not what else, for I would not listen. I think that if I would have allowed her she would have begged pardon of my brutality. I should have died of remorse.

"I interrupted her by observing that she was very feeble, and would act wisely in preserving silence. The excellent doctor approved my advice, made out his prescription, and was leaving. I took him on one side, and, presenting him with my pocket-book, said, 'Doctor, one more service. I am impatient till my sister leaves this place. I was never here before. I know not a living soul in the town. Will you engage to find us, as quickly as possible, apartments where we may see the sun, and breathe a little fresh air?'

"'Willingly,' replied the doctor; 'but the poor woman will not long enjoy these comforts.'

"'Oh! doctor, even though she should enjoy them but for a day; it is something in a life of misery and tears even one day of happiness.'

"The doctor accepted the commission. In the evening it was accomplished, and well accomplished.

"The next day we were installed in a comfortable house of unambitious appearance, admirably situated near the sea; there was nothing near it but the heavens, the green earth, and the

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water. There three months were passed, during which I cherished the hope of snatching my poor sister from the disease which consumed her; and how would it have been possible not to cherish this hope, resigned as she was? There was ever a sweet smile upon her lips when she saw me forgetting my forty years and my gray hairs, becoming once more a child to please her to whom I had sworn to be as a father. Alas! my hopes were not destined to be realized. The combat between the invalid and disease had been waging too long, the sources of life were dried up, science and care were of no avail. My sister knew better than all of us that the fatal period was approaching; but she feared it not. If she spoke but seldom of it, it was that she did not wish to grieve her child.

"But the fatal moment came.

"It was a magnificent evening, the moon had risen above the trees in our little garden, and a mild air breathed softly in our faces. We were seated together, inhaling with delight the freshness of the evening, when I suddenly felt the hand of my sister pressed convulsively in mine. I turned shuddering towards her; celestial serenity was imprinted on her countenance. 'Brother,' said she 'thanks to you, I have known what happiness is; I am going in peace. You will love my daughter? Adieu!'

"She ceased to speak; all was over.

"Shall I confess it? Death was here divested of his terrors; in the last words of the dying woman, in her pale smile, in the ray of hope which illuminated her dying countenance, there was a mystical beatitude, a majestic serenity; there was here no night of oblivion, but the reflected glory of the coming morn.

"From this period the daughter of my brother was mine. I have devoted myself entirely to her; her joys are my joys; her life is my life. Ah! what do I not owe her. 'Tis through her I am what I am. This tear, enshrined in my inmost heart, has been to it as a drop of dew to the still closed bud—it has caused it to blossom."

A LAMENT FOR WORDSWORTH.

A star hath shrunk from mortal ken,
  To a more congenial sky;
A spirit hath left the walks of men,
  For the spirit-land on high:
A pilgrim bard hath veil'd his head
  From the glory of the sun,
In the sunless kingdom of the dead—
  His shrine and laurels won!

There were many watchers of that star,
  And worshipers, who came,
Like eastern shepherds, from afar,
  To bow before its flame.
It flash'd not with the fitful blaze
  That wings the meteor's beam,
But o'er men's bosoms shed its rays,
  Like moonlight on a stream.

With a power that grasp'd thought's utmost bound,
  Or soar'd to fancy's regions wild,
That spirit lofty and profound
  Was simple as a child.

The dust is shaken from its wings—
  Within that shadowy realm enshrined,
Where sit fame's mighty uncrown'd kings,
  The monarchs of the mind!

From the scenes he loved when his soul was young,
  And cherish'd in life's decay,
Where he breathed the breath of immortal song,
  The Bard has passed away.
He sleeps not in the cathedral grave,
  With marble o'er him spread,
But where wild flowers of the valley wave
  Above his narrow bed!

Star, spirit, pilgrim-bard, are one!
  In grief and awe sublime
Men watch'd that glorious light withdrawn
  From the deep sky of time.
But oh, not lost! for poesy,
  With truth's celestial fire,
Twin beacon of the world will be
  Till nature's self expire!

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BESETTING SINS.

DIARY OF A CLERGYMAN.

"HABIT is second nature." In the case of evil habits this is painfully true, and sometimes it is most distressingly exemplified.

"Who is that tall, fair-haired young man, who sits on my right, in the front of the gallery?" I once inquired of a member of the congregation.

"Why do you ask, sir?"

"Because he appears to me intelligent and thoughtful, whilst sometimes he exhibits signs of great uneasiness, as if suffering mentally."

"Pshaw! he is a reprobate, sir, and every respectable person avoids him—a bad fellow, a scamp!"

"You astonish me, Mr. Hyperson," I said, looking my visitor steadily in the face.

"A fact, sir! every one shuns him, except blackguards like himself."

"I repeat, Mr. Hyperson, you—yourself personally—*you* astonish me."

"Why?" said he.

"Allow me to ask you two or three questions. Are you likely to wean men from evil habits by branding them with odious names? Do you seriously mean to justify those whom you call respectable persons, for avoiding this poor young man, to whom they might be useful, were they found counseling and kindly advising him? Who authorized you to call any person a reprobate? and what do you mean by the term?"

Mr. Hyperson looked rather confused on hearing these plain questions. After a brief pause, however, he said, "Why, sir, I am not used to be questioned this way. Our former minister did not speak to me, or to any one of the congregation, in this manner. He used to approve of our keeping ourselves separate from the world, and to preach for the edification of the church, but you are speaking as if you wished us to cast our pearls before swine. We are not used to it, and the people won't like it."

"I have not been long amongst you, my friend," I replied; "so that I know but little of your individual peculiarities, nor do I know the character of your former pastor's teaching; nor do I even wish to know; and, as to your pearls, the probability is, that you have none to spare, either for swine or any other animal: but, at the same time, be assured of this, that the man who professes to be a Christian is bound, by the most sacred obligations, to do all in his power to instruct the ignorant, to reclaim the backslider, and to do good unto all men as he has opportunity. Of all men in the world, he should neither be hasty in judgment nor uncharitable in spirit; and it is possible that the young man of whom you have spoken so severely might have been rescued from the perils of his condition, if you, who appear to understand his disease so well, had simply done your duty."

"*Duty?*" said he, emphatically.

"Ay, duty; does the word offend you?"

"It is a word we were not accustomed to hear from your predecessor."

"Then it is my duty to let you hear it repeatedly from his successor."

"As you please, sir; but I think it right to tell you, that if you are a legal preacher, you will soon scatter the people. They won't hear such words as duty and responsibility."

"Then, if they go, others will come in their place, who will hear these terms, and understand them, too, as significant, not of what you call legal preaching, but of gospel privileges."

"But, sir, you will occasion disturbance, and drive away the family of the Molehills, and the Batsons, and the Moveslows, all respectable people, who know what doctrine is, and whom it would be unwise to offend; so that I would advise——"

"Keep your mind perfectly easy about all these calamities, Mr. Hyperson. It is some years now since I got over the fear of man. The truth, as I find it in the New Testament, will be proclaimed by me to all who choose to hear me. Neither to the right nor to the left will I swerve for all the respectables in the kingdom; so that, if there be a disturbance, the fault will not be mine, but that of those who have rendered it necessary to pull down the old house that we may build a new one. Now, will you tell me something about the 'reprobate,' and aid me in devising some plan by which we may mutually try to benefit him?"

"I, sir? His name is Thomas Simmonds, and he lives in No. 7 High Street. But my time is up. I have an engagement with Old Grab about

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some bankrupt's goods; and I must look after him sharply, for he is a selfish, worldly old fellow, and he will cheat me, *if he can*. Ha! ha! Good morning."

Bidding him good morning, I retired to my room, sad in mind at this exhibition of spiritual pride. It was the man's *besetting sin*. His was the feeling which says "Stand by thyself, for I am holier than thou"—a feeling at once offensive to God, repugnant to Christianity, and fatal to the best interests of those who indulge it. He who knows himself best, will be the most vigilant against its encroachments, and the most anxious to cultivate the grace of humility. The remedy provided for human apostacy never takes effect without making the patient aware of his ill deserts, and, consequently, producing humility of mind. It is easy to say that pride is "natural to man;" but *that* is its condemnation, and clearly suggestive of the doctrine that that which effectually humbles him is supernatural. The most painful characteristic of such cases as that of Hyperson, however, is the pretence that the Gospel has taught this lofty exclusiveness. These persons have the impudence to quote Scripture, as if it fostered their high-mindedness! Vainly puffed up by their fleshly mind, they distort the truth, as if it encouraged their arrogancy! Well, I must deal wisely and patiently with these confederated respectables, and try, by the manifestation of the truth, to open their eyes to the inconsistency and folly of their conduct.

* * * * * *

I have seen Thomas Simmonds. Poor fellow! kindness may reclaim him; but the stand-aside system will inevitably harden his heart. He is the only son of poor but honest and industrious parents, who have lived to repent their folly in neglecting to bring him up correctly. He is a clever young man; but of an exceedingly excitable temper, and repeatedly indulges in intoxicating liquor, which almost drives him to madness. By the foolish fondness of his mother he was indulged in his boyhood in every whim; and when his father sometimes attempted to correct his errors, she was in the habit of springing between them, exclaiming, "You shall not touch my Tom!" The consequence might have been predicted. Tom is a trouble, a terror, and a shame to his poor old parents. Had he witnessed consistency of purpose between his father and mother—had he seen that they contemplated his ultimate well-being, and that they thoroughly understood each other, so as to avoid mutual contradiction in his presence—he might have been an amiable, happy, and moral young man. How many parents forget the weight of responsibility that rests upon them! Spoilt children are the "dragon's teeth" of the community. It is absurd to call that love of children which tends directly to their ruin. Cruelty would be its proper name. The iniquity of the fathers is, in this case, assuredly, visited upon the children. Simmonds confessed to me that he was very wretched—that he would do anything, or undergo any pain or penalty, that would change his disposition—that sometimes he had heard me say from the pulpit things which convinced him that I knew his secret conduct and feelings, and that I was pointing directly at him in my appeals; whilst the parents, with tears streaming from their eyes, acknowledged their unhappiness, and deplored the conduct of their son in the most heart-rending terms. The young man, in reply to my suggestion, that an obvious remedy for his fatal propensity to drink intoxicating liquors was entirely to abstain, said, "Sir, I have sometimes wished to do so, but my friends laugh at me, and I cannot bear ridicule."

"Friends! Call you those friends who are such fools as to laugh at a man who is trying to save himself from perdition!"

"They are my only companions, sir, and my nature is social; good people won't associate with me. I can't bear to be *alone;* and I must go with the bad, though I know that their conduct, like my own, is ruinous."

"What is the reason of your dislike to being alone?"

"Why, I am then compelled to think, and thought torments me. I think what I might have been, what I am, and what I fear I am likely soon to be, and it drives me almost to distraction. Oh that I could escape from myself! Oh, sir, tell me what to do!"

I drew his attention to the great remedy for human guilt and wretchedness; reminded him of the success of that remedy in thousands of instances; spoke of the danger of trifling one moment longer with his besetting sins; urged the necessity of immediately abandoning his profligate companions; invited him to visit me as often as he pleased; and promised him the use of any books which my scanty library contained. It was evident, from his emotion, that a struggle had commenced within—that he felt he was not utterly abandoned—and that something like hope, though faint and feeble, had entered his troubled spirit. Poor fellow! may he be recovered out of the snare of the destroyer. How distressing the fact, that many fine spirits have been overborne by temptations of this kind. Intemperance has slain its tens of thousands; and, notwithstanding all that has been, and is, doing

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to arrest its progress, its havoc is still fearful. Young and old, rich and poor, educated and illiterate, fall before it. The power of the Gospel alone—which cures the depravity of the human heart, exhibits all sin in its own odious colors, brings the man into direct contact with the Saviour, and places all actions in the light of eternity—can effect a radical cure either of this or any other moral offence. The truths of the Bible can alone meet the case of man. There is an anecdote told of Augustine, which, with a slight abatement of the praise bestowed upon him by Gaussen, may be quoted in illustration: In the spring of the year 372 a man, then in the thirty-first year of his age, in evident distress of mind, entered into his garden near Milan. The sins of his youth—a youth spent in sensuality and impiety—weighed heavily on his mind. Lying under a fig-tree, moaning and pouring out abundant tears, he heard from a neighboring house a young voice, saying, and repeating in rapid succession, "Tolle lege! tolle lege!" (take and read! take and read!) Receiving this as a divine admonition, he returned to the place where he left his friend Alpius, to procure the roll of St. Paul's epistles, which he had a short time before left with him. "I seized the roll," says he, in describing this scene; "I opened it, and read in silence the chapter on which my eyes first alighted." It was the thirteenth of Romans. "Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantondess, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof." "I did not want to read any more," said he; "nor was there any need; every doubt was banished." The morning star had risen in his heart. In the language of Gaussen: "Jesus had conquered; and the grand career of Augustine, the holiest of the fathers, then commenced. A passage of God's word had kindled that glorious luminary, which was to enlighten the church for ten centuries, and whose beams gladden her even to the present day. After thirty-one years of revolt, of combats, of falls, of misery, faith, life, eternal peace came to this erring soul: a new day, an eternal day, came upon it."

It is a noble sight to witness victory over besetting sins. An earnest spirit, struggling to master itself, is engaged in the most honorable warfare. The animating power of right principles is necessary to triumph. A deep conviction of the danger of indulging evil habits, and a determination to give them no quarter, are essential. To be off one's guard for a moment, is to court defeat. Watchfulness, resolution, and grace will lay prostrate long-continued besetting sins.

FOOTPRINTS OF WINTER.

BY HORACE DRESSER, ESQ.

It is a chilly day; the sun has hid
Himself behind the clouds that veil the sky;
There is no beam that warms the frigid fields—
All that which once my gazing eye well pleased,
Looks drear; and every stream that murmured on
Through meadows decked with flowers, and rattled o'er
Its pebbled bed, congeals and turns to ice.
But just above my dwelling climbs the smoke,
And forms a cloud that hangs, portending storms.
The glowing fire that heats the fireside hot,
Scarce warms me. All is chill, and whistling winds
Forewarn that soon a storm will fill the air,
And whiten all the tract that stretches wide.
The forest groans and utters forth those sounds
That tell that Winter wields his tyrant rod.
Methinks he now shows forth his hoary head;
For 'mong the trees, I see thick falling round,
Like leaves in Autumn shaken by the wind,
The flakes of snow that dress in white the ground.
O chilling Potentate! thy coming stay;
Do hear my prayer: no more my limbs benumb.
Ah me! how ruthless—sure 'tis, that with all
His blustering and sleet, he hears me not.
See here—the broad horizon that just now
Appeared to reach as far as eye could ken,
Becomes confined to bounds that reach not far.
The reverend elm that high o'ertops my cot,
Around whose trunk and limbs the snows, in years
Gone by, here flung her garb quite colorless,
Bows down his lofty top and seems to shake
The snow from off his leafless pendant boughs.
I hear a sound as if the storm's more fierce:
'Tis so; it comes and buries deep in drifts
The walls and fence that line the highway side,
And herds and flocks, if chance they be unstalled.
See where the sleet blows on from drift to drift,
And mind what strange effect the storm has had,
And how the hills appear deep clad in snow
The wind not yet gone down sweeps through the wood,
And brings a dismal, harsh, uncheerful sound
Of creaking branches writhed and tossed about,
While round my window whirl the yellow leaves
That grew on some tall tree now bending low.
'Tis winter—lo! all nature wears a look
That saddens, and an aspect void of cheer.
But why complain I thus at Winter's looks?
The jingling bells will soon dispel its gloom,
And all the town will be a gladsome scene.

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THE BENEVOLENCE OF THE SABBATH.

BY REV. DR. PEABODY.

REGARDING man simply as a mechanical agent, and asking the question, how in a series of years he may be enabled to accomplish the most labor, ample experience has shown that six working days in the week are worth more than seven. Where there are no regular intervals of repose, the laboring man is soon broken down, and becomes a spiritless slave, incapable of half the effort and endurance which sit lightly upon him who has one day of rest in seven. The farmer in hay-time or harvest-time, the merchant in a busy season, the hard-working mechanic, feels, when Saturday night comes, as if he had used all his strength and energy, and could toil no longer. Did he rise the next morning to resume his task, it would be with a heavy heart and a listless hand. But the day of rest passes over him, and he is renovated, and goes back to his store, field, or workshop, with fresh vigor and an elastic spirit. It is idle to agitate the question, whether the Sabbath is as old as the creation. It is part and parcel of the creation. The commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day," is written upon every muscle and sinew in man's frame, and on every fibre of his heart; and he who remembers not the day in holy rest, must remember it in lassitude and unprofitableness.

The written commandment includes cattle, as well as man; and experience has shown that they physically need the Sabbath no less than man. As regards the disposable strength and animal spirits of man, and of animals employed in agricultural and other regular labor, it is capable of demonstration, that one day in seven is just about the requisite proportion of rest, that a more frequent day of leisure would generate idle habits, (as has been the case in Catholic countries, where numerous holidays have been superadded to the weekly Sabbath,) while longer periods of unbroken toil would lead to over-effort and exhaustion. During the French revolution, as is well known, the National Assembly abolished the Sabbath, divided the year into *decades*, and set apart one day in ten for the worship of Liberty and the commemoration of patriots of the Robespierre school. But they could not enforce this new division of time in the rural districts. The peasantry still kept the Sabbath, and left the *decade* to the thriftless populace of the cities. "Our cattle," said they, "know the Sabbath, and will not work when it comes." Well might it have been said to the infatuated nation, "the ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider."

The Sabbath is also of great worth as an agent of civilization. How little opportunity would there be for reflection, for the growth of meditative wisdom, for plans that look beyond the passing moment, in a community where, from the beginning to the end of the year, there was an unbroken round of groveling toil. It is this periodical break in the routine of life, this diversion of the thoughts into poorer channels, that gives freshness and vigor to the general mind, that imparts the impulse to improvement, that creates the leisure, and cherishes the thoughtful habits, which alone can make the experience of the past available. It is the Sabbath that calls men's minds off from the working-day world to the region of the imagination and the intellect—to unearthly questionings and musings—to philosophy and poetry. Hence the popular taste and demand for literature. Hence the existence of an intellectual department in society—of classes of men whose business it is to instruct, enrich, and edify the public mind. Were there no Sabbath, there would still be a literature, for the few master spirits of the race would shine with a radiance which surrounding darkness would be equally unable to comprehend and to quench. But these few greater lights would beam as solitary stars—there could not exist the galaxy of taste, and pure sentiment, and rich thought, in which Christendom rejoices. The literature that sprang into being would become the property of the few, not of the many—the great mass of the people would never find leisure to grow conversant with it, except so far as it might assume the lyric form, and ally itself to music. This distinction we may trace, as we

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think, between Hebrew and classic literature and civilization. The Old Testament constituted, in the strictest sense, a national literature—its records were equally familiar to young and old, rich and poor. Hebrew civilization too, though its culminating point was far below that of the Periclean or the Augustan age, yet penetrated the whole community, permeated every vein and artery of the body politic. Grecian and Roman civilization and literature, on the other hand, were confined mainly to the circles of rank and wealth, leaving the great mass of the people unbenefited. This contrast no doubt may be traced to the joint action of many causes, but can we be mistaken in attaching the highest importance to the fact, that in Judea the whole population had one day in seven sequestered from the dusty arena for calmer thoughts and gentler duties, while upon Athens and Rome there dawned no stated day of rest and devotion.

We value the Sabbath in a domestic point of view. The rust of the world would soon corrode the chain of domestic sympathy and love, were it not burnished at these frequent intervals of holy rest. Think of the lives that the great majority of men, (the rich no less than the poor, or even more than they,) lead during the six working days—so engrossed by labor, or harrassed by business, as hardly to snatch the hurried meal with their families—often forth at day-break, often unable to close the day's accounts till a late evening hour, rarely getting sight of the younger members of their families, and meeting the elder only at hurried moments in the course of the day, or under circumstances of extreme weariness at its close. Were this the outline of the whole year's life, how could families be acquainted with each other, that is, with each other's minds, sentiments, and feelings? The same individuals might for half a century call the same house their home, yet still there would be no commingling of soul with soul, no true sympathy, no growing up of a common taste and interest in subjects of an elevated and spiritual character. The father would be the mere steward of his household; and the dwellers beneath his roof would be little more to him than pleasant fellow-lodgers at an inn. But in the Christian family, how eagerly is the Sabbath hailed, as a resting season from cares and duties, which have kept its members so much divided through the week—as a day when they may all go to the house of God in company, and may at home blend their voices in the songs of Zion, and their hearts in gratitude and prayer at the family altar—as a day when the affections, hallowed by religion, may go forth unchecked, when the long absent may be commended to an unslumbering Providence, when those who have gone to the house not made with hands join their hosannas with the praises of the surviving, when the golden chain let down from heaven binds each with all, and all to God. Yes. The Sabbath has attached to *home* a worth and an interest which can be derived from no other source, has cherished and refined those invaluable departments of art and taste which have the adornment and comfort of domestic life for their object, and stands second to none of the agencies through which are shed upon us the holy and happy influences of Him in whom all the families of the earth are blessed.

We recognize new claims in the Sabbath on our grateful recognition and religious observance, considered with reference to the eager enterprise of a young and growing people. Our nation is said to be characterized beyond all others for the universal earnestness and haste in the scramble for wealth and preferment, for the anxiety and hurry of all to be rich and to be great. And if, in the midst of this breathless struggle for gain and for honor, everything right and sacred is not trampled under foot; if the mercantile character of the community is marked, with rare exceptions, by honesty, and sterling, high-minded integrity; if there be a surviving seed, however small, of true patriots, who love the country they profess to serve, all this, under God, is to be attributed (we say not, to Christianity, for where would its doctrines and counsels find an entering wedge amidst closely crowded cares and conflicts in the thoroughfare of daily life? but) to the Christian Sabbath, which has called the merchant and the statesman to their homes and to themselves, which has checked the ardor of pursuit, which has let in the solemn light of eternity upon the treasures and honors of earth, which has uttered words of duty and accountableness, which has held up the infallible mirror to the conscience and to the life.

Once more, in those seasons of fierce political excitement which so frequently recur among us, who can say to what a height the inflamed passions of partisans might mount, and in what desolating floods of violence and uproar they might discharge themselves, were it not for these merciful breathing-spells, when he, who stilled the winds and waves on the Galilean sea, hushes the billows of human strife, and calls the stormy wrath of man to praise him. On the six days men remember their grounds of animosity and mutual conflict; on the seventh, they, who have zealously contended with each other through the week, meet face to face in the house of their com-

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mon Father, stand side by side to sing the praise of the Most High, pledge the Redeemer of souls in the same cup of blessing. Thoughts of tolerance and of kindness break in upon the bigotry and hard feeling of the week. The voice comes home to them, and will force its way to their hearts, "All ye are brethren,—why fall ye out by the way? why wrong ye one another?" They cannot help cherishing a fellow-feeling for each other, as they bend around the same altar of religion, and listen to the same word of love and reconciliation. And, though the morrow renews the strife, they return to it with a slackened and reluctant interest, and with a hope, awakened by the period of hallowed calm, for the speedy close of the conflict, and the reunion, in quietness and harmony, of the distracted body politic.

In a republic, the Sabbath has a most important political significancy and worth. It is the day of equal rights. It levels all factitious distinctions. It owns no difference of wealth, or caste, or color; but sheds its blessed beams on all alike. It recognizes man as he is, stripped of every brief decoration, the child of sorrow, sin, and death. It recognizes man as he is, in the determined counsel of Him who is no respecter of persons, the brother of angels, the co-heir of Jesus. It at once humbles pride, and lifts the lowly from the dust, by presenting those paramount facts above all others,—the omnipresent eye, death, and the judgment-seat of Christ. It promotes a healthy sympathy and mutual interest among all classes in society. It commends the poor to the charity of the more highly favored; and numberless are the fountains of refreshing for the heavy laden and relief for the destitute, which flow from the Sabbath assembly. There is no privileged order steps before the rest to seize the places about the altar. No lordly pontiff motions the humble worshiper to a distance, to give this and that man place. But the smoke of his sacrifice goes up with the rich man's offering; he is remembered in the prayers of the congregation; he is borne in mind in the preaching of the word; he is bidden in his weariness and poverty to the sacramental feast of him who, having nothing, yet became the heir of all things. The high and low, the rich and poor together, learn of true honor and durable riches. Feeling their equality in the sight of God, they cease to be infatuated on the one hand, or disheartened on the other, by the various lots which a wise Providence has assigned them for a little season, assured that, as the diamond on a queen's brow was dug from sordid earth, so will not the obscure and needy be forgotten in the day when God shall make up his jewels. Thus is quelled, on the one hand, the spirit of exclusive and contemptuous ar[illegible] cracy, and on the other, the tendency tow[illegible] agrarianism. The haughty separatist and the [illegible] tious leveler are both rebuked; and the [illegible] foundations of republicanism are laid in tha[illegible] sential equality of birthright and destiny, w[illegible] needs no outward additions to make itself [illegible] fect.

It is a striking fact, that the friends both [illegible] tyranny and of anarchy have recognized the [illegible] publican tendencies of the Sabbath, and have, [illegible] numerous instances, sought to undermine its o[illegible] gation, and to violate its sanctity, as a step [illegible] prime importance towards the destruction of li[illegible] erty and law. When the British crown w[illegible] most active in its encroachments on the libe[illegible] ties of the people, the sanctity of the Sabba[illegible] was made a chief point of attack; and edicts we[illegible] issued from the court, and published from th[illegible] prostituted pulpits of a sycophant church, e[illegible] couraging the people to make that day a seaso[illegible] of noisy and licentious sports. The levelers o[illegible] France, when they hewed down all rank, insulte[illegible] all merit, and abolished all right of property ex-cept the right of plunder, abrogated the Sabbath, and sought to blot out its traces by recasting time in a mould of their own; for they knew that, though the altars were laid low, and the priests silenced, the first day of the week would still roll over the heads of the down-trodden people with its silent lessons of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. In like manner, the radicals and levelers of our own land and day, who from time to time lift their voices against law and wholesome subordination, fail not to cast the first stone at the Sabbath, its institutions, and its guardians.

But, while these temporal considerations attach the highest importance to the Sabbath, we may regard it as absolutely essential to the administration of religion, to the existence of a visible Church, to the conversion of sinners and the progress of the Gospel. Religion is social in its character. It unites families and communities. While it richly blesses the individual soul, it bestows numberless favors, which men share in common, and for which it is meet that they should pray and render thanks together. But public worship implies a Sabbath. An assembly cannot be collected, unless the time be appointed and known beforehand, nor can a frequent assemblage be conveniently gathered, except at stated intervals. For so solemn an act as divine worship, it seems fitting that the same day should be observed throughout a whole community; that business and amusement may not interfere with the devotion; that the worshipers

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find nothing going on about them that would take off their attention from their sacred exercises, or disturb and wound their feelings in performing them. Hence, natural decency would prescribe for the stated days of worship such a degree of rest and such an air of solemnity in the community at large, as might comport with the dignity of the service in which the devout were employed.

Yet again, were there no Sabbath, it is to be feared that to the many there would be no holy time. The Sabbath calls man from the world, and prompts to devotion. These blessed days are

"Wakeners of prayer in man, his resting bowers,
As on he journeys in the narrow way,
Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
Are waited for as in the cool of day;—
Days fixed by God for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts and purify our powers;
Periods appointed to renew our trust,—
A gleam of glory after six days' showers."

Were it not for the Sabbath, how could you get the ear of the worldly and indifferent for the concerns of salvation? How could you induce the sinner to pause long enough in the chase of present pleasure or gain, to think of fleeing from the wrath to come? You go to him in the rush of business or the tide of gayety, and he puts you off till a more convenient season. On the Sabbath the convenient season has arrived. The world is still; the congregation is gathered, and he joins the multitude that keep holy time. He may go to scoff, he may go to criticise, he may go merely because others go; but still he is there, and God may strike home the arrow of conviction, and send him forth to repent and pray.

Without the Sabbath, how little could there be of spiritual communion among the religious! Religion would find a resting-place in some few retired and contemplative souls, but they would be veiled from each other's knowledge, hidden in the great mass of worldliness and impiety. And in each, for lack of sympathy, would the torch of faith burn with a faint and flickering flame; and ever and anon would these solitary lights be quenched, not by God's angel of dissolution but, in the living death of apostacy and unbelief. We cannot stand alone. As trees in a forest, we shelter and sustain each other. They that fear the Lord must speak often to one another, and must move hand in hand towards heaven. The communion of the saints is the life of individual piety. Communion makes the Church and unites the members to the head; and without the Sabbath, communion would cease.

DO NOT WEEP.

I once was young, but now am old; I once was fair, now gray;
A summer child, for I was born upon a summer day.
Our home stood in a valley lone—it was an ancient hall—
With slanting roof, and gable sides, and ivy on the wall.

Not more unruly sure was I than petted children are,
Though I was nurtured with far more than usual love and care;
A faithful nurse watched over me from when I first saw the light,
And ceaseless was her tending love throughout the day and night.

A picture hung within the hall—'twas of the Holy Child;
I used, as evening shadows fell, to think the blest One smiled;
And when with awe I told my nurse, she said "Remember this—
The gracious Saviour never smiles on those who do amiss."

Sometimes, with childish ills oppresst—in frowardness or pain—
Recounting my imagined woes, 'twas pleasant to complain:
By tender accents reassured—"Be patient—do not weep:
Perchance the angels may come down with healing in your sleep."

My heart received the portraiture, though oft it disappears,
Reviving with the sacred warmth of penitential tears;
And at the solemn midnight hour bright visions still reveal
The smile of bliss ineffable whose influence I feel.

As years bring sorrow in their train, dim smiles, and stifled sighs—
Imaginary grief dispelled by stern realities—
A haunting voice seems to say, "Be patient—do not weep:
Perchance the angels may come down with healing in your sleep."

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"I MUST BE SINGING."

(JENNY LIND'S BIRD SONG)

BY PROF. H. P. TAPPAN.

In ev'ry soul there is a theme,
Of thought, of duty, or of art,—
A theme, which at the earliest start
Of life, her own sweet morning hymn
The soul unto herself is singing,
Softly and low,
She knows not how,
While in the purple light she's winging.

The theme, alas! by most forgot
Along the way of earthly years;
The passions with their stains and tears,
The heavenly writing darkly blot,
And then the soul, instead of singing
That holy theme,
Her morning hymn,
Herself away is wildly flinging.

And thus the race of men appear
As of the earth and meanly born,
And lose the radiant hues of morn,
The godlike grace once given there,
When to herself the soul was singing
In pure delight
That hymn of might,
As life was from its fountain springing.

But still within infolded lies
The germ of beauty, love, and thought
Which from her home of light she brought—
A form immortal of the skies;
That she may yet renew the singing
Of her bright prime,
In fields of time,
Melodious instincts to her clinging.

Some souls there are who ne'er have lost
The memory of the primal theme
Within them stirring like a dream
Of some sweet angel that had crost
Their early path, in glory winging,
And spoke a word
From our good Lord,
Then soared away to heaven singing.

It was a word of truth and love
And beauty taking shapes Divine,
And thence the soul became their shrine—
The shrine of beauty, truth, and love,
Where holy thoughts forever springing
In life awoke,
In music spoke,
An inspiration ever singing.

It breathed a mission to the wise,
It breathed a mission to the good,—
To make the world a brotherhood;
It bade the works of beauty rise
In form, or verse, or music; singing
The primal theme,
The angel dream,
The charter of their lot revealing.

The voice can never cease within,
The forms divine are ever there;
The soul, the subject of their care,
In space and time must soon begin
The works that at her birth were filling
The holy thought
From heaven brought,
The thought she must be ever singing.

'Tis genius—we are wont to say
The name is nought; we know full well
'Tis more than human speech can tell—
A guiding light that shines alway—
A word divine—an angel singing—
Or light or sound
It knows no bound,
Still far and wide its glory flinging.

Temples of beauty—by its might—
Majestic shapes of heav'n are born;
Poesy, philosophy adorn
Our human state with morning light;
Music from her ambroisal dwelling
With joyful mien
On earth is seen—
Her notes seraphic loudly swelling.

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Responsive to the touch of power,
The slumb'ring millions wake to see
The early dream reality;
The song of life's pure natal hour
Wide through the world in pæans ringing—
The morning call
Now known to all,
While genius evermore is singing.

Like birds that in the forest wide
Sing joyous at the morning hour,
Nor know the source of that sweet power
Which leads them on till eventide,
In bush or brake, or freely sailing
In light and air
And everywhere,
They must—they must be ever singing.

So gushes forth that soul of song,—
Which, like the Orphean lyre, impels
All thought and motion by its swells,—
Spontaneous melody and strong
In waves of music brightly flowing
Through light and air
And everywhere,
And must be—must be ever singing.

And music as a form of art
May make sweet sounds her only end,
Or with it merely seek to blend
The ravished sweetness of the heart—
A finer pulse a tenderer toning,
The sense to fill
And move at will,
While still she must be—must be singing.

But she a holier mission takes,
When, like an angel of the skies,
To soothe a broken heart she flies,
And those who dwell in darkness wakes
To rapture and the light of feeling;
And then, O then
To stricken men
She must be—must be ever singing.

Or when she comes as charity,
And music is her native tone,
In which she speaks to every one,
While with an open hand and free
Her gifts on needy souls bestowing;—
Her Master's will
Thus to fulfill
She must be, must be ever singing.

Dear LIND! is this the mission thou
Hast chosen for thy better part,
The early dream of thy pure heart,
In songs of love to work below,
For Him the gift of song bestowing
So full and free
That thou must be
A soul of music ever singing!

Then joy to thee! By night and day
Sing, sing thy song of wondrous power
While still thou hast thy primal dower.
And when thy song shall die away,
As thou from earth thyself art fading,
Thy soul set free
In melody,
Shall evermore in heaven be singing.

TO A LEAF.

Simplest, yet most complex, thing
Mother earth could ever bring
From her bosom dim and deep,
Where the germs of beauty sleep,
In the forest, on the tree,
By the stream, along the lea,
We meet thee,
And greet thee,
Light of mirth
And fairest thing
Mother earth
Could ever bring!

What were summer-time, if thou
Hang'dst no festoons on the bough,
Hiding with thy graceful dress
All its olive nakedness?
Balmy breezes could not bear
Mingled perfumes on the air;
Bright birds love thee,
All approve thee,
Light of mirth,
And fairest thing
Mother earth
Could ever bring!

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WINTER VIEW OF CATSKILL FALLS.

BY REV. F. F. JUDD.

It was on a beautiful, clear, cold morning, that I set out with a clerical friend, with whom the journey to their base was rapidly passed in pleasant confab, interspersed with an occasional vein of theological discussion. As we passed up the mountains, we were attracted by many a curious and beautiful sight. The little cascades and mountain rills which leaped joyously in summer from the rocks above us, had been stiffened into ice, and hung in pure glittering drapery from the ledges on every side, while the water, dripping from moss-grown fountains, had, by gradual accumulations, built many a fairy temple. The voices of the mountain torrents had been hushed to deep silence, or, falling within their icy casements, broke upon us in delicate vibrations, like the waking music of another Memnon. The singular change from the life, and verdure, and joyousness of summer, to the stillness and coldness of winter, with the beautiful creations of the frost king on all the rocks around, seemed to tell of some magical power in these wild places, such as is so beautifully described in reference to the creations of art among the ruins of Melrose Abbey.

> "Thou would'st have thought some fairy hand,
> 'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
> In many a freakish knot had turned—
> Then formed a spell when the work was done,
> And changed the willow-wreaths to stone!"

The vast view from the Mountain House in winter, with the country all buried in deep snow, is surely one of rare novelty and beauty, as all will readily imagine who have gazed upon it in summer. I had long wished to see it, and my anticipations were more than realized. The scene is at any time wonderful; but now the immense expanse, clad in the pure robe of winter, stretching in silence away; the river—*a motionless line of glittering white*—presented an aspect of singular beauty and deep impressiveness. It seemed, as we stood upon the bold projecting rocks commanding the whole, and the eye wandered over the vast extent, that the earth had lost some of its grossness—had grown purer and brighter, and, arrayed in her wedding garments, might be waiting to welcome the visit of purer spirits.

There was a strange impressiveness about the unbroken stillness. There were no voices of men—the halls of the splendid mansion were deserted. There was no song of the wild birds, who, with good discernment or happy instinct, build their nests in summer among the mountains—and the voice of the torrent was hushed. Oh, what stillness! how solemn the deep, unbroken silence! "'Twere as the general pulse of life stood still." And yet this silence had a voice—a deep, moving power to the soul—and I never before felt aught like it.

After a little rest and a hasty lunch, we started again to visit the Falls, which form a remarkable feature in the mountain scenery here, either in summer or winter. As we rode along by an unbroken path through "the deep forest aisles," this same silence reigned, broken occasionally by the voice or axe of some mountain woodman echoing among the rocks. Then all would be still again, and the tall firs stood up stately and solemn, with their white robes on, like venerable dignitaries—cold and stiff, not unlike some ecclesiastics.

The view at the Falls is one never to be forgotten. The deep ravine, which almost terrifies you as you stand over the precipice, and look far down into it; the immense rampart of rock over which the little stream makes its fearful leap, dashing and foaming far below; the graceful slope of the mountains near you as they rise up boldly and retire, and the beautiful interlocking of more distant ranges, comprise some of the finest elements of mountain scenery. As we pursued our unbeaten path along the precipice, we caught a glimpse of the wonderful formations which old winter, in the long, cold evenings, had been diligently building, with no spectators to watch his work but the bright stars, which looked down upon him from the clear, blue skies; and as our eyes fell upon some parts of his goodly fabric, the impulse was instantaneous to reach the bottom and gain a full view as soon as possible. In our eagerness to be there, and forgetful for a moment of the dangers of our way, as the steep mountain sides were covered with snow and ice,

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CATSKILL FALLS.

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we came well-nigh reaching the bottom of the ravine by rather a shorter process than would have been pleasant perhaps, and paying for our enthusiasm with some bruised or broken limbs. Proceeding somewhat more cautiously, sometimes forward, sometimes backward, and sometimes on our knees, we reached the bottom of the first and principal fall in safety, and, like all successful adventurers, soon forgot all the troubles of our way. We were well recompensed for our toils and dangers, for wonderful are the pranks old winter plays in these wild places, and beautiful the creations of his hand. Immense stalactites of ice hung from the rocks on every side, in some places reaching from bold ledges above to the platform of rock at the base of the Falls. We could pass behind these under the immense shelving rock, and the effect of the light was most curious and beautiful; now turning them into most graceful drapery, now into transparencies curiously wrought like pictured screens of porcelain. On every side the rocks were adorned with fairy fabrics, built of most delicate chrystalizations, pure and sparkling, with columns and turrets, like miniature cathedrals.

Some of your readers may remember, perhaps, a description which was given some time ago, of the immense pyramid of ice sometimes formed here by the accumulation of the frozen spray and water of the little stream which dashes over the immense rampart of rock into this wild ravine. It rises gradually, often with most graceful proportions, from the basin below to the summit, a distance of nearly two hundred feet, inclosing in its progress the parent stream. At the time we viewed it, it had been somewhat damaged by a recent freshet, as the tunnel through it was not large enough to give vent to the swollen waters, and they had burst a passage and carried away a part of this icy casement; and the friend who accompanied me, who had visited it a few seasons ago, mentioned several particulars in which the formation then must have exceeded in grace and beauty the one we viewed together. Still it was a remarkable sight. The immense basin at the foot of the Falls was filled with ice of every curious form and moulding, from the midst of which this towering mass rose like a coral mountain, or, better for comparison, it seemed as if a fountain of water bursting up, boiling and bubbling with froth and spray, had been stiffened, with its descending showers, into a fabric of ice.

One object of singular grace and beauty deserves a moment's notice. From some peculiarity of the water which drips from crevices in the rocks in several places, the ice had a tint of the most delicate blue, which, arranged along the ledges in long graceful columns, contrasting with the white snow powdered over it, presented an appearance of almost unearthly purity, and might, perhaps, to our earthly minds, convey some conception of the pearly gates of the celestial city.

LOOK UP!

Daily the Angels paint
  Upon the walls of space
Frescoes, of holiest form,
  To lure to light man's face.

Heaven's holy missionaries,
  The stars, come every night,
And talk of God and destiny
  In the language of light.

And the moon, like a saint in white,
  Motions men to hear
Their holy words, whose music thrills
  Through every rolling sphere.

And walk we with downcast eye
  Through this beautified hall of heaven,
Through this gorgeous gallery, which God,
  To inspire the soul, has given?

Walk we with downcast eye?
  Are these wondrous words unread?
These voices roll unheard? O, Man,
  Lift, lift thy bowed head!

Look up!—the shadow of thy brow
  Hides even thy view of earth:
O, Man, that shadow reproacheth thee
  In words of satiric mirth!

Look up!—all things are looking up,
  Nor Faith alone points on high:
There are fingers of faith beneath thy feet,
  Pointing thee to the sky.

Look up! exclaims the flower,
  As it struggles through the sod;
Yea, Nature stands with lifted eyes,
  And points to heaven—to God!

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He was avaricious, from the desire of restoring to his family its original honors; haughty to his equals, harsh and severe to his dependents, and in his domestic circle he was tyrannical and unbending; in beholding him it was impossible not

Still she was as good and devout as an angel.

My mother gave birth to her first child, a boy, at St. Malo; he was christened Geoffrey, the name of all the eldest sons of my family; he died very young. After this boy another was

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CHATEAUBRIAND.

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born, and two girls, none of whom lived beyond a few months. These four children died of an overflow of blood to the head. At length my mother presented my father with another boy, who was named Jean Baptiste; he afterwards became the grandson-in-law of M. de Malsherbes. Four girls were born after Jean Baptiste, Marie Anne, Bénigne, Julie, and Lucille; all the four were extremely beautiful; but the two eldest only survived the stormy times of the Revolution. I was the last of these ten children; it was with difficulty that I was brought into the world; I seemed to have an aversion to existence.

The house which my parents then inhabited is situated in a dull narrow street of St. Malo, called Rue des Juifs; the house is now an inn. The room in which my mother's accouchement took place, looked out upon a deserted part of the city walls; from the window of this chamber the sea appeared boundless, and dashed wildly against the rocks. My brother was my godfather, and the Countess de Plouër, daughter of the Maréchal de Contades, my godmother. I was nearly dead when I came into the world. The roaring of the waves, additionally agitated by a hurricane, showing the approach of the equinoctial gales, prevented my cries being heard: these details have often been related to me; their melancholy nature has never been effaced from my memory; scarcely a day passes, when, pondering over what I have been, that the thought of the rock upon which I was born, the chamber in which my mother inflicted life upon me, the storm without, and the unfortunate brother who gave me the name which I have nearly always borne in misfortune, does not rise forcibly to my mind. Heaven seemed at my birth to have foretold my future destiny.

My first exile took place immediately after I had seen the light; I was banished to Plancouët, a pretty village situated between Dinan, St. Malo, and Lamballe. The only brother of my mother, the Comte de Bedée, had built the château de Monchoir near this village. One of the boundaries of my maternal grandmother's estates extended in this neighborhood as far as the town of Corseul. My grandmother, who had been long a widow, lived with her sister, Mademoiselle de Boisteilleul, in a hamlet, which was separated from Plancouët by a bridge, and called L'Abbaye, from an abbey of Benedictines, consecrated to our Lady of Nazareth, being on the spot. My nurse was found to be incapable of nourishing me, so another good Christian took me to her bosom; she devoted me to the patroness of the hamlet, our Lady of Nazareth, and vowed to her that I should wear blue and white in her honor, till I arrived at the age of seven: I had lived only a few hours, and yet care seemed already stamped on my brow. Why did they not let me die? But God thought fit, in his wisdom, to grant to the prayer of innocence and ignorance the preservation of that being who promised one day to achieve an empty reputation.

The vow of this simple peasant woman does not belong to these days, yet it is touching to imagine the intervention of a divine mother placed between the child and heaven, and sharing the solicitude of a terrestrial mother.

At the end of three years I was taken back to St. Malo; seven years had already elapsed since my father had recovered his estate of Combourg. When I returned, my father was at Combourg, my mother at the College of St. Brieuc, and my four sisters were at home. My mother lavished all her affections on her eldest son; though I do not for a moment mean to say that she did not fondly love her other children, but she showed always a blind preference for the young Comte de Combourg. In consideration of my being the youngest, a boy and chevalier as I was called, I certainly was allowed a few more privileges than my sisters; but still I was almost entirely abandoned to the care of domestics. My mother, who was exceedingly virtuous and full of talent, was always either engaged by the duties of religion or the demands of society.

My early sentiments were very much influenced by the disposition of my parents. I became warmly attached to the person who took charge of me, La Villeneuve,—while I write her name, tears of gratitude gush into my eyes at the recollection of all her kindness. La Villeneuve was a sort of superintendent of the household. She would carry me in her arms, and give me secretly all that she could find: by her all my tears were wiped away. Sometimes she thought it necessary to reprove me, but she would soon take me into favor again, and stuff me with sweetmeats and wine. My childish fondness for La Villeneuve soon gave place to a more suitable friendship and affection.

Lucille, the last of my four sisters, was two years older than myself. Being the youngest, she was less noticed than the rest, and her dress was composed of the left-off clothes of her sisters. Picture to yourself a tall, thin girl, who had outgrown her strength, with long, awkward arms, and an exceedingly timid and hesitating manner whenever she spoke, who found great difficulty in learning anything,—fancy her in her dress which was evidently intended for a different figure to hers, and imagine her poor little chest and waist encased in whalebone, her throat sup-

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ported by an iron collar covered with brown velvet, her hair drawn back off her face, and confined at the top of her head in a sort of *toque* in some black material,—and you will then have before your eyes the miserable little creature who first met my gaze when I was brought home to the paternal roof.

No person then dreamed for a moment that the neglected and sickly Lucille would one day become remarkable for her beauty and talents. She was abandoned to me for a playmate; but I did not abuse the privilege allowed me. Instead of making her submit to my whims, I became her protector. I was taken every morning with her to two old hump-backed sisters, dressed in black, called Couppart, who taught children to read. Lucille read very badly; I read still worse. Lucille was scolded; but I scratched and beat the sisters; and great complaints were made to my mother. I began to be considered a good-for-nothing fellow,—a very rebel,—an idle and stupid boy. This opinion gradually took root in my parents' minds. My father said that all the Chevaliers de Chateaubriand were mere sportsmen, drunkards, and brawlers; my mother sighed and grumbled as she beheld the disorder of my jacket. Young as I was, my father's words quite revolted me; and when my mother crowned his lectures with ill-judged eulogiums on my brother, whom she called a Cato, a hero, I really felt disposed to be as perverse as they considered me.

My writing-master, M. Després, was not much more satisfied with me than my parents. He made me continually copy out the same thing. I hated the very sight of the two lines—not, however, because there is any fault to be found in the language:—

> "C'est a vous, mon esprit, a qui je veux parler;
> Vous avez des defaults, que je ne puis celer."

He accompanied his reprimands with blows of the fist. He would call me *tête d'achôcre*. Did he mean *achore?* I don't know what *tête d'achôcre* signifies, but I am sure it must have been something very dreadful.

I was nearly seven years old when my mother took me to Plancouët, that I might be absolved from the vow which my nurse had made for me. We visited my grandmother. If I have known happiness, it has been in that house. My grandmother occupied a house in the street of the hamlet of Abbey, and the gardens belonging to it descended in the form of a terrace into a little valley, at the bottom of which was a fountain surrounded by willows. Madame de Bedée could no longer walk, but with the exception of this inconvenience, she suffered little from the infirmities of age. She was an interesting old lady: rather a large person, fair, and extremely neat; her deportment was majestic, and her manner particularly elegant and dignified; her dresses were of the old style, and she wore always a head-dress of black lace, fastened under the chin. She possessed a cultivated mind; her disposition was of a grave cast, and her conversation partook of the same character. She was tended by her sister, Mademoiselle de Boisteilleul, who resembled her in nothing but her goodness; for she was a little, thin person, very lively, fond of chattering and a bit of scandal. She had been in love with a Count de Trémignon, who had promised to marry her, but he afterwards broke his engagement. My aunt consoled herself in celebrating their love in verse,—for she was a poetess. I remember very often hearing her sing—very nasally, by-the-way, with spectacles on nose, while she was embroidering some sleeves for her sister—an apologue, which began in the following manner:—

> "Un epervier aimait une fauvette.
> Et ce dit on, il en etait aime."

This has always appeared to me rather singular in a sparrow-hawk. The song finished with this *refrain*:—

> "Ah! Tremignon, la fable est-elle obscure?
> Ture lure!"

How many things in the world finish like my aunt's courtship, "ture lure!"

YOUTH.

While bees, whose voices in their pinions dwell,
  Buzz gladsomely among the summer flowers;
  And bright-hued butterflies plunge 'mid the bowers,
Where, bathed in sunshine, thrush and blackbird tell
Their legends musical—in leafy cell
  The little crimson lady-bird doth cower,
  Defending the young roses in the hour
Of danger, from the cruel flies, whose fell
  Attacks destroy their bloom. Oh, children dear,
Protect ye, too, the lady-bird! nor let
  Its gentle cares by harshness be repaid.
  Admire its beauty—but, with tender fear,
Pause ere you touch; nor in rash sport forget
  That no created thing hath God for torture made.

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Daguerre

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Where the Weary are at Rest.

WRITTEN BY ELIZA COOK. MUSIC COMPOSED BY J. H. TULLY.

Andante Sostenuto.

1. Grief is bit - ter o'er the dust When we hear the churchyard knell, But

e - choes of an up-ward trust Float a - round the toll-ing bell. Self - ish, e - ven

Rit.

Colla voce.

in our Love, Sor - row may be - come too deep, And Faith and Patience

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Rall. A Tempo.

of-ten prove The stroke is kind that bids us weep. . . Think while mourning, broken hearted,

Rall.

Dim. Rall.

O'er the friends that cheered and blest, We shall fol - low the de - part - ed Where the

Cres.

A Tempo. Ad lib.

wea - ry are at rest, Where the wea-ry are at rest, at rest.

Colla voce.

II.

It is well that we should sigh,
When the dark death-shadows fall;
But there is an eternal sky
Behind the tear-cloud of the pall.
Though the hour of parting flings
Burthens that we groan to bear,
Hope, sweet bird of Promise, sings
In the yew tree of Despair;
Let us hearken while her story
Whispers to the aching breast,
"Those ye mourn are crowned with glory,
Where the weary are at rest."

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NAPOLEON AS A CIVILIAN.

BY H. B. STANTON, ESQ.

The record of the French Revolution, is one of the most appalling chapters in the annals of mankind. Divine Providence manifests its wisdom and beneficence in educing good from evil. Amid the general wreck of much that was valuable in civil and religious institutions, this unprecedented convulsion destroyed great wrongs in state and church, and secured to the people numerous political and ecclesiastical blessings, which, though often held in abeyance, have never been wholly lost during subsequent mutations in the government of France. The greatest of all the prodigies to which this mother of prodigies gave birth, was Napoleon. He was its legitimate child, its favored heir; and in all the attributes of daring innovation, impetuous energy, boundless ambition, transcendent genius, and love of battle and blood, he was the faithful representative of his terrible parent. As a military commander, we may search the history of the race for a more splendid name. Alexander's conquests may have been more extensive,—Cæsar may have encountered more armies, and won more victories,—but these great captains only met and subdued untrained hordes of tumultuous barbarians, whose reckless courage and untutored tactics made them an easy prey to the steady bravery and solid phalanxes of Macedon and Rome, while Napoleon achieved his triumphs over armies as well marshalled, as amply provided, as regularly disciplined, as his own. In fair fields, and often against tremendous odds, he conquered the bravest troops, led by the ablest generals that modern Europe could furnish.

Whenever the eye falls upon the name of Napoleon, it always associates with it the slaughter of Arcole, of Marengo, of Wagram, of Austerlitz, of Leipsic, of Waterloo. His life is so shrouded in "war-cloud's rolling dun," that we are apt to forget that some broad rays of cheering sunshine relieved with their brightness the general gloom that enveloped his career. So splendid was his genius in the field, and so imperious his will in the cabinet, that we do not always remember that he was something more than a brilliant conqueror, and a despotic emperor. It is nevertheless true, that many of the seeds were sown during his rule whence have sprung those salutary reforms in politics, law, education, religion, commerce, agriculture, and the arts, which, amid revolutions and counter-revolutions, have distinguished the progress of France since the dawn of the present century. He was not a mere military chieftain, robbing the families of a kingdom of their first-born, and tracking blood and tears over a continent. His capacity was not limited to the stratagems of a battle, nor the manœuvres of a campaign. He had a mind eminently adapted to comprehend and transact civil affairs; and it is this phase of his character, and this department of his career, that will cause his name to be more than remembered by those coming generations that will execrate his mere warlike achievements. In the science of government, in the principles of jurisprudence, in the arts of diplomacy, and in a broad and comprehensive genius for political administration, Europe, during his ascendancy, could boast few equals, and still fewer superiors. Had not his fiery soul so inflamed his ambition for conquest, and the jealousy of his enemies so kindled his resentment, that he was almost always involved in wars of aggression, or of resistance, his civil rule would have more abundantly proved that he possessed all mental qualifications requisite to render his reign as illustrious in promoting the arts of peace as that of any prince who ever wore a crown.

His extraordinary talents as a civilian shone forth conspicuously when he rose to the station of First Consul. For ten years the country had been tossed to and fro on the waves of a revolution. One of the oldest thrones of Europe had disappeared in an earthquake that shook the world. Constitutions had subverted constitutions. Factions had devoured factions. Clubs had demolished clubs. The blade of the guillotine had dripped with the best and the worst blood of France. Louis, Mirabeau, La Fayette, Vergniaud, Danton, Robespierre, Barras, Sieyes—king, tribune, patriot, orator, conspirator, terrorist, miscreant, philosopher—had each reigned his hour, and been murdered, banished, or overthrown. The

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whole frame-work, not of government merely, but of society itself, was in ruins. The due administration of the law had not only long since ceased, but the supreme tribunals of justice, the minor courts, and the judicial offices of all grades, had either become wholly extinct, or were rendered worthless by inutility, and contemptible for imbecility. The old systems of jurisprudence, of police, of municipal administration, had, to a great extent, expired with the old forms of government, and no new ones had arisen to supply the places thus made vacant. The magistrates and officials of all sorts in the departments had ceased to exercise their functions, or performed them independently of all national control, or owed a feeble allegiance to the central Directory, a body ever at the mercy of Parisian mobs, and always weak, vascillating, and tyrannical. Some of the remote provinces were wholly destitute of ministers of justice, or acknowledged rulers of any kind. Hordes of bandits roamed over the sparsely populated sections of the country, infesting the roads and the hamlets, robbing and assassinating at will, and sometimes carrying depredation and dismay to the very gates of the metropolis. The prisons were in a frightful condition, having long been the common receptacles of the victims of public vengeance and private malice. The finances of the republic were in a distracted and deplorable state. The taxes were not collected at all, or were squandered or embezzled by the collecting officers. Thousands of miles of roads, and hundreds of bridges, were out of repair, broken down, and rendered impassable. Banks and bankers were ruined, and a regular system of national currency was unknown. Trade languished, commerce furled its rotting sails, agriculture lay waste, and the mechanic arts mouldered in decay. The schools and universities were either abandoned or dragged out a lingering existence for the want of public support. The Sabbath was abolished, the altars of religion were desecrated, and the ministers of Christianity were crowded by thousands into the prisons. In a word, life, liberty, and property had so long been the sport of violence, caprice, and pillage, that they had lost their value, and were hardly worth preserving. A nation, one-half drunk with human blood, and the other paralyzed with terror, had, amid the whirlwinds of anarchy, sown the seeds which had produced these fruits of ten years of faction and revolution. In this condition did Napoleon find France when, by the prowess of his audacious sword, and the *prestige* of his brilliant name, he suddenly raised himself to the executive chair of the Consulate.

The revolution of the 18th Brumaire had placed three persons at the head of the government, Bonaparte, Sieyes, and Ducos, each possessing equal powers. Bonaparte was the youngest of the consuls. He was wholly inexperienced in civil administration. Ducos had served in the Directory. Sieyes had sat in the first National Assembly, and in the convention, had represented France at foreign courts, been a member of the Directory, been always employed in digesting the various constitutions which had risen and fallen during the past ten years, and was a profound thinker, and a luminous writer. He might be called the Jefferson of the French revolution. He was upwards of fifty years old. But Bonaparte knew his man. He had bent Ducos to his purposes before he consented to receive him as a colleague. At the first meeting of the consuls, on a bare hint from Ducos, Bonaparte, to the surprise and mortification of Sieyes, assumed the chair. From that moment his supremacy in the government was established. Returning home from this first session, Sieyes said to a party of distinguished politicians, assembled to dine with him; —"Gentlemen, you have a master; give yourselves no further concern about the affairs of the state. Bonaparte can and will manage them all at his own pleasure."

No sooner had he thus seized the helm of affairs, than the strong hand of the new pilot was felt in every movement of the storm-beaten and shattered vessel of state. He set himself at work, with characteristic energy, to reorganize the governmental fabric from its foundation to its capstone. A new constitution—the work of Sieyes's philosophical and theoretical pen guided by the comprehensive and practical mind of Bonaparte—was digested, approved, and proclaimed. The power and authority of the three new consuls, elected in pursuance of its provisions—Bonaparte, Cambaceres, and Lebrun—were speedily merged in the hero of the 18th Brumaire. He was nominally "First Consul." Practically, he was the embodied consulate, his colleagues being the mere instruments of his purposes, the witnesses of his administration. Two years sufficed to make him First Consul for life, with power to appoint his successor. He was then monarch in all but the name. And that only awaited his bidding.

But these two years! How he signalized them by his achievements in the cabinet and in the field! To the former our attention is chiefly directed. During these two years, the civil and criminal law was revised and systematized, Napoleon himself superintending the codification, and reducing to form with his own pen many of the more important provisions. He supplied

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France, even to her remotest borders, with judicial, executive, and municipal officers, of all grades and descriptions, and exacted from them a rigid adherence to the rules which he prescribed for their control He executed bands of robbers, and drove the affrighted remnants of these wandering hordes to seek shelter in the mountains. He appointed commissioners to repair the public roads and rebuild the bridges. He established regular conveyances for passengers and letters between the principal towns. He struck out a new financial system, by equalizing the taxes, and insuring their faithful collection and prompt transmission to the authorized receivers. He restored public credit, and gave an impulse to trade, commerce, manufactures, and the mechanic arts. He imparted new life to science and literature, revived the public schools, and promulgated a comprehensive scheme of popular education. He re-established the Sabbath, opened the churches for Christian worship, delivered the clergy from prison, and proclaimed freedom of conscience in matters of religion. He organized a novel and orderly police for the prisons. He brought into use some neglected valuable public works, and prosecuted the construction of new internal improvements with vigor. He opened the door for emigrants, long exiled from France, to return to their native land. He even entered the saloons of the voluptuaries of the capital city, and prescribed the fashions of the ladies, which, during the ribaldries of the revolution, had become scandalously indecorous. In a word, during this brief period, and while prosecuting wars and negotiating treaties with half the powers of Europe, he constructed for France, out of the chaotic fragments which the revolution had strown around, a regular government, to be administered upon fixed principles, and by known and responsible agents—a government that protected life, liberty, and property, to an extent which that country had not witnessed for ten years of confiscation, anarchy, and bloodshed.

Nor did Napoleon accomplish these reforms by merely committing the work to subordinate instruments, accompanied with a few general suggestions to guide their labors. Although he drew around him such talents as Sieyes, Cambaceres, Talleyrand, Fouche, Carnot, Constant, De Tracey, and Say, yet, in civil as in military affairs, his versatile and restless genius superintended the movements of the vast machinery which he had set in motion. Much of the work of reorganization was literally the labor of his own hands—all of it passed under his penetrating eye, and received its final impress and form from his plastic sagacity—and not merely the general outlines, but a large share of the details of the various departments of his complicated system of reconstruction, originated in his comprehensive mind. Undoubtedly he often conquered opposition to his plans by the mere force of his will. But his colleagues and ministers more frequently yielded to his views from an absolute and implicit conviction of the superiority of his judgment, or rendered to them that involutary homage which inferior minds always pay to the emanations of a master spirit.

And this was the work of a soldier of thirty years old, who, during the first two years of the consulship, in addition to these immense civil labors, reorganized and placed on a solid and effective footing every branch of the military service—declared war against all the enemies of the republic—conducted hostilities against England, Austria, Russia, Naples, and the Porte—led in person an army over the glaciers of the Grand St. Bernard, precipitated it upon the plains of Italy, and at a single blow, on the field of Marengo, crushed the flower of Austria, and brought back victory to the standards of France—re-established the Cisalpine republic—ratified a treaty of peace and commerce with America—dictated terms of peace to Austria, the two Sicilies, the Pope, Bavaria, Portugal, Great Britain, Russia, and the Porte—and, at the celebration of the second anniversary of the 18th Brumaire, was hailed by the people of France, amidst the most enthusiastic rejoicings, "The Grand Pacificator of Europe."

The name of the young Corsican adventurer had now become celebrated in every part of the world. At no period in his career did he ever stand so high in the estimation of his countrymen universally, as now. Jacobins, republicans, constitutionalists, legitimists, all united to do him honor. He had brought order out of confusion—he had vindicated the supremacy of the law—he had restored the dignity of government—he had secured to industry its reward—he had rebuilt the altars of religion—he had organized victory—he had caused the name of France to be respected and feared by cotemporary nations. In a moment of enthusiasm the republic made his consulship commensurate in duration with his life. The transition was easy from the consular robes to the imperial purple.

Though impartial history must record, that, while swaying the sceptre, a love of military glory shaped his civil administration and dictated his foreign policy, yet, in gratifying his lust for conquest he did not always forget that he was the ruler of a great and generous people, who deserved something more at the hands of an idolized chieftain than war. If his administration was characteristic of the ambitious soul and in-

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flexible will that animated and directed it, it could boast that it never permitted anarchy to rear its head with impunity. If the law was but too often the transcript of the imperial wish, it was generally executed with impartiality, and was always supreme. The history of his reign proves that he was the author of many salutary political reforms. France boasts of valuable institutions which arose under the shadow of his throne. Her territory displays noble public works, the products of his energetic policy. His code, which not only controls the internal affairs of that vast people, but is daily cited before every judicatory of Europe, and is among the text-books of American commercial law, is an enduring memorial of his genius and wisdom, and fully justifies his proud declaration, that "when his victories were forgotten, he should stand before posterity with the code in his hand." While wrestling with all Europe in arms, his tireless mind was ever busy in devising schemes to advance the prosperity and elevate the condition of his subjects. His correspondence with his ministers of the interior, of justice, and of public works, in respect to education, prisons, the judiciary, the police, and roads, canals, and bridges, pour a flood of redeeming sunshine over his character. He declared, and with no little semblance of truth, that his enemies would not give him opportunity to complete those great civil reforms, and those munificent improvements, which he meditated for the advancement and embellishment of his country. The armed offspring, the crowned soldier of a revolution, which signalized its advent by proclaiming fraternity and aid to all peoples struggling to throw away their chains, he complained, not without cause, that legitimate sovereigns would not allow him to be at peace with Europe. The world will ever be divided in opinion upon the question whether he really desired peace or preferred war. That the old monarchs of Europe determined to crush him, will not be disputed. That he as resolutely determined not to be crushed, admits of as little question. Circumstances made the conflict between them a war of mutual extermination, which drenched the continent in blood. However much Napoleon may have sinned against the cause of liberty (and he often trampled it in the dust;) and however much his royal enemies may have eulogized the cause of order (and they filled the world with their panegyrics;) it will ever remain true, that *he* was the armed apostle of the untitled masses and *they* the crowned champions of the privileged classes of Europe. The principles which animated France to stand by him in the contest, were noble. The means which he too frequently employed in their vindication, were selfish. He abused the confidence which his subjects reposed in him; but that confidence sprung from a generous fountain. The doctrines that he emblazoned on the standards he bore in triumph from the Nile to the Baltic, from Madrid to Moscow, were, *the right of the people to choose their own form of government and to select their own rulers to administer it.* Though conscious of the purity and sublimity of his mission, as is apparent from all his writings and speeches, he had not sufficient self-denial, sufficient grandeur of soul, to execute it with forbearance and integrity. He was too vengeful, too ambitious, too fond of military glory, to be the faithful leader of European democracy in a conflict with ancient principalities and powers.

This approval of the *principles* that constituted the basis of the contest in which France was involved during the supremacy of Napoleon, will seem strange to those American eyes which have long been accustomed to look at these questions through a British medium. If we listen solely to the speeches of Pitt and Castlereagh; if we peruse only the pages of Scott and Alison, we shall readily give our verdict against Napoleon. But, if we permit Frenchmen to tell their story also, then shall we be prepared to give their great ruler the benefit of that "reasonable doubt" which is tantamount to an acquittal. That he was an ardent lover of France, none but the veriest slaves of prejudice deny. That he desired her supremacy in the scale of European powers, his every act testified. That his memory is enshrined in the heart of hearts of immense masses of the friends of republicanism in that country, recent events have proved. That he was not the vulgar soldier which his enemies have painted him, his true portrait, sketched by the unerring hand of impartial history, has shown. That the doctrines of liberty and equality thrown up amid the fire and blood of the revolution, and proclaimed at the mouths of the imperial cannon, are now slowly but surely working out the regeneration of Europe, coming events, which cast their shadows before them, will demonstrate to posterity.

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ANCIENT AND MODERN INFIDELITY.

BY REV. DR. POND.

The religion of man, in the first ages of the world, was pure Theism. God revealed himself to our first progenitors as their creator and sovereign, and as the creator of all other beings and things. Whether the perverseness of men, previous to the deluge, was such as to result in literal atheism, we have no means of determining. In the renewal of the race, subsequent to the deluge, the religion of man, as at the first, was a pure Theism. Noah and his immediate descendants had abundant means of knowing God, and they regarded him as the intelligent creator and sovereign of the universe. But men at that period, as in every other, "did not like to *retain* God in their knowledge." They soon forgot him, and forsook him; and God gave up the great mass of mankind to the unrestrained indulgence of their own errors and lusts.

The most ancient of the philosophical sects of Grecia Propria was the Ionic. It was founded by Thales, one of the seven wise men of Greece. The successor of Thales was Anaximander. He first taught philosophy in a public school, and was the first to commit his philosophical principles and maxims to writing. He was born in the year 610 before Christ, and is generally regarded as the first speculative Atheist. He taught that matter, in its *substance* or *essence*, is the only thing which has existed from eternity; that all the appearances in nature, even those to which we attach the names of intelligence and will, are but different modifications or affections of matter; and that these, by an *inherent, plastic tendency*, are generated from itself. There is no need, therefore, of an intelligent, designing first cause. Matter itself, in possession, from all eternity, of these *inherent, plastic tendencies*, is competent to the production of all the phenomena in nature.

This species of Atheism is sometimes called the Anaximandrian, after the name of its author. It has also been denominated the Hylopathian, because it traces all the appearances in nature to spontaneously generated affections or modifications of matter. The same form of Atheism was taught by Anaximenes, the successor of Anaximander, and by their joint influence was widely diffused.

The successor of Anaximenes was Anaxagoras. He had the wisdom to discover the lurking fallacy in the reasonings of his predecessors, and the firmness to expose and reject it. He introduced into his philosophy a distinct, intelligent cause of all things. Matter being, as he clearly saw, without life or motion, he concluded that there must have been from eternity an *intelligent principle*, an *infinite mind*, which, having the power of motion in itself, first imparted motion to the material mass, and produced the different forms of nature. To Anaxagoras, therefore, belongs the credit of restoring to the Ionic school the pure light of Theism, after it had been obscured and lost by his immediate predecessors.

The Eleatic sect of philosophers belonged to the school of Pythagoras. The most of them were natives of Elia, a town of Magna Grecia, from which the sect derived its name. Among the teachers of this school, we find the second form of speculative Atheism which appeared in Greece. It originated with Leucippus and Democritus. It was afterwards embraced by Protagoras, who, on account of it, was expelled from Athens, and his writings were burnt. These men were the advocates of pure *chance*. The universe, they taught, contained nothing but innumerable corpuscles, or material atoms of various figures, which, falling into the vacuum, struck against each other; and hence arose a variety of curvilinear motions, which continued, till at length atoms of similar forms met together, and bodies were produced.

These philosophers, we are told, had many disciples, and, strange as it may seem, the above was the most popular form of Atheism of which we have any account in ancient history. In the next century after it originated, it was taught with great success by Epicurus, and became one of the distinguishing characteristics of his school at Athens.

The Epicurean philosophy made its appearance at Rome in the later times of the republic,

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and was embraced by some of the most distinguished citizens, among whom were Piso, Atticus, and Pansa. The Epicurean system found an eloquent advocate in the poet Lucretius, who, with much accuracy and elegance, unfolded the doctrine in his celebrated poem, *de Rebus Naturæ* The same doctrine afterwards numbered among its votaries the elder Pliny, Celsus, Lucian, and Diogenes Laertius.

The third in the succession from Aristotle in the Peripatetic school, was Strato of Lampsacus. He taught a peculiar kind of Atheism, which has been denominated, sometimes the Stratonic, from the name of its author, and sometimes the Hylozoic. He supposed every particle of matter to possess within itself an inherent principle of life and motion, though destitute of intelligence; which principle is the only cause of the production and dissolution of bodies. He denied that the world was created by the agency of a Deity distinct from matter, or by an intelligent, animating principle; asserting that it arose from a force or life innate to matter, and to every particle of it. This theory agrees with that first described, the Hylopathian, in representing matter as eternal; but differs from it, in that this ascribes a sort of animal though senseless life to each particle of matter, whereas that ascribed to matter in the general a plastic, generative tendency.

In the school of the Stoics, the intelligent mind was regarded as a celestial *ether* or *fire*, which pervaded the whole system, much as the soul of man does his body. Hence the universe was thought to be a species of animal, of which the Deity was the forming, guiding, ruling principle. From this account of the God of the Stoics, it must be evident that there was a strong tendency in their system to gross and palpable Atheism; and this tendency ere long showed itself. There were those among the Stoics, who regarded the universe as more a vegetable than an animal, and the life by which it was pervaded and animated as rather a plastic, vegetative nature, than an intelligent, active spirit. Among these Pseudo-Atheistical Stoics are reckoned Boethius and the younger Pliny.

The Pyrrhonic philosophers cannot be regarded as positive Theists, or positive Atheists; because they were not positively anything. They neither believed in the Divine existence, nor disbelieved it. They were universal skeptics. That everything was to be considered as matter of doubt, was the only point about which they had no doubt.

In the 13th century, complaint was made of infidelity as existing in Italy; but what form it assumed, or to what extent it prevailed, we have not the means of judging. Considering the intolerable corruptions of Christianity at that period, it would not be strange if thinking men were repelled from it, and driven off into the vortex of Atheism. The high repute and authority of the Aristotelian philosophy may have been another cause of the unbelief complained of. Although Aristotle was not himself an Atheist, we have seen that Atheism sprang up in his school, and almost under his own eye, in Greece. Strato, the founder of one of the ancient forms of Atheism, was but the third in succession from Aristotle, in the Peripatetic school. It will not be thought strange, in view of this fact, that at a time when the writings of Aristotle possessed at least an equal authority among professed Christians with the holy Scriptures, Atheism should make its appearance in the nominally Christian church.

Infidelity appeared again in Italy, in the sixteenth century. Among its alleged advocates, were Peter Pompanatius and Stephen Dolet; both of whom fell under the power of the Inquisition, and the latter was put to death.

In the following century, atheistical principles were disclosed in different parts of Europe. In 1615, Cosmo Ruggeri, a Florentine and profligate, died at Paris, who confessed, on his deathbed, that he regarded all that we are taught respecting a supreme Divinity, and evil spirits, as idle tales. In 1689, a Polish knight was put to death at Warsaw, under a charge of Atheism.

A few years previous to this, died the celebrated Spinoza, who is commonly represented as a Pantheist, but who (if his principles are correctly reported) was really an Atheist. Spinoza was by birth and education a Jew; and was a great admirer of the Cartesian philosophy. He lived and died in Holland. He taught that "God and the universe are one and the same thing; and that whatever takes place, arises out of the eternal and immutable laws of nature, which necessarily existed, and were active, from all eternity." He says again, that *nature itself is God;* and by its inherent powers necessarily produces its various movements." A person holding such sentiments, may call himself Jew, or Pantheist, or what else he pleases; he is in reality an Atheist.

Infidelity made its appearance in England in the sixteenth century; but it had not become matured into the form of Atheism, before the middle of the seventeenth. Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury did not profess to be an Atheist; yet he as well deserves the name as some who have been more open in their professions. He

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"represents the human soul as material and mortal, discards all natural distinction between moral actions, and (keeping God quite out of sight) makes morality to depend entirely on the will of the civil monarch." His example was followed by John Joland, who lived at about the same time with him. Joland published a work entitled *Pantheisticon*, in which he avows himself a favorer and admirer of the philosophy of Spinoza, which acknowledges no God but the universe.

From England, infidelity was transported into France, in the early part of the eighteenth century. Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Diderot, assisted for a time by Frederic II. King of Prussia, entered into a secret combination to effect the overthrow of the Christian religion, and with it all the established forms and institutions of civilized life. In their books, prepared for general circulation, and actually circulated to the widest extent possible, we find the following doctrines, some of them standing alone in their naked horrors, others surrounded by sophistry and meretricious ornaments, to entice the mind into their net, before it perceives their nature: "The universal Cause, the God of the Jews and Christians, is but a chimera and a phantom." "The phenomena of nature, so far from bespeaking a God, are but the necessary effects of matter prodigiously diversified." "It is more reasonable to admit, with Manes, a two-fold God, than the God of Christianity." "We cannot know whether a God really exists, or whether there is the smallest difference between good and evil, virtue and vice." "All ideas of justice and injustice, virtue and vice, glory and infamy, are purely arbitrary, and dependent on custom. Remorse of conscience is nothing but the foresight of those physical penalties to which our crimes expose us. The man who is above the law, can commit, without remorse, any dishonest act that may serve his purpose." "The fear of God, so far from being the beginning of wisdom, is the beginning of folly."

The above extracts from the correspondence and published writings of these men may suffice to show the nature and tendency of the dreadful system they had formed. At the same time, they, and others associated with them, were indefatigable in the diffusion of their principles. Their grand Encyclopedia was converted into an engine to serve this purpose. They poured forth tracts and books in great abundance, and, by means of hawkers and pedlars, contrived to scatter them in all the provinces. By degrees, they got possession of nearly all the reviews and periodical publications. They instituted an office to supply schools with teachers. They acquired an unprecedented dominion over every species of literature, over the education of youth, and over the minds of all ranks of people, and thus prepared the way for those terrible scenes of revolution and bloodsded which were exhibited in France towards the close of the century. "The miseries," says Dr. Dwight, "which were suffered by that single nation, in the course of a few years, have changed all the histories of the preceding sufferings of mankind into idle tales. They were enhanced and multiplied, without a precedent, and without end. The whole country seemed to be changed into one great prison; the inhabitants to be converted into felons; and the ordinary doom of man commuted for the violence of the sword, the bayonet, and the guillotine. It appeared for a season, as if the knell of the whole nation was tolled, and the world summoned to its execution and its funeral: Within the space of ten years, not less than 3,000,000 of human beings are supposed to have perished, in that one country, through the influence of atheism. Were the world in general to be guided and governed by the same principles, what crimes would not mankind perpetrate; what agonies would they not endure!"

The reign of infidelity and terror in France was short; but the consequences of it are likely to be long. The land is far from being purged at present, and whether it ever can be purged but by the slaughter of other millions—the pouring forth of additional rivers of blood—remains to be witnessed.

The infidelity of Germany is of another type from that of France. It is less open, less ferocious, but probably not less deeply seated, or less difficult to cure. It assumes rather the Pantheistic form; is concealed under the specious name of rationalism; and creeps unwarily, not only into the seat of science, but into the holier sanctuary of the church. Not a few of the professed teachers of religion in Germany, it may be feared, are Atheists.

The infidelity of America is almost entirely of foreign extraction. The poisonous seed has been brought here by unprincipled foreigners, who have planted and watered it, and waited till it has brought forth its bitter fruit. The amount of Atheism in the United States, it may be feared, is not small. For the most part, however, it avoids the light. It seeks to hide its horrid features under some other profession or name.

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A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

One cold market morning, I looked into a milliner's shop, and there I saw a hale, hearty, well-browned young fellow from the country, with his long cart whip, and a lion shag coat, holding up some little matter, and turning it about on his great fist. And what do you suppose it was? *A baby's bonnet!* A little, soft, blue satin hood, with a swan's-down border, white as the new-fallen snow, with a frill of rich blonde around the edge.

By his side stood a very pretty woman, holding with no small pride the baby, for evidently it was *the* baby. Any one could read that fact in every glance, as they looked at each other, and the little hood, and then at the large, blue, unconscious eyes and fat dimpled cheeks of the little one. It was evident that neither of them had ever seen a baby *like that* before!

"But really, Mary," said the young man, "isn't three dollars very high?"

Mary very prudently said nothing, but taking the little bonnet, tied it on to the little head, and held up the baby. The man looked, and grinned, and without another word down went the three dollars—all that the last week's butter came to; and as they walked out of the shop, it is hard to say which looked the most delighted with the bargain.

"Ah!" thought I, "a little child shall lead them!"

Another day, as I was passing a carriage factory along one of the back streets, I saw a young mechanic at work on a wheel. The rough body of a carriage stood beside him; and there, wrapped up snugly, all hooded and cloaked, sat a little dark-eyed girl, about a year old, playing with a great shaggy dog. As I stopped, the man looked up from his work, and turned admiringly towards his little companion, as much as to say, "See what I have got here!"

"Yes!" thought I, "and if the little lady ever get a glance from admiring swains as sincere as that, she will be lucky."

Ah, these children! little witches! pretty even in all their faults and absurdities! winning even in their sins and iniquities! See, for example, yonder little fellow in a naughty fit; he has shaken his long curls over his deep blue eyes, the fair brow is bent in a frown; the rose-leaf mouth pursed up in infinite defiance; and the white shoulder thrust naughtily forward. Can any thing a child look so pretty even in their naughtiness?

Then comes the instant change—flashing smiles and tears, as the good comes back all in a rush, and you are overwhelmed with protestations, promises, and kisses! They are irresistible, to these little ones. They pull away the scholar's pen, tumble about his papers, make somersets over his books; and what can he do? They tear up newspapers, litter the carpets, break, pull and upset, and then jabber unimaginable English in self-defence; and what can you do for yourself?

"If *I* had a child," says the precise man, "you should see."

He does have a child, and his child tears up his papers, tumbles over his things, and pulls his nose, like all other children; and what has the precise man to say for himself? Nothing—he is like everybody else,—"a little child shall lead him!"

Poor little children! they bring and teach us, human beings, more good than they get in return. How often does the infant, with its soft cheek and helpless hand, awaken a mother from worldliness and egotism to a whole world of new and higher feeling! How often does the mother repay this, by doing her best to wipe off, even before the time, the dew and fresh simplicity of childhood, and make her daughter too soon a woman of the world, as she has been.

The hardened heart of the worldly man is unlocked by the guileless tones and simple caresses of his son; but he repays it, in time, by imparting to his boy all the crooked tricks, and hard ways, and callous maxims which have undone himself.

Go to the jail, to the penitentiary, and find there the wretch most sullen, brutal, and hardened. Then look at your infant son. Such as he is to you, such to some mother was this man. That hard hand was soft and delicate, that rough

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was tender and lisping, fond eyes followed as he played, and he was rocked and cra- as something holy. There was a time when heart, soft and unworn, might have opened to tionings of God and Jesus, and been sealed the seal of heaven. But harsh hands seized fierce, goblin lineaments were impressed upon nd all is over with him forever!

o, of the tender, weeping child is made the lous, heartless man; of the all-believing child, sneering skeptic; of the beautiful and mo- t, the shameless and abandoned: and this is *at the world* does for the little one.

There was a time when the *Divine One* stood earth, and little children sought to draw near him. But harsh human beings stood between n and them, forbidding their approach. Ah! s it not been always so? Do not even we, th our hard and unsubdued feelings, our world- and unscriptural habits and maxims, stand e a dark screen between our little child and its Saviour, and keep even from the choice bud of our hearts the sweet radiance which might unfold it for paradise? "Suffer little children to come unto *me*, and forbid them not," is still the voice of the Son of God; but the cold world still closes around and forbids. When, of old, the disciples would question their Lord of the higher mysteries of his kingdom, he took a little child and set him in the midst, as a sign of him who should be greatest in heaven. That gentle teacher still remains to us. By every hearth and fireside, Jesus still *sets the little child in the midst of us!*

Wouldst thou know, O parent, what is that *faith* which unlocks heaven? Go not to wrangling polemics, or creeds and forms of theology; but draw to thy bosom thy little one, and read in that clear, trusting eye, the lesson of eternal life. Be only to thy God as thy child is to thee, and all is done! Blessed shalt thou be, indeed, when "*a little child shall lead thee!*"

CONSOLATION.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

In a chamber where sickness and torturing pain
  Had reigned with a fearful control,
Were gathered a group who in bitterness wept,
  And anguish and sorrow of soul:
The lips that they kissed uttered voiceless farewells
  As their office they strove to fulfill—
The fingers they clasped gave no pressure again,—
  The hand had forgotten its skill.

They watch her thro' eyes that are blinded with tears,
  And they stifle the sobs which arise;
Unwilling that human emotions should jar
  On a spirit so near to the skies:
Too slow and too faint is the fluttering breath,—
  Too ghastly the hue of the brow!
They may give to the long pent-up torrent its way,
  It cannot disquiet her now.

Oh! moment of most insupportable wo
  To creatures of perishing breath,
When we shrink from the first fearful flash of the truth
  That we stand in the presence of death,—
That the lid which has closed will not open again,—
  That the heave of the bosom is o'er,—
That the look of affection will never return,—
  That the lips will be vocal no more!

Thus heart-wrung and desolate—palsied with grief
  No reason nor faith could allay,
They clung there as tho' they enfolded her still,
  And not the rent veil of her clay:
While she, with the fullness of joy in her soul,
  The path of the purified trod,—
Exultingly passed through the crystalline gates,
  And gazed on the glory of God.

She cannot look back to the group she has left
  So smitten, and orphan'd, and lone,
She cannot withdraw her rapt vision from Him
  Who sits in the midst of the throne:
In the bliss of beholding the long lost and wept
  So bright in their angel array,
What wonder if every remembrance of time
  Were blotted forever away!

But when with a vision more strengthened to bear
  The glories that burst on her sight,
The thrill of her rapturous spirit subsides
  To the calm of a seraph's delight,—
She will turn with emotion that never had known
  The depths of such tenderness yet,
To the loved ones whom even the converse of heaven
  Would win her in vain to forget.

And ye in whose sorrowful bosoms so long
  The passionate yearning will rise,
Think, think how the bonds that most bound you to earth
  Are binding you now to the skies:
How fast they are severing! Link after link
  Is loosed from the beautiful chain;
But ah! when the circle is perfect above,
  It will never be broken again!

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STRUGGLING SPIRITS.

DIARY OF A CLERGYMAN.

A WELL-KNOWN author has published a book with the euphonious title of "The Battle of Life!" The battle of life! How suggestive! The best way to use the book in question is to stop at the title, and *think*. How many thousands of struggling spirits are there in England, not to embrace a greater portion of our globe, whose history is a battle of life! How many men, with grey hairs, who cannot recollect a day of their existence that was not engaged in this battle! Poverty, disappointment, sickness, bereavement, blasted hopes, and ten thousand other afflictions, come upon the field, and, single-handed, the true hero struggles with them all. The world is too busy to notice him. Engaged with its own affairs, it takes no note of his. He is not a worshiped hero—*except he conquer;* and then men praise him because he does well to himself; but it has no incense for him whilst he is in the act of struggling, although it is only then that he needs it, and although that is in reality the merit of his case. The merit lies not in the victory, but in the effort to obtain it. The world tests merit by success. This is one of its myriad fallacies. The merit is in the struggle. Heroes as great as any that have been crowned by the applause that waits upon achievement, have fallen in the battle of life, unnamed, unnoticed, unknown. Non-success and non-merit are not convertible terms. The principle that arms for the struggle, and the mode in which it is carried on, are the just criterion. The issue of the contest has little to do with it. The battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift. Perseverance in a good cause, conducted upon right principles, is frequently successful, but not always; and to insinuate a doubt respecting the soundness of him who fails, simply *because* he fails, is at once uncharitable and unjust. Men have died broken-hearted, after threescore years of incessant struggle; and shame upon the iniquity that brands them as cowards! for their broken hearts declare them true heroes. Their calamity proclaims that to the last they had fought. Broken hearts are sometimes the greenest laurels in the eye of virtue. Non-success is sometimes real victory. Everything depends upon what is in the man, and how and why he struggles. Failure has its lessons, as well as conquest; and the former are sometimes more valuable than the latter. They are not so easily read, however, for the obvious reason that the world does not see them so plainly. We hear of "the self-made man," "the architect of his own fortune," "the conquering hero," and then it puts the trumpet to its mouth, and blows a shrill blast, and "does obeisance;" but, when it hears of another, who has failed in the battle of life albeit he was, in every intellectual and moral respect, equal to its favorite, and may have struggled, too, with greater energy, and for a longer period, it passes him by, with a "poor fellow!" or, perhaps, with the malignant innuendo, "Ah, there *must* have been something wrong there!" There is a prophet in Bricktown, whose vision is remarkably clear after the event. A friend of mine related to me the following conversation which he had with him lately:—

"Well, Mr. Seer," said my friend, "have you heard the news about your old townsman?"

"No; what about him?"

"He has obtained a valuable office appointment."

"Knew it," said Seer, looking wonderfully wise; "knew it; always prophesied that Keenlook would get on; always saw it in his eye—determined, fixed, piercing. Well done, Keenlook! An honor to Bricktown! Always said he would. Ought to be invited to a public dinner."

"A public dinner to Keenlook!" said my friend. "O, very well. Pray, Mr. Seer, have you had any intelligence of Alfred Richeart? I believe he is related to some families in this town, and you may have heard something of him."

"Richeart? He that was schoolmaster in Eaglefield?"

"The same."

"No, nothing lately. What's he doing now?"

"Fighting with difficulties, and can scarcely obtain bread for his family."

"Ah! I thought so; always said so. He'll never get on. What do you think? He kept Mrs. Smallsoul two years waiting for the balance of her house-rent. Sad that! How can a man get on that does not pay his way?"

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"Has Mrs. Smallsoul not been paid?" asked my friend.

"O yes, at last."

"And with interest?"

"I believe so."

"Did she not also saddle him with law expenses?"

"So I have heard; and served him right, too."

"Now, Mr. Seer, I have only to say that the man whom you thus brand is a far greater, better, and more deserving man than him to whom you propose to offer the incense of a public dinner. Keenlook is a passable sort of man, as the world goes, and I have nothing to say against him; but there is not so much nobility in his whole life and history as there is in a single mental aspiration of Richeart. As a philosopher, a philanthropist, and a Christian, I admire and love him: from his writings, I have derived both pleasure and profit; his extraordinary modesty—sure sign of genius that—has kept him concealed and poor; and it was only the other day that I learned, to my surprise and grief, that the author of the 'Philosophy of Greatness'——"

"What!" said I, interrupting my friend. "You cannot mean the author of that sublime work?"

"I do, sir," said he, smiling, "and am not a little pleased to find that you both know and appreciate it. I am prepared, moreover, to prophesy, *before* the event, that, when you know Alfred Richeart personally, you will esteem and love him. You shall hear a little of his history and struggles, and perhaps you will then desire to see the man himself."

"You will greatly oblige me," I said; "but how did your conversation with Seer terminate?"

"O, he buttoned his pockets, afraid that I had a design upon them, and walked away, muttering some rubbish about 'useless book-worms that could not pay their debts,' and I left the earthworm in disgust."

Seer may be taken as a representative of the multitude in its hasty judgments. It does not reason, but leaps to conclusions. The silent struggle, the state of the heart, the mental disposition, are things beyond its province; consequently, it often condemns where praise is merited, and praises where condemnation is due. It is gratifying to believe that there is a day coming which will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and fulfill the promise that light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

The substance of my friend's communication respecting Richeart was as follows:—Early thrown upon the world, with no capital but strong principles, whose seeds had been sown by wise parents, and sedulously cultivated by self-appreciation of their importance, he soon found them both a solace and a necessity amidst those trials and difficulties, which seem wisely intended for the discipline of men who are to be of any service to their fellows upon the platform of life. With a clear intellect, and well-balanced judgment, he commanded the respect and attention of those with whom he came in contact; but, being of retiring and studious habits, and of exceeding modest demeanor, he was comparatively little known. Those virtues for which he should have been admired, were in reality against his success in life; that is, against that material advantage with which men are in the habit of identifying success. His modesty led him to consider himself inferior to every one else; and though the solidity of his judgment and the logical conclusiveness of his reasoning were appreciated by thinking men, whenever, by much persuasion, he was led to take his place in a public meeting, he always felt himself unhappy at the sound of his own voice, and imagined that he had retarded, rather than forwarded, the interests of the cause—chiefly educational—which he had been pleading. Everything merely superficial he eschewed, and felt sorry when he saw the readiness of the majority in most public assemblies to be carried away by fluent oratory, which frequently conveyed but little information, and, more frequently still, had little or nothing to do with the question nominally under discussion. Partly from the necessities of existence, and partly from a desire to be of service to others, he adopted the ill-requited and little prized, though both onerous and honorable, profession of a schoolmaster. Doubting his qualifications for a more important and populous sphere, he selected, as the scene of his first educational efforts, a small town, whose inhabitants were both poor and ignorant of the advantages of instruction. "Hereditary bondsmen" to ignorance and superstition (those sable sisters that have long deluded mankind), they had no desire for that light which makes men free. Their stolidity and obstinate adherence to traditional usages, which are "more honored in the breach than the observance," severely tried his sensitive mind, and ultimately thwarted all his exertions for their benefit and that of their children. They sneered at his "newfangled notions," and made themselves merry at his desire to abandon the venerable custom of flogging.

In such a population as this, it is evident that a man of fine feelings was entirely out of place. Mr. Richeart struggled long, and was so far successful, as to gain the affections of the few chil-

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dren who were allowed to rémain with him. But prejudice and folly, having the strength of the current on their side, finally conquered, and our struggler left the place, poorer than he came, and sorrowful in spirit; but, upheld by faith, he was resolved to struggle on elsewhere. Honesty of purpose sustains a man. The strong conviction that right will some day rise to the surface, has enabled a man to hold on in the battle of life, who, without this faith, would have sunk in the mighty waters.

Richeart, on the recommendation of a relative, removed to a town some twenty miles distant. In consequence of the illness of his wife and child, he was obliged to remain three days and nights at an inn on the road. Medical advice was absolutely necessary for the sufferers. Having settled all his little accounts, with the exception of a balance of two pounds to the owner of the school-room, as already referred to by Mr. Seer, he had not the means left to pay a medical man. Perplexed and distressed, but still confident that he would not be forsaken, he mentioned the case to the landlord of the inn, expressing his desire to have a skillful doctor, but at the same time intimating that his means were very limited. After surveying him closely, with a pair of small, grey, twinkling eyes, looking out through layers of fat, his host asked him what he was, and what brought him into these difficulties. He rapidly told him the simple facts of the case, expressing great anxiety for his beloved wife and child. "Well, well," said the good landlord, "yours is a bad trade, friend. Schoolmasters and bookmakers ha'n't much to boast on, and some o' the clergy aint much better off;" and smiling at his own small wit, he called out "Jim! here. Jump across Blinky, and ride off to Dr. Kurem with my 'spects, and ask him to come here presently; and, d'ye hear, Jim? no loitering!"

Returning to the chamber of his earthly treasures, he endeavored to soothe his dear wife, by telling her that a medical man would soon be with them. This, however, seemed to awaken in her breast a fresh source of anxiety. "My dear, why did you this?" she inquired, "for we cannot reward him." "True, my love," he replied, "we cannot; but God can." "Yes," she said, I know it. All is well; and I reproach myself for doubting your wisdom, as I cannot doubt your faith in God." The arrival of the good doctor was speedy, and his skill happily tested. On the third day, he said, "Well, Mr. Richeart, you have no further use for me, I am happy to say. So, good by!"

"But, Dr. Kurem—I beg your pardon, sir—but your ——. I have not yet asked how much ——"

"Nor need you ask. I have heard your story from my fat friend down stairs, and I see its truth in your face. Nay, no words now! I know what struggles are. Twenty years—twenty years up to the chin in an adverse stream ought to teach a man sympathy with his fellow-men. I've got to shore at last, although you see it has made me grey; but a grey head is a good thing in my profession: people think it a sign of wisdom. Good-bye; good-bye! I've left a small box of very useful medicine with your good wife; but you need not open it until you reach the end of your journey."

So saying, Dr. Kurem sprang into his carriage, and drove off. The landlord was now called for, to whom poor Richeart, with a thankful heart, said, "Sir, I do not know how much I am obliged to you for bringing that excellent and benevolent doctor to us; and now how much have I to pay you?"

"Pay!" said Boniface. "I've looked at this here bill till I'm blind; but John says you had no more. If all my customers carried on this way, I might shut up shop. No wine, no spirits, no beer, and only one dinner for three days; nothing but breakfast and tea!"

"Why, sir," said Richeart, trying to smile, "I own that we are but poor customers; but we never drink any of these things, and it's better be economical than run into debt."

"Bah! it isn't worth —, so here goes!" and he tore the bill to shreds, saying, "I don't believe Kurem would charge you anything, no more won't I; but you can give a trifle to the servants."

Having reached the town, and secured temporary lodgings, Richeart's next effort was to search for a school-room, and to commence his profession. After many trials and disappointments, he at last succeeded in finding a place in the outskirts of the town, with the proprietor of which he made arrangements, and forthwith entered on his duties. At the end of three months, notwithstanding all his exertions, he had only seven boys under his tuition. He had to struggle against poverty and prejudice, amidst a people to whom he was a stranger; and now, the first quarter's rent falling due, he was again sorely agitated in mind. Want and care had visibly influenced his health; his beloved child had died, and another was born; his wife was extremely delicate; and the owner of the building in which he kept school was a harsh man, who knew not how to sympathize with sorrow, and threatened to eject him if the rent was not promptly paid.

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He had recently finished the manuscript of his essay on the "Philosophy of Greatness;" and, though entertaining scarcely any hope of finding a publisher to purchase the copyright, the thought occurred to him that he would forward it to London, to an eminent publishing house. He did so. In the course of a few days, a letter arrived from Messrs. Octavo & Co., stating that they were obliged by Mr. Richeart's offer, but that their hands were full. Ultimately, however, the book was published, and met with the applause of the critics; but, beyond that, it brought no reward to the excellent author. By a series of providential circumstances, which he failed not to recognize, and for which his heart was deeply thankful, he was enabled to overcome pressing difficulties, and to struggle on in that place for ten long years. The battle of life has been with this most deserving man a stern reality. He struggles still; and he says that all that has occurred has only given him *vigor for the fight!*

LALITU.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY PROF. TAPPAN.

That waltz is like the merry bells
  Upon th morn of May,
A rush of joyous sounds that tells
  How human hearts can play—

How human hearts beat hopefully
  When life is in its May,
Ere summer's prime comes soberly,
  Or autumn's sere array.

I hear the sound of dancing feet,
  The bursting laugh of youth—
Of boys and girls who laughing greet
  In innocence and truth:

I see the sunshine on the trees,
  The dew upon the flowers;
I hear the humming of the bees,
  I scent the morning hours:

The birds are pouring on my ear
  Their songs of early love,
And distant brooks are gurgling clear
  Through meadow and through grove:

I hear a thousand homelike sounds,
  What pleasant sights I see!
Mine eye o'erflows, my heart rebounds,
  My youth returns to me.

Is it the music that doth give
  These thoughts of May day morn,
That makes me seem again to live
  When hope and joy were born?

Or is it that the torch is thine,
  My only daughter dear,
And that thy soul awakes in mine
  These melodies so clear—

The echoes of thine own young heart,
  Thy heart made out of mine?
O may no earthly shock e'er part
  A oneness so divine!

LOVE ETERNAL.

Love's breath is in the vernal breeze
  That fans the cheek on twilight eves—
Love's breath exhales from out the rose,
  When morn unfolds its crimson leaves—
Love's breath is in the murmuring sound
  That o'er the bubbling fountain rings—
Love's breath is in the little song
  The little bird to nature sings.

Love's breath—it is God's holy breath
  That unto thee, my heart, is given—
Whose gentle impulse, sweet and pure,
  Doth softly raise thee up to heaven!—
There shall that earthly plant put forth
  Eternal flowers, that ne'er shall fall.
Ah! I shall love!—and love!—and love!—
  Since Love is but the Life of All!

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THE HOPES OF YOUTH.

BY MRS. M. E. DOUBLEDAY.

On a bright and glorious summer day, when the air was filled with music, and the breeze loaded with the fragrance of fruit and flower, a party of young men lingered on the margin of a broad stream, whose pure waters reflected the bright hues of the sky above, and the waving foliage of the trees and shrubs with which its banks were fringed. They had just entered upon the active pursuits of life. The down slightly shaded their cheeks, and their steps were free and light, as they bounded over the green fields, or stopped to throw a pebble, and then watched the rippling eddies and glancing sunbeams. While they loitered thus, the dews of evening fell, and the shadows of declining day gathered around them. Drawing nearer to each other, they reclined upon the turf to watch the last beams of the setting sun, and welcome the pure pale evening star. Then deeper thoughts came to them, and they spake, of the future, and of the destiny they were to accomplish; and wondered, as they questioned, what should be the allotment of their future days and coming years; and as the light faded, a shadowy form stood before them, and a voice sweet and low fell upon their ears.

"Children of men!" said the spirit, "I have listened to your words: shall I teach you how to secure the possession of your wishes? Choose, then—riches or fame, pleasure, or learning, or power, or aught that men most desire, and if ye accept the conditions I propose, I will assure you the attainment." "And what are thy conditions?" said one. "Thou shalt choose one object, and the possession of that object shall be the great purpose of thy life. Upon it thou shalt concentrate thy desires and affections, and thou shalt suffer nought to divert thee from its pursuit," was the reply. "And canst thou to these gifts add happiness?" said one of a quiet and thoughtful mien. "Will not the attainment of our desires secure our happiness?" exclaimed an eager youth, as he sprang from the turf: "Canst thou insure me my first wish? I have dreamed of fame while I slept, I have longed for it in my waking hours. Give me fame—give me a proud and lofty name—let me be known, while I live, and my memory descend to future ages. I would not mingle with the common herd—living unknown, dying to be forgotten. I ask for fame. For this alone would I live, and for this I am willing to die." "And what is fame but breath?" said another; will it feed or clothe the living? will the applause lavished on the dead waken the silence of the grave, or fan to life the slumbering ashes? Give me wealth; fill my coffers with gold, and let me look on broad fields and call them mine. Give me riches, and I will find happiness." "As for me," said the third, "I will devote my youth to pleasure. Strew my way with flowers. Steep and rugged is the path that leads to fame, and for what are riches but to afford the means of gratification? Give me the smiles of beauty and the pleasures of love. I will mingle in the dance and listen to the song, and where I may find gayety and mirth, there will I bend my steps. Old age is dark and unlovely, and sordid care brings only wrinkles. I will not anticipate the future—let the present be bright and joyous." "And what dost thou ask?" said the Genius to the last of the youths. "Of thee I ask nothing The gifts thou dost proffer I do not desire—all thou canst give will not bring the peace I seek. I would find my happiness in the path of duty—I would suffer without repining, and enjoy without presumption; and it shall be the aim of my life to fulfill the will of the great Creator, and promote the happiness of my fellow-creatures." "Ye have chosen," said the spirit. "Life is before you. Enter upon its conflict, and when in the full possession of your wishes, again will I revisit each one of you—but, know that then the hour of doom is nigh."

A man bowed more with care than age, upon whose brow was drawn many a furrow, was seated in a dark and gloomy room. The golden beams of the sun vainly strove to enter through the dusky cobwebbed windows. No sweet carol or joyous hum fell upon the ear;—no gleam of loveliness or beauty refreshed the eye, or brought gladness to the heart. Parchments and papers were around him, and the heavily-bound iron chest stood beside him. The thick walls and

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heavy bolts and bars showed how well he watched and how well secured his treasury, while his trembling hand and glaring eye told how little he enjoyed his treasure. A slight sound, as of the evening breeze, fell upon the ear—he started and shuddered, for the spirit was again before him.

"Thy coffers are full," said the Genius, glancing around; "thy lands are broad. I have kept my promise; wealth, riches are thine—dost thou now welcome me?" "Welcome thee!" retorted the wretched man. "Hast thou come to triumph in my misery? Didst thou not devote me to a youth of labor, an age of care? If I have wealth, I have gained it by a drudgery from which the vilest felon would be excused. For it I have denied myself the enjoyments of this life, and bartered the hopes of another; and it has drawn around me the vicious, who have led the wife of my youth astray, and brought dishonor upon the mother of my children—it has allured my children into paths of sin, and hurried them into graves of shame. To attain wealth, I exhausted all the energies of my youth; upon it I concentrated all the affections of my heart; and it has yielded but care and toil in the pursuit, wretchedness and vexation in the possession." "Wilt thou relinquish thy riches?" asked the spirit. "What! relinquish my all?" shrieked the old man.

There was a crowd; and mingled curses and blessings, hisses and applause, fell upon the ear of a man, pale but not trembling, whose bright eye and compressed lip showed daring and defiance, while the full tones of his voice rose yet above the yells of the multitude, as he braved, and awed, and quelled them. And at night he lay upon his couch, pale and death like, and his labored breath and the heavy drops upon his clammy brow betokened his coming doom. And a low voice breathed in his ear, "Art thou satisfied? Thou hast known the pleasures of fame; thou hast tasted the joys of renown; thy name echoes through thine own land, and thy praise is wafted to other shores; thou hast attained distinction; art thou happy?" "Happy!" replied the hearer, as he opened his bright, hollow eyes, and gazed upon the Genius. "Callest thou this fame? What is the applause or the curse of the rabble to me? I have relinquished the pleasures of love, and the blessings of friendship; I have devoted my days to toil and my nights to study; I have lived a life of penury and loneliness, and am dying in poverty and wretchedness, an exile from my country, and an alien to my kindred. And were these the blessings thou didst promise? false, lying spirit!" "Thou didst but ask fame, nor did I assure thee that thy desires should bring thee happiness. That fame thou hast attained—distinction among the living, and a name that men will call immortal. Thou art dying, but thy name resounds in halls and palaces, in quiet homes and lowly cots; marble tablets and lofty monuments shall be raised to thee, and crowds and festal days shall perpetuate thy memory." "Will they bring incense to my ashes, to mock the misery of my life? What is renown to the dead? What will be the applause of man to me when my ear is deafened by the sod, and the quick pulses of the heart are chilled by the hand of death? The marble monument shall but press me the more heavily into the earth, and the footsteps of those who come to gaze upon it shall be echoed in the silence of the tomb. Fame! What a mockery!" muttered the dying man, as his eye glazed and his features settled in death.

A crowded saloon was wreathed with flowers, and glittering lamps shed their radiance over jewelled tresses and bright eyes; and the wine sparkled, and voluptuous forms threaded the mazes of the dance. In the midst of the crowd was one not yet past the prime of manhood, but his cheek was flushed, and his hand trembled, and his eye glowed with strange brightness. As the pale beams of the morning fell upon the withered flowers, and flickering lamps, and deserted halls, he turned to leave them, and met the spirit of the stream. "And thine is a life of pleasure. Thou hast drained her cup; thou hast been foremost in her train, and tasted all that she can give. Hast thou found it all thou didst desire—has it yielded all thou didst expect?" "What!" exclaimed the youth. "Callest thou this a life of pleasure? The foam that sparkles on the brim conceals the nauseous dregs beneath. See my trembling limbs, my wasted form: health, and hope, and peace are gone. I look back upon a wasted youth—I look forward to an age of gloom. I have forfeited the confidence of the good—I am sick of the smiles and flattery of the vicious. Days of languor and remorse succeed the nights of dissipation. I seek the crowd and the banquet to escape from myself, and I sicken amid the glare and revelry, which there surround me." "But thou hast the smiles of beauty, and hast known the joys of friendship." "Hollow and deceitful is the smile of her who is wooed in the fanes of pleasure, and treacherous the friendship pledged over dice and wine. I tell thee, false, deceitful spirit, I needed not thy taunts to hurry me to my doom. I have exhausted all that life offers—there remainest but to die!" The quick sound of a pistol was heard, and he lay weltering in his blood.

In a quiet chamber lay a white-haired man. The spirit was not there, but there was manhood

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calm and solemn; and woman, pale and loving, with tearful eyes, still ministering to the dying; and childhood, with strange tears upon its dimpled cheeks; and there came the blessing of him that was ready to perish, and the prayer of the oppressed who had found a comforter. The lips of the dying man moved as he murmured, "Life and immortality;" and his eye grew bright as he exclaimed, "Ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation;" and with his last strength he ejaculated, "Blessed be his name for all the mercies of the past, for all the hopes of the future!"

EARTH AND HEAVEN—LIGHT AND SHADE.

"Look on this picture, and on that."

EARTH.

A wave receding from the shore;
A fading rose, its beauty o'er;
The memory of music gone;
A wavelet weeping past a stone;
A bubble broken on a wave;
A floweret blooming on a grave;
A sunset fading into night;
The flickering of a taper's light:
The shadow of the evening hour;
A moonbeam on a ruin'd tower;
The glistening of a pensive beam,
Upon an ever-passing stream;
A sunbeam gleaming through a cloud;
The wrapping in the snowy shroud,
A fair, beloved, and cherish'd form,
Dragg'd to corruption, and the worm;
The heart, for thee once beating, burning,
To callous, cold indifference turning;
The eye, that ever turned to thee
With tenderness and sympathy,
Far dearer than the eye of day,
In careless coldness turn'd away;
The cherish'd friend, once all thine own,
Unloving, all another's grown;
The arm on which for strength we lean'd,
Not all, and only what it seem'd;
A futile trust, a broken reed,
Piercing the spirit till it bleed;
The tenderest bonds of friendship riven,
To pride, and pomp, and falsehood given:
The loving, lovely, and beloved,
By distance or by death removed;
A meteor flash, a falling star,
A wandering light, that shines afar—
The more we chase its woldfire beam,
It fades in mist, a glow-worm gleam;
A dream, from which we weeping waken;
The loneness of a heart forsaken;
The sighing of a wind harp's moan,
When thou art pensive and alone;
The sin and selfishness that parts,
By low deceit, congenial hearts;
The music-voice to coldness changed,
Expressive of the heart estranged;
The hollow smile, so seeming fair;
A moonbeam on a sepulchre;
A sere leaf, trembling in the blast;
A day, with shadows overcast.
O heart! has earth not been to thee
A fading thing—a vanity?

HEAVEN.

A golden shore, without a sea;
An everlasting melody;
A cloudless day, without a night;
A morn, where comes no fading light;
A home, where death outspreads no bier;
Where beauty never sheds a tear,
Where separations never pain,
And peace and love eternal reign;
No faithless friend the spirit grieves,
For there no trusted one deceives;
No selfish pride or passion parts
The sympathy of kindred hearts;
Nor disappointment blights the bloom
Of joyful hearts beyond the tomb;
For there no cold wind ever blows,
No canker ever nips the rose,
No thorn can ever pierce the hand
Of kindness in the sinless land;
No cold or dark ingratitude
Forget the kindness of the good;
Ah, no! no desolating change
Can clinging heart from heart estrange;
No friend forget the soothing ray
Which brighten'd up their cloudy day;
The friend who tenderly could share
Your weaknesses, your burdens bear;
Where the loving loveth ever,
And the friend forgetteth never!
Nor cold, nor envy, pride or hate
Can enter through the pearly gate.
No, not one sin can there defile
Or darken beauty's endless smile.
Near the changeless—ever near;
Chill'd no more with doubt and fear;
Glorious as the noonday sun;
Co-heir with God's only Son;
Dwelling in unclouded light;
Robed "in linen clean and white,"
Emblem of the spirit's dress—
Everlasting righteousness.
All the war of *nature* still'd;
All the promises fulfill'd;
Free from sin's o'er-mastering strife;
Resting 'neath the tree of life;
Where the flowers are ever fair,
In yon golden Sabbath-air;
Never more to thirst—oh, never!
Drinking from the crystal river,
Radiant as a jasper stone,
Flowing from the sapphire throne.

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THE TALISMAN—A FAIRY TALE.

BY A SPINSTER.

"Let us have tea, or candles, or something, Aunt Margaret," said my mercurial little nephew, Herbert, as I sat one evening, watching the soft light of the rising moon from my drawing-room window.

"It is not quite tea-time yet, Herbert, and don't you think the moon gives us a pleasanter light just now than any candles could do? As to the "*something*," I should be able to answer that request better, if I knew what that "*something*" was."

"Oh! why something, you know, means—anything; anything is better than sitting here doing nothing."

"Well, then, suppose I ring for lights, and you set about an extra page of Latin, to surprise your tutor in the morning——"

"No, no, not that; something pleasant, I mean. If you would tell us a tale or a riddle, Aunt Margaret, or something, it would be so nice."

It seemed that Herbert could not express himself without the mysterious something.

"Well," said I, "I think I can tell you a tale or a riddle, or both in one, if you will sit down quietly."

They did not require a second bidding.

Ellen brought her stool close to my feet, while Herbert threw himself into an enormous lounging-chair, with the air of a lord, and I began my tale.

It was a lovely afternoon in "the leafy month of June," and the midsummer sun shone bright on the velvet slope of a smooth lawn, and glittered on the shining leaves of a large Portugal laurel which grew upon it, under the shadow of which sat a merry party of little people, busy with their dolls and playthings. Never had children a more glorious playroom than was this, with its sapphire roof, and its emerald floor. Here were music and perfumes, exquisite as a monarch could command, for the skylark was pouring down his flood of melody, and every breath of the soft west wind came laden with sweets from the roses and mignionette which bloomed so luxuriantly around. It was one of nature's gala days—one of those festivals which are more frequent than great men's banquets, and to which all are right welcome, without cards of invitation.

The young folks seemed to be taking their part in the universal gladness, for the merry talk and the light laugh went round, and all was harmony.

"Look," cried the eldest of the party, a girl about twelve years of age, lifting up her doll triumphantly, "I have quite finished; does it not fit well?"

"Oh, how pretty!" cried the other three children in a breath.

"I should like just such a frock as that," said a very little girl. "Do make me one, Marian; you said you would."

"Yes, to be sure I did, Lucy, and so I will. Let us begin it directly." And so they set about selecting the materials. All the stores of silk and muslin were displayed, and now this and now that pattern proposed and admired, and in its turn rejected for a newly-unfolded rival. At last, Lucy's eye fell upon one which struck her as just the thing. "This is the prettiest," cried she; "I should like this, Marian, if you please, better than any of the others."

As ill-luck would have it, Marian at that very moment drew forth another, in her opinion much more suitable for the purpose than the one selected by her little sister. "This will do much better, Lucy," she said decidedly; "it will look much prettier made up, and as I am going to make it, I ought to know."

"But I don't like it so well," objected Lucy.

"You will like it when it is made," replied Marian, drawing out the pattern she had chosen, and pushing away the remainder.

"Let her have the one she likes best," said Caroline; "it is for her doll."

"Oh, very well, if she likes her doll to be a fright, she can have it," said Marian; and she snatched the objectionable piece from the pile, with a jerk which threw the rest upon the lawn to gambol with the breeze, and a merry dance they had before they could again be collected into a bundle.

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"See what you have done, Marian," cried Caroline; "the silks will be spoilt with rolling about the garden."

"How can I help the wind?" answered Marian sharply, and she seated herself to her work, with a scornful toss of the head.

The silks were collected, the chairs re-arranged, and the little party again settled to their occupations; but harmony and happiness were at an end. The same change had come over the moral atmosphere which sometimes takes place in that of the physical world, even in the sunny month of June. The storm, even when it only menaces from afar, chases all brightness from the landscape, and causes a chilly air, which makes one sad and shivery, to take the place of the balmy summer breeze. So cold and so cheerless were now our young friends under the laurel.

Caroline sat with averted face. Lucy looked anxious and uncomfortable—she would almost rather have been less obliged to Marian than she ought to feel just now. As to Marian, she seemed oppressed, as the clouds are when charged with electric fluid. She had not room enough Lucy came too near her. Her scissors would not cut. The doll's figure was bad, there was no fitting it. Poor doll! well for it, it was no baby, or sharp would have been its cries under the hands of its mantua-maker. As it was, it did not escape unhurt. As Marian turned it round with a sudden movement, not the gentlest in the world, its nose, that feature so difficult to preserve entire in the doll physiognomy, came in contact with the sharp edge of the stool which served as a table, and when it again presented itself to the alarmed gaze of Lucy, its delicate tip was gone.

"Oh, my doll!" cried the little girl, her fear of Marian's anger entirely vanishing in grief at this dire calamity; "you have quite spoilt her!"

"Where? I have not hurt her, child!"

"Yes, you have," said Caroline; "look at her nose; that is with putting yourself into a passion about nothing."

"Who said I was in a passion?" cried Marian. "I never said a word; but you are always accusing me of being in a passion."

"Because you are so angry if the least word is said," answered Caroline. "If you had not banged the doll down so, it would not have been broken."

"Oh, very well! if that is the case, the sooner I leave you the better!" said Marian, rising with an air of great dignity, but with a beating heart and flashing eye, and she went away.

She walked rapidly through the garden, very hot and very angry, and with the painful feeling in her mind that she was one of the most persecuted, ill-used people in the world. It was very odd, very unkind; everybody accused her of ill-humor, nobody loved her, her mamma reproved her, her sisters quarreled with her, she had not a friend in the world; what could be the reason she was treated thus?

Yes, Marian asked herself this question; but questions are sometimes asked without much desire for information, and perhaps Marian's was, for she did not reflect in order to solve it. She strolled through the garden sadly enough when the first feeling of indignation had in some measure subsided. She went to her own garden, but she found no pleasure there, though a rosebud which she had been watching for some days had opened at last, and proved to be a perfect beauty both in form and color. At any other time Marian would have rushed into the house to look for mamma, and no matter how busy or how much engaged mamma might have been, she would have begged her to come out and see the last new rosette. But now she passed it with a cursory glance, and continued her walk through the gardens and shrubberies, till she was tired of walking, and tired of her own company, but still without any desire to seek that of others. She stood before the bee-hives for a while, and observed the bees as they returned home, their wings glittering in the sunshine, and their thighs laden with their golden spoil. At first she felt half vexed with them for being so busy, and working so harmoniously, but by degrees their soft hum soothed her ruffled spirits, and she sat down on a bank of turf at a little distance to watch their motions. It was a pretty seat that she had chosen. Close beside her blossomed some luxuriant roses, and amongst them, a large white lily raised its head, its snowy petals contrasting finely with the green leaves of the rose-bushes and the deep crimson of their blossoms. Marian's eyes were riveted by the magnificent flower, and she must have gazed upon it long, for, as she gazed, its form became indistinct, its petals looked like fleecy clouds, and its orange stamens stretched into long lines of gold. She rubbed her eyes, but the flower did not again resume its original form. A pillar of mist was rising from its cup, which by degrees took a solid form, and presented to the eyes of the astonished girl a female figure, of diminutive proportions, but of such exquisite grace and beauty, that she did not believe it was possible for anything earthly to be equal to it. Fanciful as it may seem, the little sylph bore a striking resemblance to the flower from which she sprung. Her clothing was of the purest white, her hair like shining

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gold, and the small zephyr-like wings which adorned her shoulders were of that delicate green with which we see the early snowdrop and the wings of the butterfly so tenderly streaked. Although she did not in the least resemble Cinderella's godmother, or any of the dear old ladies with spindles that we read of in the nursery tales, Marian had no doubt that she was a fairy. Marian was an enterprising person, and her acquaintance with literature was not confined to that which was served up to her in the schoolroom and nursery. She had peeped into a big book on papa's library table, and she had read of fairies who could hide in acorn cups, and wrap themselves in the snake's enameled skin—who waged war with the humble-bee for his honey-bag, and made them tapers from his waxen thighs. Here, perhaps, stood before her one of that very company!

The fairy, then, for such we may venture to call her, descended gracefully, and alighted on a vase of mignionette which stood at the feet of Marian. She surveyed the little girl for some moments with a look of tenderness and compassion. At last she spoke, and her voice, though not loud, was clear and distinct as the sound of a silver bell. "My poor child," said she, "you are lonely and unhappy; what ails you?"

Surprised as Marian was, she felt no fear of this gentle apparition, and would have answered, but, unluckily, she scarcely knew what to say. She had little idea how vague her grievances were before she was called upon to put them into words. She hung her head, and was silent.

"I need not ask you," continued the fairy; "perhaps I know your troubles better than you do yourself."

Marian sobbed. "I am very, very unhappy," said she.

"I know it, child," answered the fairy; "what will you say if I give you something which will cure your sorrow, something which will make you glad yourself, and cause you to bring gladness wherever you go—which will make all who know you love you, and which will prevent you from ever suffering again what you suffer to-day?"

"Ah!" sighed Marian, "if that could indeed be!"

"Here is a talisman," said the fairy, "which, if worn about you constantly, will effect all I have promised."

Marian looked incredulous as she gazed on the jewel which was offered to her. It resembled a pearl, and reflected a mild and tranquil light; but beautiful as it was, it was not an ornament which Marian would have chosen. She loved brilliant colors and dazzling gems, and the sparkle of the diamond or the hue of the ruby would have possessed more attraction for her than the soft ray of the fairy talisman.

"How can a jewel like that do all you say?" she inquired.

The fairy smiled. "You shall go with me," she said, "and judge of its effects from your own observation." So saying, she waved her hand towards the lily, and behold another marvel! The flower expanded, and, without losing altogether its original form, it became a chariot, drawn by milk-white doves. The fairy seated herself in it, and beckoned Marian to take her place by her side. The little girl obeyed. She had seen too much that was marvelous, to wonder how her mortal bulk could be supported in that aerial vehicle; but there she was, sailing through the air, above the garden and the orchard, above the house and the fields, higher and higher, till there was nothing to be seen but mist and clouds.

Yes, Marian was amongst the clouds at last! How often, when she had watched some gorgeous sunset, had she longed to penetrate the golden valleys of that bright cloud-land! But, alas, now that it was no longer distant, its glory had disappeared! Instead of silver seas, golden lakes, purple mountains, and ruby temples, here was nothing to be seen but gray vapor, nothing to be heard but the fluttering of their winged conductors; and before they had descended, Marian had begun to be heartily tired of the monotony of this aerial journey. She was glad when they once more heard "the earth's soft murmuring," when they once more beheld groves, and fields, and waters, and the habitations of men. On and on they skimmed, now near the surface of the earth, till they hovered over a city, larger than any town Marian had ever before seen; so large, that there seemed no end to the mazes of its streets and alleys. Seemingly in the very centre of this city the fairy alighted. Marian shivered as she looked round on the wretchedness of the dwellings, the impurity of the streets, and the squalid aspect of their inhabitants. She shrank from the observation of the latter, as the fairy beckoned her onward. "Do not fear," said her guide, observing her embarrassment; "we are invisible to mortal eyes, and can go where we will without being noticed. This seems to you a strange place to look for jewels?"

Marian assented, but, re-assured by the fairy's words and countenance, she followed her more boldly, and they entered a dwelling, which bore evidence of a degree of wretchedness and poverty of which Marian could not previously have formed an idea.

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It was very full of people. Some men sat at a table, playing with dirty cards; in a corner, on the floor, was a group of children, and Marian was almost surprised to observe that even here the children were at play. They were at play, and they seemed as much interested with the rags and potsherds which formed their playthings as ever Marian and her sisters had been with the costly trifles with which lavish godfathers and wealthy friends had furnished their nursery; and their play, too, was much like the play of other children in better clothing. Marian felt a fellow-feeling with them, as she looked on; for on those young faces sorrow and sin had not yet left the dark traces of their presence. Their eyes sparkled with joy, and they laughed merrily, as she often laughed herself; and when the brow of one grew dark at some slight offence given by another, and a sharp rebuke fell from his lips, she could not conceal from herself that neither was that feeling or that tone utterly incomprehensible to her. The rebuke was retorted with increased bitterness, and by and by words were uttered by those childish lips which made her shudder. The words were soon accompanied by blows, and the blows succeeded by cries, until the uproar grew so loud as to excite the attention of their elders. And now, oh! Marian, you listened in vain for the mild reproof, the solemn admonition, from which you have often turned aside with secret vexation and disgust. Blows and horrid curses stilled this tumult, and brought the young rioters to silence, though their lowering brows and sullen eyes showed that the storm was still raging in their bosoms.

Marian turned away her head in disgust. The fairy pointed to the other group, amongst whom some disagreement had risen about their game, and the little girl's disgust was turned to terror, when she saw the expression which anger gave to the strong features, and heard the fierce tones which it imparted to the deep voices of the men. "Oh! take me from these horrid people," said she to the fairy, in an imploring voice.

"Presently," returned the fairy; "but let us think awhile before we turn away from this terrible lesson. These men were once children like those little ones, and their anger was no more formidable. Now their feelings are the same, but they have greater power to work evil; therefore do their passions appear to you so much more fearful."

As she spoke, the door opened, and a woman entered. She was a pale, worn-looking creature, and she carried on her head a bundle so large that Marian wondered how she had contrived to support it. She placed it down with some difficulty, and then looking at the card-players with a scornful countenance, she addressed some words to one amongst the number. The noise caused by the dispute was so great that Marian could not exactly catch their import, but they seemed mixed up with taunts and reproaches, and the woman pointed, as she uttered them, to the bundle which she had just before deposited upon the floor. The man, before angry, seemed irritated to madness by her words and her manner: he started up, and struck her violently—she fell to the ground. Marian covered her face with her hands. When she removed them, she found herself once more in the street.

As the fairy prepared to lead the way into another dwelling, Marian hung back. "Let me go away," said she; "I wish to see no more of such dreadful scenes."

"Fear not," said her guide; "you have not yet seen my talisman. It is worn in this dwelling, and where it is worn scenes such as you have just witnessed never occur." Marian felt compelled to follow, but she did so unwillingly.

The room they now entered bore as strongly the evidences of poverty as had done the one they visited before, but it did not look so utterly wretched. There was a greater air of cleanliness and decency throughout the apartment, and also in the appearance of its inmates. A woman sat sewing by the side of a table. Her emaciated form, pallid features, and deeply-lined countenance, spoke of want, and toil, and wo; but there was something that made the eye dwell with complacency on that wasted figure, clad in rags, and surrounded by all the externals of the most sordid poverty. Yes, that was it! There was the talisman!—it shone serenely on this poor woman's brow, and lighted up all that wretched hovel with its heavenly radiance! It was reflected on the faces of the pallid children, the two younger of whom were playing on the floor, while the elder girl, seated on a stool at her mother's feet, was nursing a baby. The baby was poorly and fretful, and at last the little girl, wearied with its restlessness, looked beseechingly toward her mother. Her mother could ill spare a moment from her work, but she laid it down, and took up the suffering infant. Ill as it was, the talisman seemed to have a charm even for it—its cry became less frequent, and it soon fell into a quiet sleep. The woman laid it quietly down, and resumed her employment. She was scarcely seated, when a footstep approached the door. "Father!" cried one of the little ones, in a tone of pleasure, and toddled towards the door.

The father entered, but at the first sight of him the joy of the children was at an end. He

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looked as if he had been drinking—his face was flushed, and his brow dark and lowering. Marian shrunk, terrified at his appearance: he was one of the men who had been quarreling over the card-table.

The children appeared more frightened and unhappy than surprised at the mood in which he entered. They retreated hastily, seeming to anticipate his intention of pushing them out of the way, and he seated himself before the fire. His wife did not speak; as she glanced at him, she turned first red, then pale, but she bent her eyes over her work, making quiet answers to the rough words he from time to time addressed to her, and turning the wondrous talisman full upon him as she spoke. Its light soon worked a change. He looked less suspiciously around him, his brow relaxed, and the children began to steal nearer and nearer, till at last the youngest climbed to his knee, and prattled away to him in his childish way, as he had before prattled to his mother. The mother smiled, as she rose and prepared to take her finished work to her employer. She hoped to procure the evening meal with the wages of her labor. *He* had brought in no money to-day, she knew full well, but she did not ask; and, with a kindly voice, she requested him to watch over the young ones in her absence, and glided from the door. The talisman must have dazzled his eyes as she went out, for they glistened with moisture; he muttered something, but Marian did not hear what it was, and before she had time to inquire of her conductor, she found herself once more seated in the fairy chariot, and rising rapidly above the smoke and gloom of these homes of misery and want. A little while ago, she would have hailed her escape from this sad region with delight; but now she would fain have seen more of the wearer of the talisman. Something of this kind she remarked to the fairy. "Ah! Marian," answered her guide, "there are jewels which render even squalid poverty attractive, and without which, wealth, decked out in all its ornaments, is void of charms!"

On and on they floated, leaving far behind these scenes of destitution, and soon the city rose fair and bright below. Stately palaces bounded the spacious streets. The skill of the sculptor and of the architect had ornamented the exterior of every building, and in the balconies and gardens bloomed the choicest of flowers and shrubs, perfuming the air with their fragrance, and delighting the eye with their beauty. The fairy alighted, and, beckoning Marian to follow her she entered one of the mansions. The little girl had been delighted by the aspect of the streets through which she had passed, but she was doubly charmed by the magnificence of the interior of the dwelling in which she now found herself. It seemed to her like one of the enchanted palaces of which she had read in the "Arabian Nights;" and, lost in admiration, she forgot all about the talisman as she passed through the gorgeous apartments, adorned with pictures, statues, and magnificent draperies. Gayly dressed people occupied some of these rooms, but the fairy and Marian did not stop until they reached one in which there were children. Some of these children were older than Marian, some younger. A party of the younger ones were busy at play, and oh, what playthings were spread out before them! In her wildest flights of fancy, Marian had never imagined such appliances and means of amusement as were here exhibited. Such dolls! dressed in such exquisite style—such varieties of all kind of toys; and, what Marian coveted more than all the rest, such shelves of gayly bound books, with smart pictures and most tempting titles. What happy children must these be! But, strange to say, their play was not half so hearty as had been that of the poor children with the broken potsherds. Their laugh was less merry, and their manner more listless; but they became animated before long. They got angry, and then Marian could not but confess, that, in spite of the difference of all external things, there was indeed a resemblance between these children and those in the humble roof she had so lately visited; for the scowling brow, the loud voice, the scornful lip, were common to both parties. One of the elder boys, who was lounging over a book, interposed in an authoritative tone to end the quarrel. He laid his hand, as he spoke, on the arm of the little girl whose voice was loudest. Perhaps his touch was not very gentle, for she turned sharply round, and said something which brought the youth's color to his temples, and made his eyes flame with anger. He snatched the costly doll from the girl's arms, and threw it violently against the ground, kicked the little spaniel, which was crouching at her feet, till it fled howling to another asylum, and seemed about to proceed to other acts of violence, when the entrance of a servant, announcing that the horses were ready for his ride, effected a diversion. A quarrel next arose between the boy and the sister, who was prepared to accompany him, and, in angry discussion, they quitted the apartment. Marian watched them from the window with a feeling somewhat akin to envy, for a pony, like one of those now mounted by these favored children, she had long thought would make her per-

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fectly happy. But these young people did not seem happy. There was a look of gloom and discontent on the brow of either, as they rode off with averted faces and in sullen silence, which spoke of hearts but ill at ease.

Silence prevailed for some time in the room they had so lately left. Play was at an end, and the children sat, some at a solitary occupation, some in idleness, but all with dull and fretful faces, apparently little cheered by the many means of enjoyment so lavishly scattered around them. By-and-by, a new-comer entered. He was a pale, sickly looking boy, very lame, and possessing few of the personal attractions which distinguished the rest of the children of the family. Even his dress seemed plainer and less becoming than that of the others; but he had not been long in the room before the charm which his presence diffused made Marian suspect that he was the wearer of the talisman—and so it proved. And now the children played again, if less noiselessly, more cheerfully than before, and all seemed happier. Even the little dog had a different expression, as he lay with his nose resting on his paws, ready to start up at the first playful word; and Marian obeyed her conductor's summons to depart, with a lighter heart. But she had no wish to linger in that magnificent abode. The manners of these children, in spite of their gay clothes and their fashionable airs, filled her with disgust, which was probably expressed in her countenance; for the fairy smiled as she looked at her, and said, in a gentle voice, "Ah! Marian, it is one thing to be a beholder of a scene of variance, and another to be one of the actors in it. Passion does not now blind your eyes, and you can see strife and anger in their true and hateful colors. But is it always so?"

Marian blushed. She felt the rebuke the fairy's words conveyed, and she hung her head in silence.

"I have not wished to pain you needlessly by these scenes," continued the fairy; "but to make you more sensible of the value of the talisman which it is in my power to bestow upon you, and to cause you to guard it well. For I must warn you, Marian, that it is easily lost, and when lost, most difficult to be regained. Neglect, and the want of regular use, will cause it to vanish, you know not where, and a miracle would be required to put it once more in your power. Are you willing to accept it, and to do your best to guard such an invaluable treasure?"

Marian's eyes shone with thankfulness, as she intimated her delight and gratitude. The fairy attached the charm to her neck, and scarcely was it fastened, when a tranquil happiness, such as she had never before experienced, was diffused through her whole being. She felt so calm, so much at ease, that she was content to sit silent until they alighted in her father's garden, and there her guide immediately vanished. And now Marian's life was indeed a happy one. She seemed to walk surrounded by an atmosphere of love and joy. All loved her, and, for her part, her heart went forth in love to every one with whom she communicated. If any childish differences arose between herself and her brothers or sisters, it was but to show the talisman, and voices became once more gentle, brows once more bright. No wonder the precious talisman was the object of sedulous attention and most constant watchfulness! Well did it deserve all the care that could be lavished on it, and for a time that of Marian was unwearied. But this watchfulness relaxed, and on one or two occasions of extreme emergence, the talisman could not be found until after some moments of anxious search. This troubled its owner, and caused her to increase her vigilance. But again her efforts slackened, and one unlucky morning, when her brothers had been more than usually tormenting, she was horrified to perceive that it was entirely gone! In the vague hope of relief from the friendly fairy, she hurried down the garden, and sought the lily. But, alas! the lily was no longer to be seen. Nothing remained but the brown stalk and withered leaves, which was more melancholy than if the place of the fairy flower had been a perfect blank. Marian stretched forth her hands in despair towards the place where the fairy had disappeared, and burst into tears.

"Oh, Marian, where have you been all this time?" cried the voice of little Lucy, close to her. "Nobody has seen you since you left us on the lawn, two hours ago, and we want you. Cousin Fanny has come to tea, and I am to have my little tea-things, and you must make tea."

Marian rubbed her eyes, and looked much amazed; then she muttered something about the fairy.

"Fairy," cried Lucy, with a merry laugh; "what nonsense you are talking! As if there were any real fairies! But do come; we can do nothing without you; and just give me one kiss first."

Marian pressed a kiss of reconciliation (for such the child meant it to be) on the lifted face. Then she said, as she took her hand to accompany her to the house, "Oh, Lucy, Lucy, you must have the talisman!"

And now my story is told, and you must guess my riddle—What was the talisman?

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A DAY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

BY REV. THOMAS BRAINERD, D.D.

An hour and a half of pleasant traveling brought us to the sight of Stratford-on-Avon. It is a beautiful town in prospect, as it quietly reposes on the margin of its classic river, with its noble church-spire piercing the sky. Its four thousand inhabitants, like those of all towns thronged by genteel visitors, have more than an average share of civility of manners, and sharpness in a bargain. Its chief glory is its giving birth to Shakspeare;—its chief treasure, his natal mansion and sepulchre. Though it rests beautifully in the vale of the Avon, and unites the venerableness of age with something of the neatness and briskness of a modern village,—yet separate the great name of Shakspeare from it, and no one would think it worth a paragraph. The citizens feel this. Boys meet you in advance with the inquiry, "Will you see the *house?*" "Shall I show you to the *church?*"—assuming that all travelers are pilgrims to the shrine of Genius. For this impression they have abundant reason. While to them the birth-place and grave of Shakspeare are commonplace things, they see strangers, without distinction of nation, rank, or sex, possessed by a common enthusiasm on this classic ground; kings, queens, princes, nobles, hierarchs, statesmen, philosophers, poets and theologians, here bow with profound reverence before the majesty of the great creative intellect which has thrown its scintillations broadcast over the earth. Nor is their interest more intense, nor their devotion more sincere, than that of tradesmen, mechanics, and rustic laborers, who mingle gratitude with their admiration of one who, rising from their own level, beat down all accidental distinctions in his way to greatness, and retained, in the eye of the world, the simple habits, the love of nature and of man, which he bore from his native village.

Milton, Pope, Dryden, Cowper, Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Moore, and Byron, have each roused an enthusiastic admiration, and have had devoted worshipers. But world-wide and enduring as the influence of each has been and is, it has been limited to certain classes. It has given rise to poetic schools and cliques, and elicited literary affinities and sympathies. Each has been worshiped and hated—adored and despised, according to the mental structure, education, taste, and character of those who have sat in judgment. Not so with Shakspeare. Trained at the feet of no literary or poetic Gamaliel, he had no master to imitate; and writing with no ambition or expectation of fame, he stretched himself to the "iron bed" of no clique, class, or faction. His perception of "what was in man," seemed to be almost intuitive, and has never been surpassed on earth, save by Him, the Infinite—with whom to compare the finite, would be irreverent presumption. A poet by nature, and great by endowment rather than human instruction, he bowed to no earthly authority—but, like a spirit of another world, above human partialities, wrote not for a class, but a race. When the nature of the subject allowed it, he diverged from the strict claims of the matter in hand, to utter grand moral principles, which have been made the proverbs of moralists and merchants, of statesmen and soldiers, of poets and ploughmen. The fact that his eye penetrated every stratum of society—that he felt the universal pulse of human passion and enriched universal human nature, accounts for the common affection and enthusiasm with which he is regarded. He not only is not the property of a class, but no nation nor age can claim him. His memory is the treasure of his race. If it be suggested that his writings are exceptionable in reverence for sacred names, and often indelicate, it is only saying that he adapted himself to the object he had in view, and to the standard morality and taste of his age. In his period, a dramatist would feel himself justified in adopting for the stage expressions not then deemed improper for the lips of bishops and queens. We must hold him responsible for the taste of his own times, not ours—and may well marvel, that one who wrote professedly only for the *amusement* of mankind, strewed the path of pleasure with gems of sober and enduring truth.

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On arriving at Stratford, we were driven at once to the house where Shakspeare was born, and having alighted, and ordered the carriage to the Red Lion Hotel, took a survey of the premises. It is the only ancient house in its block. All the others are modern erections, towering above it, and rendering its antique peculiarity more striking. It is two stories in height, and low at that. In its erection, like some ancient houses among our early Germans, a frame was first put up, and then filled in with stone and mortar—still leaving the timber visible, like a rough mosaic. Its windows are venerably small—but the panes of glass redeem in number what they lack in size, so that some light actually enters the interstices of the huge sash. The lower window, by the side of the door, is without sash or glass, but longitudinal in its position, and furnished with a trap-door opening outward, on which a butcher exhibits his meat on market days. If the expression be not Hibernian, I would say that the lower rooms are *floored* with stone, which is about as even and beautiful as the first stone paving of a city in Iowa or Wisconsin; and though it may give a prosaic chill to the poetic admirers of the Great Bard, the truth must out, that the house where Shakspeare was born is a *meat-shop!* If any consolation be available for this, it may be found in rejoicing that it is no worse. I entered the house at Ayr, where Robert Burns drew his first breath, and found it a *dram-shop!*—filled with those who resembled "Scotia's sweetest bard" only in the habit which injured his character and happiness, health and life. The only other room on the ground floor of Shakspeare's house is used as a kitchen for the widow and daughter who claimed proprietorship of the mansion. The back chamber, on what we call the second floor, and Englishmen the first floor, was the dormitory. The first chamber of this story—Shakspeare's birthplace, specifically—is the family parlor. Since the Poet's time, it has passed through many hands. Of its original furniture nothing remains, though its place has been supplied with articles of like age. A visitor is amazed at the lowness of the ceiling, which allows men of ordinary stature to reach and write their names on it. The room never had any paper; but this was fortunate, as it has given thousands an opportunity to aspire to immortality by there inscribing their names. Above, around, all over, every inch is covered with autographs of visitors. You may be sure the Yankees are fairly represented. It is amusing to see, indicated by various tricks of chiography, an effort to make a name "stand out from the mass." Our cicerone seemed to regard the great majority as an incumbrance, but she took much pride in pointing to some royal signatures. This place must be a paradise to autograph hunters.

The *Album* is an old book, "tattered and torn," but still legible. It has many impromtu effusions, among which that of Washington Irving is regarded as the best, not only from its originality, but because it is richly spiced with the laudation so grateful to English ears. It is free from a vice most prominent in many of these effusions, an effort to magnify one's self while professing to laud Shakspeare.

This house formerly had a great rival. It is known that when Shakspeare returned from London, in the height of his fame, and moderately rich, he fitted for his residence a large and beautiful edifice, in which to spend the remainder of his life. This, in contrast with the old mansion, was called the new house. As this was the chosen abode of the dramatist, and bore in all its internal and external arrangements and decorations the impress of his mature taste; as here he held intercourse with the wits of his day, and the troops of friends whom his genius and fame had attracted; as here he lived and here had died, this house was justly the pride of his native village and the shrine of his admiring countrymen. In process of time it became the manse—the property of the incumbent rector. He quarreled with the inhabitants of the village, and, on removing from town, in order to mortify his old parishioners, deliberately tore down, utterly demolished and annihilated, Shakspeare's new house. Pity that some one had not suggested to the wrathful and revengeful parson, the old admonition of sacred writ: "Rend your heart and not your garments,"—nor your *house!* But no considerations of his sacred profession; no desire to perpetuate the mind of Shakspeare, as he had inscribed it in the plan and ornaments of his dwelling; no reverence for objects enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen; no fear of the curses of future generations, restrained his ruthless hand. Over all his wrath triumphed. "*Hoc censeo domum, esse delendum,*" was his word, and the house was demolished. Like Eratostatus, Jack Ketch, Guy Fawkes, and Judas Iscariot, he has made himself to be remembered. Perhaps this was his object, and if so, we have aided his purpose by introducing his malicious outrage to the attention of our readers.

Our next pilgrimage was to the school-house where Shakspeare received his education. It is a large apartment with a low ceiling, miserably lighted and worse ventilated. It is paved with stone laid on the bare earth. Its benches or forms are of the rudest construction, and

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ENGRAVED BY J. SARTAIN *THE ORIGINAL BY SARAH SELWELL*

THE HEART'S REPLY

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[illegible]
Or fleet like shadows of an hour.

I cannot give my love to him
Whose heart loves not the same as mine—
Why should I all my life bedim,
Or cast away my hope divine?

[illegible] for earth and time—
His soul's large wealth is all untold,
His life is for an aim sublime.

With him my day shall holy be,
In the sweet place of joy divine—
Where Christ shall smile on him and me,
And on our humble pathway shine.

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ATHANASIA.

A HYMN OF LIFE.

BY ASAHEL ABBOT.

WHAT man or angel has ever looked through the countless works of God, where all swarms with life and motion through worlds on worlds and through space and time past all measure or number, but with the impulse to worship and adore? When Night, that ancient superstition made oraculous, has opened the thousand eyes of her stars, through which all angels look from heaven on mortals, and all mortals dream they see glimpses and lightnings of the doors that open to Paradise, each door a pearl swung upon its eternal hinge of gold, and the palaces of archangels about the supreme throne with its unapproached light,—who beholds, but is astonished with the glory of that eternal Genius who structured all those orbs and filled them with life and love through all their regions? Or when day has caused the sun to rise, through whose sole eye God looks over heaven and earth, and man, the worm, turns away, dazzled and blinded, from the terrible ray, who can live and not feel coming over his soul thoughts of awe and wonder and amazement at that infinine body of life which we name the world, and that has God for its informing soul?

Or shall we turn to the grassy earth, to the hills vocal with songs in the depths of their ancient woods, to the babbling brooks, or the rivers' smoky courses meandering between their green banks? Or shall we look to the sea, that with giant arms circles the globe, where verdant isles stretch far beneath the tropics, or mountains of ice glisten beneath the Bears, and the Clouds of the south are wreathed over burning rocks by Magellan? What millions upon millions swarm through earth and air and water! There is no leaf that holds not her myriads, nor is there a drop but quickens with shapes of creatures wonderful and rare. Nor has a stone her marble veins, nor a crystal her watery gleams, that are not swollen with innumerable crowds of beings animated with breath and vigor. Man also moves numberless by nations over all climates of the globe, as its heir and lord, that with fair front and the port of a God expatiates everywhere and calls the stars his own, since the heavens in their circle forever roll and shine for him.

But all this is not life. Whatever is moved is dead; that alone lives that moves all things. All things that meet our sense in height or depth are dead. The sea is dead; the air and the verdant earth, with all her inhabitants, beast, bird, fish, insect, man, and the creeping worm, his destined mate, the universe of stars, though their orbs be celestial and harmonious among things born in heaven,—all, all are dead. All fiery or earth-bound shapes circled with light and air are dead; and the air with the light are dead; though dead things mixed with life and turned or warmed by their several influences are diffused through eternal space, real only of form, size, and motion, with their attractions and repulsions, whereby they adhere or separate according to their natures and primæval elements.

Then what is life itself? In what bright star dwellest thou, O covering cherub? In what celestial sphere, in what sacred hill of God, walkest thou up and down among stones of fire, that thy flowing skirts dispense light, motion, and force to all that are created? By what eternal seat, O clear and Pegaséan stream, thou Hippocrene of heaven, whereof we drink only to thirst, hast thou thy secret well even from eternal ages, whence thou rollest thine amberous waves amid trees multiform of bliss, to water that Eden where eternal verdure blooms?

Beware, fond man, nor vainly inquire to know that mysterious and secret power whence even the Self-existent draws being and power and eternity. Nor think, if this be denied, thou art foiled of thy proper bliss that finds perfection in supreme knowledge. All creatures live as ignorant as thou, and so shall ever remain. Go, lay thee down and sleep with the mighty dead, with patriarchs and kings that saw heaven opened, with prophets that saw before the coming of the Son of God, and with apostles that stood round him when he brought forth life from the grave and ascended to heaven.

Or wilt thou ascend the heavens themselves,

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not as the young Titans or the Aloëan crew when conjured with the Earth-born against the crystal towers of Jove, and wilt thou use question with all that dwell insphered in unapproached light about the supreme throne? Yea, the rather question Him if he may tell to creatures what eternal ages hide as the darkest of their wonders, that hath life in Himself, and pours abroad from his throne oceans of bliss, to roll through all his works, that both spirits and men may drink full cups of eternal joy.

Vain are all our questionings. The earth and her mountains, borne by divine power above the seas, the ocean, the air, and the clouds, the night-spangled skies, the sun with his whole train of variable orbs, and all their inhabitants, and the all-embracing circle of the empyrean, above whose watery beams as a sea of glass and mingled fire the Almighty has set the pillars of his throne,—all are but one mighty sepulchre, where life is entombed, to spring again in new shapes, to change from glory to glory forever, while the Godhead sits above all, and gives being to all that live.

Go, then, O never-quiet man; expatiate through all the works of God; and if earthly things grow too dull to rouse thy spirit's inextinguishable fires, wring from the stars their long hid treasures of knowledge, how they burn, and with what motions, weights, and measures they dance in eccentric wheel before his throne. Or, if these fail, go search eternal fate, hid indeed from all but what the Book of Life partly unbosoms to mortals. Ask the seers that have read the oracles of truth from ancient times by the light of seven-sunned lamps before the throne, and have seen the shapes of future or past ages in the mystic glass of eternity, if haply may be found what is that life the Son of Heaven came to leave with mortals.

With this mayest thou pass unharmed through every clime of our sea-rounded orb, without fear; for life is everywhere diffused, past the power of death. In western wilds, far off, where Oregon rolls his watery waste through forests with murmurs of hollow mountains to the sea, or where the silent woods stand ever green by Maragnon, beneath the burning Line, where Niger rolls with sand, along Timbuctoo's walls, or where Nile conceals still his unapproachable source, where the streams of Ganges open their waves to swallow human prey and the precious lives of children that the cruel mothers cast to be devoured by fish, or where the Bear looks down upon frozen Ob fom the pole—through nations hazardous and impious and aliens to all law, through climes breathing pestilence and hot simoons, over unknown lands and desert wildernesses, over snowy rocks and ocean's restless waters from pole to pole; everywhere may the living come safe and dread no ill; for He that lives is there, to breathe his Spirit over all, and the shields of his cherubs, more fierce than they that guarded of old the trees of life with the dreadful looks of Gods, defend them from all assaults of earth or hell. Nor shall the thoughts of death, the narrow house, the gloom, the shroud, the pall, the solemn bell, the silence of the grave, and the lank worm sharpening his teeth to riot in thy cl[illegible]d flesh, come over thy spirit like a chill fro[illegible]olar sea, to exchange worlds, and leave all tha[illegible]s fair and bright beneath the sun. Yea, thou shalt have no fear of racks, or flames, or dungeons that impious hierarchies may prepare for thy limbs in barbarous climes, where kings shall go to revels or Te Deums, and fair women turn to the mazy dance even from the sight of thy slow fire; to whom thy death groans afford more music than the pulse of lute or soft guitar when lovers serenade the dark-eyed maids amid Hispanian groves of olives mantling thick with vines, and clear above the silver moon rolls, arbitress to night and love.

For though thy limbs be stretched in unattended agony where none shall pity thy last groan, or take with lips of love the expiring breath; and though thine ashes, cast upon the sea, mix with its slimy ooze, played over with huge gambols by the monstrous shapes that swim her stream; or, mingled with the soil of this volcanic earth, become transformed to stone fit for the structure of a palace, or to dull and kneaded clods that the share stall turn and cause to spring with fruits of swelling grain for thine offspring to devour;—yet shall not these move terror for one moment, for death comes only to dead things. The Life lives and shall live; and thus have all the most pure and just and holy of earth's children that Heaven's rod has touched of celestial flame, one by one in various modes passed through Death's iron gates, nor felt the terrors of the grim tyrant armed to slay all that is mortal with continual stroke, and none to hinder or inquire. For the gates of Life are planted in the dust of death, though they raise their pillars high towards the skies; nor can aught pass applauded to eternal rest but through the narrow abyss of an ever-opened grave, that fatal and enchanted ground where we must leave these mortal forms awhile to sleep without regret, because we know that we shall not remain unclad hereafter, but shall again receive them in new shapes, that shall no more with dull motions clog immortal spirits nor weary their fiery wings with the weight of ill-

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mated corporeal substance, but, fiery and spiritual and sunlike as the angels, each shall minister to the soul purer and higher bliss, while years on years shall roll throughout eternal ages.

Ah! could our erring race, intent on change, but once have held their first feälty and the pure compact imposed by a faithful Creator! But, fallen down from this to serve base ends, all impious nations groan with well-earned ills. Before, there was no place for toil or labor, for pain or fear of change; but the first man, with an incorruptible countenance, held over the whole earth the dominion now usurped by hell's blackest demons, to his mortal shame and the infinite grief of all that live. Before, the holy Shechinah sat visibly enshrined in the human form, and shone forth from each feature and limb and face, that the shape of man might bear the image of the Invisible truly expressed, and move unblamed and unharmed through all things earthly, until, with their trial complete, the sons of God might earn other destinies and thrones above the heavens, and evade these star-lit boundaries of time and sense, as they saw once the Tishbite, or the son of Jared, ascend the skies in a chariot of fire.

Alas! poor Niobe may now sit and weep herself to stone for the slaughter of her babes before her eyes, and the eyelids of miserable Cassiopeia rain blood above the manacled limbs of her daughter as she lies bound upon the shore * For sin, coming in to confound all that was once fairest amid these lower walks of heaven, has planted in an accursed soil her deadly Upas, that should take deep root and blacken toward the verge of Gehenna, while her top should reach the skies, and with a horrid shade eclipse heaven's light from all. Hence Life was hid beyond our sharpest scrutiny, that man should stand confounded to behold how thick the curtains of eternal Death ensconce all here amid a horrible darkness; that none can see aught, if not one universal field of infinite slaughter, the burial-place of hostile nations, and this great globe itself becomes the parent of monsters, while the general frame of nature seems but a fire-breathing Chimæra, that devours her own offspring, and has for her dwelling-place an insatiable abyss of ever-opening graves.

Overhung with such fears and the weight of unoriginal darkness, now man looks for his last earthly change, and calls it death; while he shrinks from it with horror, as from a devouring gorge, more direful than that among Norwegian isles, that drinks the sea and returns it again toward heaven twice with each rising and setting sun. But an avenging Nemesis pursues his lingering, and with her lash of scorpions drives him down headlong from this precipice of earth to where the giant angels lie bound on burning rocks, to groan through eternal days of pain and wo. Yet has the Son of God unbarred the gates of life before the nations, and his light shines far over the black ocean of death, soothing her waves to peace, as when he opens the eyes of morning without clouds after night has spent her force of tempest, that all the earth, the sea, and the air is quieted, and lulling south winds bear ships above the smoothed main, to regain their desired port, where they may ride safely without the draught of their anchors in the slimy bottom of the sea.

Oh! could we but once look beyond the narrow boundaries that hold our race; beyond these ruinable skies that shut the courts of Paradise from the sight of all that breathe! Then might we behold Life growing up forever without death, where no flowers are mingled with serpents. There the just behold the eternal countenance; the Godhead shining forth ineffable from a once self-mortal Humanity, and the shapes of strange creatures past number, legions of cherubim and seraphim, angels, spirits, wings, thrones, and dominions, principalities and powers, poured immense in numbers without number round the throne, and drinking beatitude, joy, and love from the unveiled glories of his face. There might we behold the saintly ones that God has loved and tried here through time, amid racks and flames, and chains and dungeons, and wild beasts, while the destroyers of the earth have deemed themselves its lords, that he might make them heirs of all things, to surround his throne with hymns of joy throughout eternal ages. Nor might we only see, but with the sight become transformed into their image, and find all our joy in that divine beatitude they feel, past every thought of men, nor look this side the clouds for life or bliss, but far beyond the walls that part the night from day. Then might we admire that mortal things can move us to forget, one hour, the destiny of unfading spirits here walled in clay, and with more Godlike force act out the destiny of our labors here, or bear up under the afflictions of our lot mingled in this dying life and negative, uncertain state, till we arrive in those Hesperian isles, and in their feasts of life sit down unblamed, to mingle voices with their songs before the sight of the holy Trinity's insufferable blaze.

* The fables of Niobe and Cassiopeia, like many others, refer to the fall of man through the fault of our first mother, that thought to make her race equal to gods, and plunged them into an abyss of wo among fiends. Both are Egyptian hieroglyphics, and not in the least of Grecian origin: though we receive them from the romances of their oldest bards.

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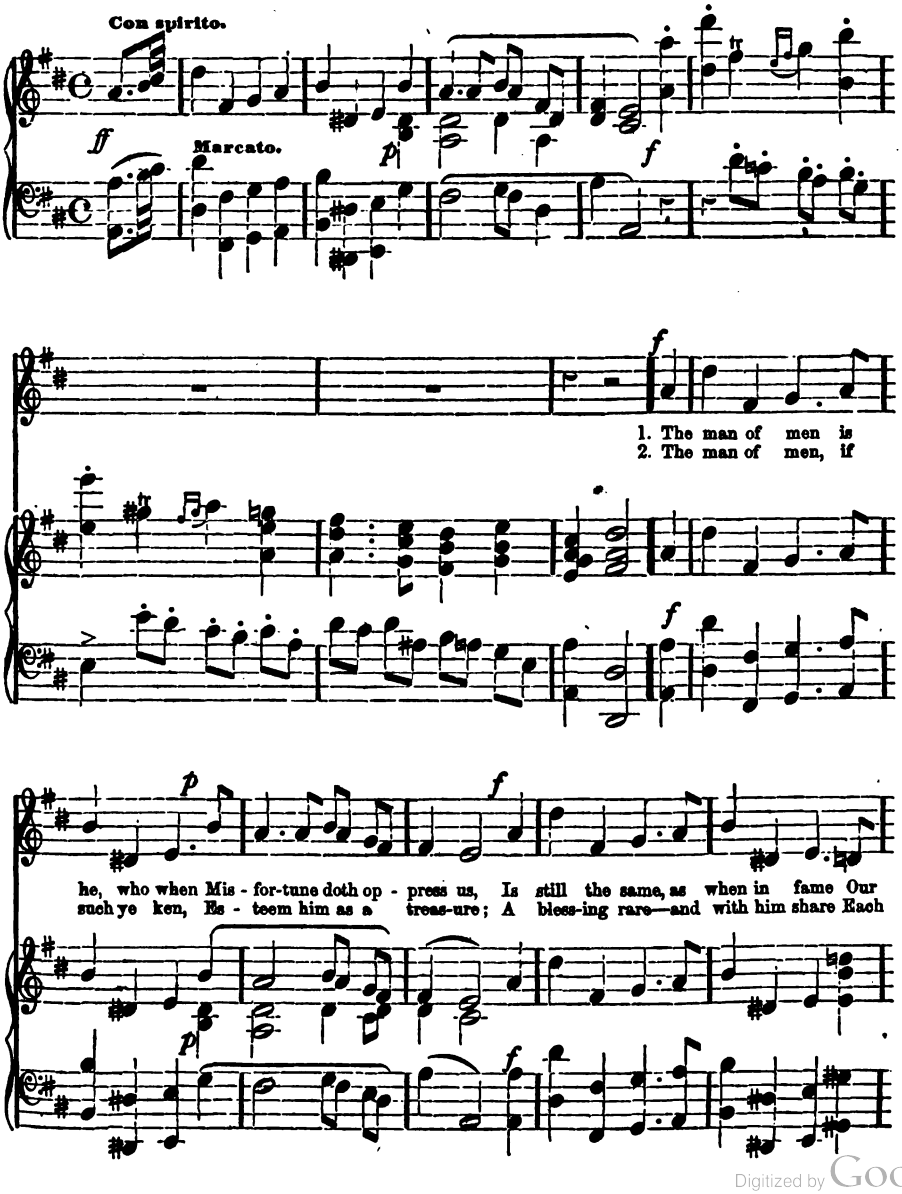
The True Man.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM JONES, ESQ. MUSIC COMPOSED BY J. H. TULLY.



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ad lib. Soave.

seeming friends ca - ress us! Who serves us still with right good will, Our drooping hearts sus-
thought of pain and pleasure. Who honors most, should have to boast Af - fec - tion firm and

Colla voce.

Rall. pp Lento.

tain - ing, When those we knew have prov'd un - true, And he a - lone re-
test - ed; Not in the beam of sum - mer's gleam, But where dark clouds have

ff ad lib.

maining; When those we knew have prov'd un-true, And he a - lone re-
rest-ed; Not in the beam of summer's gleam, But where dark clouds have

ff Colla voce.

maining.
rest-ed.

ff A tempo.

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RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I HAVE within a few years become very fond of speculations on Philosophy and Art. My early materiality of opinion is daily giving way to spirituality of thought. It is not enough for me now to satisfy my eyes, and the other four senses, that a thing is hideous or beautiful; I must also satisfy my reason that it is so: I can only do this by speculation on the principles of art. I must know the why and wherefore, the *rationale* of things. There are some principles which cannot be disputed: self-evident as the sunlight, these are the base and foundation of all others; and these once apprehended, the others are made manifest, dawning, as it were, one after one upon the mind. I am often vexed by the remarks of the world in matters of pure art, of which they can have no possible knowledge: many of my acquaintances have conceit enough of their own powers to give positive and direct opinions on the excellencies and defects of poetry, painting, and sculpture. One gravely tells me that such a painter is deficient in character and sentiment, bad in coloring and tone, and shockingly incorrect in drawing, when to my certain knowledge he knows nothing of either; his ideas of sentiment amounting to the cipher which he himself is: his opinion of color is exemplified by his own works, being always embodied in a plaid vest, and bottle-green surtout, with remarkably bright buttons; and his knowledge of drawing amounts to the fact, that he considers himself a perfect model of a man, more correct and symmetrical than the Apollo Belvidere. Yet, with all this ignorance of first principles, he dares to assert that he can tell a good picture at sight, as if he could detect the hand of a master, or the cloven foot of a copyist, as easily as the true and false signatures of any of the firms whose notes he is daily in the habit of discounting. No, no, my friend, you may be a good judge of bank paper, and the endorsements of Popkins & Co., but you know nothing of painting. Not this banker alone gives me sufficient cause of vexation (for I really like the man notwithstanding his conceit), but I number two or three painters among my friends, who are just as bad in regard to poetry. Being artists themselves, they must have frequently been annoyed by the same thing in regard to their own profession, and one would certainly think that they would know enough to be silent or diffident of expressing their opinions: but it is quite the contrary; they are if anything worse: having really some talent, and the technicalities of art on their lips, they generally contrive to talk fluently on the subject of poetry, and sometimes seem, to casual listeners, who know nothing of the merits of the case, to have the best side of the argument. One of these gentlemen very gravely takes me to task for my admiration of Tennyson, whom he maintains to be no poet. Another, for a love of Shelley. One says that Tennyson is all absurdity; the other, Shelley is all obscurity. A third sees no merit in Browning. It is in vain for me to hand them the proper clue to the labyrinths of their different beauties and styles; they insist on following their own paths, which lead them astray. The wonderful richness of Shelley's imagination is all fireworks to one; the sensuousness of Tennyson, nonsense to another; the abstract, soul-reading, dramatic power of Browning, cloudiness to a third; but they can appreciate Mrs. Hemans and other lesser poets to their full depth.

Now, I am not disposed to be pleased with this kind of nonsense: I say, "Gentlemen, you are painters, and I suppose understand your own profession: in that I never meddle with you: I never dare to express any opinion with regard to your pictures; be pleased to use the same discretion with regard to my poets." The consequence of this is, that we generally separate with a little ill-feeling, which is forgotten long before we meet again.

I have lately been reading a work on art by the illustrious Goethe. Treating as he does principally of painting and sculpture, I am unable to test his correctness; but I have been much struck with his criticisms; applying them in my own mind, as principles, to poetry and the arts generally, I cannot but believe them useful to amateurs and all who desire to become acquainted with art. The paper on the Laocoon is my favorite as an acute and discriminating piece of criticism. Ruskin, in his "Modern Painters,"

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and "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," is a profound, eloquent, and generally safe critic. I have often wished that we had such men in the field of poetry, for surely it is one of the most fruitful themes of criticism. Commentators on Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, and Byron, exist by wholesale, and for the most part propound their oracular opinions in the same way. A thing is or is not beautiful, because the critic asserts it to be so; not for any demonstration or reason that he deigns to give. Of course, I except such men as Jeffrey, Mackintosh, and Macauley, from this sweeping denunciation; their criticisms, though often clouded by peculiar and prejudiced opinion, are always masterly and are full of profound thought.

Perhaps the most prevalent criticism in America is a comparative one, as thus: "Mr. Longfellow is a man of fine taste and elegant fancy, but 'The Voices of the Night,' when compared with Paradise Lost, are remarkably deficient in strength, and the old Saxon idiom;"—or, "Mr. Bryant is undoubtedly a great poet, a little sombre and grave at times, philosophical and thoughtful, but when compared with Moore's 'Fudge Family,' he lacks wit and brilliancy." This nonsense disfigures half the criticism in the new world. A dew-drop is not a star; a star is not a dew-drop. One set of rules must square all men, and all men must be fitted on the Procrustean bed of criticism, which among us has dwindled down to a very small trundle bed.

Perhaps the merits of no single writer in America have ever been so much disputed as those of Ralph Waldo Emerson. With one class of critics, those who "hold out" in the classic neighborhood of Boston, he is deified. With another class, mostly materialists—men who are fitter to judge of the merits of rare roast beef than souls—he is a transcendentalist and cloud-man. That he should often be so considered is not a a matter of wonder, when his manner of thought and expression is taken into consideration. What he says he seldom says like anybody else. Sometimes he is so enigmatical that his readers are fain to say to him, as somebody in Shakspeare says to somebody else, "Prithee deliver thyself like a man of this world!" For my part, I have no sympathy with Orphic sayings. I have no doubt, had I lived in the heathen days, that I should have laughed in the very face of the oracle of Apollo; I would not have scrupled to have cut a walking stick from the marvelous oak at Dodona. Carrying this skepticism in the fields of poetry and criticism, I have no hesitation in expressing myself freely regarding Mr. Emerson, or anybody else, whom I find it necessary to criticise. With Ralph Waldo Emerson as a prose writer, I have nothing to do in this article. Whatever may be the faults and tendencies of his prose writings, he is in many respects a fine, and might become a much finer, poet. Differing from him in nearly all points of taste, I am compelled to acknowledge his genius. Why he should write as he does, I know not; perhaps I am not profound enough to fathom his meaning. I am content to believe that the simplicity of the older poets—not only their simplicity of style, but thought—is far better than anything new-fangled. I find nothing obscure or cloudy in Shakspeare and Milton. They are wonderful, magnificent, grand, beautiful oftentimes, but never transcendental or cloudy: neither do I find obscurity in Shelley, to most readers the most difficult of modern poets. It seems to me always safe to conclude that an author can write plainly, if he has anything on his mind that he understands himself—anything that is worth saying; if he does not understand himself, he cannot complain if his readers fail to appreciate him.

Mr. Emerson needs, above all other men, that his reader should sympathize with his peculiar tenets of philosophy; then much that strikes the casual and prejudging reader as obscure, will be plain. His readers must take his point of view, and look upon the world through his eyes, which are not often those of mortality and time, but those of a peculiar and by no means broad spirituality. He strips off the robes in which we have been accustomed to wrap our thoughts, and shows them to us in their primitive nakedness. Sometimes we fail to recognize them as the children of our own minds; sometimes they seem a little deranged, not to say mad; but there is always a "method in their madness." What most poets use to decorate their verses with, he totally discards; his tropes and figures are strange and new, often uncouth and grotesque. The wind is not a sighing zephyr to him, but a movement and spring in the great mechanism of the universe; the rainbow not merely an arch of seven colors beautifully blended, but the curve of all beauty; the grass beneath his feet is something more than uncut hay which can be sold for so much per ton; he, as it were, deifies and worships the universe; all that it contains is exceeding good. In measure and ryhthm, he is not content to follow after the old models, or, as he says in one of his least obscure poems,—

> "No speed of mine avails
> *To hunt upon their shining trails.*"

He must make a trail of his own, and oftentimes it is as obscure and puzzling as those made by the most wily of the North American Indians Many of his lines are unreadable for their cramp-

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melody and ill-assorted jargon of harsh sounds; he seems to delight in discords; the sense is often as obscure; the theme and purport of much of his poetry as enigmatical as the Sphynx. He has himself written a poem on the Sphynx, which is as great a puzzle as the veritable Egyptian. The very titles of many of his poems would deter most readers from their perusal. Let me show you one of his best: the philosophy that it inculcates is profound and true—you must have often experienced its truth.

EACH AND ALL.

Little thinks in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
Of thee, from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent,—
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
  Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home in his nest at even;
  He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky,
He sang to my ear, they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;—
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.
The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodland to the cage;
The gay enchantment was undone;
A gentle wife, but fairy none.
Then I said, "I covet Truth;
  Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of Youth."
  As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
  Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath:
  Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground,
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

I know no philosophical poem superior to "Each and All," or "The Problem:" if your opinions are narrow, and confined to narrow things, you may not like it: if you are full of plain common sense, and nothing beyond it, you may not like it, although it does not conflict with common sense, but rather takes a wider scope and more extended view of the workings of mind: it is a part of Mr. Emerson's philosophy, that God works in all things: the same power that piled the mountains of old works in the hearts of men to-day, and piles up great thought and mighty truths. Take Mr. Emerson's point of view, a far-stretching and spiritual one, and you cannot help becoming wiser. But if you cannot understand and love "The Problem," you will love "The Humble Bee": that will carry you back to the days when you used to chase it, hat in hand, over the green fields and meadows: you will remember how you often entered the school-room with a heated face, just in time to save yourself from the squad of late scholars who could not come in till after the school had been opened, and the Bible read, and for the sake of

THE HUMBLE BEE.

Burly, dozing, humble bee,
Where thou art is clime for me;—
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek:
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
  Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
  Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June:
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind in May days
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found:
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and badlike pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen:

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But violets, and bilberry bells,
Maple sap, and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catch-fly, adders-tongue,
And brier roses dwelt among:
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep:
Wo and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and wo which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

There is not to my knowledge but one other similar poem in the English language; "The Grass-hopper" of Cowley: I hardly know which I prefer: Cowley is more condensed, but hardly so happy in expression: the wording of "The Humble-Bee" is equal to the best things in the old poetry: the sod turning to violets, and the solid banks of flowers, is worthy of Shakspeare himself: the list of flowers is equal to those in "The Winter's Tale." Many of the rhymes are bad, but we overlook all that, and yield ourselves to the perfect whole. "Good Bye," "The Rhodora," "The Snow Storm," and the "Ode to Beauty," are all very beautiful, especially the last: but I cannot quote them here. A great deal more might be said and written about Mr. Emerson's poetry, but I doubt if you would like it any better for it: philosophy and speculations on art, manners and morals, are for the most part tedious and uninteresting; they should never form the staple of anything but their own complete systems; in short papers like this they would be out of place. I have not attempted to shed any new light on Mr. Emerson's transcendental verses, because I doubt my ability to do so. I feel his meaning, and understand, in a limited degree, his principles of art—or no art, which is it? Yet it would puzzle me to make it plain to any one else. In fact, I doubt whether he could himself give a lucid explanation of his most obscure passages: I have not copied any here, for I hold it to be the duty of the honest critic, while he points out the faults of an author, to favor the reader with his beauties alone, as I have endeavored to do with Ralph Waldo Emerson.

LIFE AND DEATH.

On its bed
A baby sleeps;
By its head
The mother weeps:
Angels fan them with their breath—
One is Life and one is Death:
Life holds up in snowy arms
Her rich cup of coming charms,
Whispering, "Stay;
Soon the day
Of youth will light thee with its ray;
Pleasures shine,
Love be thine,
Beauty, beauty, and light for aye.
Death is dreary,
Death is weary,
I am bright as summer day;
Death is trackless,
Filled with blackness—
Mortal, stay!"
Life then twines her rosy fingers,
Listening while the spirit lingers.

* * * * * *

"Life, life, thy joys are cheating!
Life, life, thy charms are fleeting!
Bitter tears,
Lonely fears,
Will dim thy way:
Heed not, stay not, haste with me,
Offsprings of mortality,
Where the joys of glory stream,
Where the lights of glory beam:
Ever sparkling,
Never darkling.
Evanescent
As the present
Is life's gladness;
Evanescent
As the present
Is death's sadness.
Heaven's banners are o'er thee,
Heaven's bliss is before thee—
Come away!"

* * * * * *

The angels spread their wings and fled;
The mother lifted up her head;
The baby slept not—it was dead!

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PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

BY REV. JONATHAN BRACE.

Eloquence is power,—the power of a person to infuse those emotions which swell in his own bosom into the bosoms of those whom he addresses,—power to instruct, interest, and thrill them,—power to make them think, feel, and act, as he would have them. There is no higher power possessed by a mortal than this,—the ability to stand up before his fellows, enchain their attention, make them sympathize with himself, instruct, convince, and persuade them, and by what proceeds from his intellect, flashes in his eyes, trembles in his tones, and is uttered from his whole frame, electrify them, make their blood leap in its pulses, and lead them whither he will. This is power kindred to that which the Almighty Spirit himself possesses, and while under its influence, we bow to him who is thus achieving the triumph, as to one far mightier than ourselves.

Between the eloquence of the pulpit and that of the deliberative assembly or bar, it has been thought that there ought to be a manifest distinction; that the preacher should be more limited in the range of his topics, more choice in the themes which he discusses, and should disdain resorting to those arts of oratory which in other departments of eloquence,—the senate or the court room,—would be justifiable and commendable. We think that there is a mistake here,—that the number of permissible topics in the pulpit should be great,—that not only the peculiar doctrines and precepts of Revelation should be discussed, but that whatever in history, science, and art, can be devoted to a religious and practical use, can be made subservient to the good of man as an intelligent and moral being, should not be considered as utterly foreign to the sanctuary; and that the preacher should be allowed the use of all which voice, looks, and action can do, to give effect to his message. Certain it is, that, for some cause, eloquent preachers are rare—much rarer than might be expected, when we consider the peculiar facilities which the pulpit, as an engine of persuasion, possesses. Does Quinctilian tell us, that "an orator must be a good man,"—that he who would rule us by his voice, and mould us to his will, must be a man in whose integrity we have unshaken confidence,—in whose bosom truth and virtue reside? Surely he who ministers in the temple of God, has, or ought to have, this qualification; for he, of all others, should be governed by the principles of religion, and be distinguished for purity of morals and a blameless life. If any speaker has a power arising from his own possession of piety, from his own persuasion of the truth, and honesty of desire to sway others thereby, it is the preacher of the gospel. His character of unsullied virtue, instead of giving the lie to his instructions, or weakening their force, gives to them increased weight.

"And truths divine come mended from his tongue."

Is the orator aided by his subject, the exalted nature of his theme? Where are themes of a higher and nobler order than those which the Word of God furnishes? The Bible is distinguished from all other books, not only by its inspiration, by the fact that "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," but also by the fact that what they spake, the communications they made, and which are the themes on which the preacher is called statedly to discourse, furnish the most appropriate topics for impressive, pathetic, and sublime eloquence, anywhere to be found. Sweep the whole circle of subjects on which to address an audience, and none are so adapted to make men hear, see, think, and feel, when exhibited by the living voice, from a living soul, to living men, as those embodied in the Sacred Scriptures? In the language of another: "It is of no passing thing, no temporary expedient, no worldly affairs, that he discourses, but of 'the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God,' who 'dwelleth in light no man can approach;' of his unspotted holiness, his stern justice, his unchangeable will; of Christ, the manifestation of the Godhead, the glory of his person, the perfection of his vicarious obedience, the infiniteness of his atonement, the majesty of his power, the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of his love; of the Holy Ghost, the energy of all might, the inspirer of all wisdom, the life of all life, the source

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of all sanctity, the strength of all virtue, and comforter of every broken but trusting heart; of the soul of man, its ceaseless being, its priceless value, its sad ruin, its terrible danger, its possible immortality of love, and knowledge, and blessedness. He beholds the awful throne, God with us; the mysterious sufferer bowing his head to our sorrows, yet mighty to save; the portentous agony in the garden; the accomplisher of redemption breathing out his soul on the cross; the conqueror of hell bursting the gates of death; the breaker ascending for us through the rent heavens, acclaimed triumphant by the hosts of God; Jesus, the name above every name, sending down the Spirit, the earnest and God of all grace and blessing; the hosts of radiant ministers swift to serve the heirs of salvation; the Judge in the clouds; the flashing fires of eternal death; the uplifted portals of glorified life; the innumerable company of angels; the multitude whom no man can number of the Church of the first born." Such are the magnificent themes open to the Christian orator; and with these things above him, beneath him, and around him, and possessing his heart, why should not his soul swell with emotion, his mind be animated with new vigor, the wings of eloquence expand, and breath, life, and power be given to his utterances!

Then, too, he comes to his auditory as God's ambassador. He is commissioned to speak by the Highest. He can say to those whom he addresses, what no other speaker can say,—I am a legate of the skies; God beseeches you by me his substitute. An influential consideration certainly this,—that the message he brings is an embassy from God to man, that he is clothed with divine authority, is in the place of Divinity, and that speaking according to the will of God, his voice is the voice of God! Here the preacher of the gospel has a decided advantage. He is the messenger of the Lord of Hosts, at whose mouth the law is to be sought; and with this conviction he dispenses the treasures of truth.

The interests likewise staked upon the effects of his message, are the highest possible. He enters the pulpit,—not for the purpose for which an advocate enters the court-room, to secure some temporary advantage for a client,—nor yet for the purpose which a representative in Congress or a Senator speaks,—to carry some favorite political point, or cherished measure of public policy; but he is there to exert a healthful, a controlling influence on the character, the usefulness, the deathless destiny of his fellow men. He is there to lighten with the torch of eternal truth the path of life, improve man's intellectual and moral nature, generate and invigorate gracious affections, and win back to his redeeming Master the souls that Master purchased with his blood. And thus engaged, he touches springs, whose vibrations are felt not only for a day or the lifetime of a generation, but which will be felt in their movements and effects when the scenes of earth are forgotten.

He has an advantage also over the lawyer and the deliberative orator in this, that though he may not influence all or even a majority of his audience as he could wish, his efforts are not lost. In cases of criminal jurisdiction, if the barrister fail to win over to himself the whole jury, his design is thwarted and his cause lost. And so in a common deliberative assembly, a majority of the auditory remaining unconvinced by the speaker, his end in speaking is not gained. Not so, however, the preacher. If, by his power of persuasion, even one is incited to do his duty, his "labor is not in vain in the Lord." If, of the seed he scatters, any, even a single kernel, germinates and bears fruit unto life, he is instrumental of accomplishing much. If, among the numbers whom he addresses, the thoughts of one solitary soul are arrested in their worldly flight, and fixed on truth, one stubborn will bows to the claims of Jesus, from one flinty smitten heart the waters of true penitence gush forth, an immortality of blessedness is secured, and new strains of joy rising from the bosoms of the angelic hosts ring through the celestial temple.

Such being the case, the preacher of the gospel having these incitements and facilities for the cultivation of a high order of eloquence, the inquiry arises, why are there so many indifferent pulpit speakers, so many dull and languid ones, from whose lips words fall in such sluggish motion and monotonous tone, as to be rather opiates to the body than stimulants to the soul?

We fear that too little attention is given to this subject in our Theological seminaries. Hebrew and Greek, Didactic and Polemic Theology, assert their claims, and these claims are acknowledged by diligent and protracted study; but the art of rhetoric, what goes to form the pleasing, effective, finished speaker, is passed over slightingly. An occasional lecture on voice, attitude, and delivery, and an occasional criticism on a student's deficiency, therein by his fellow-students, is about all the care which in many seminaries is bestowed on this important department of instruction.

Too little weight is likewise attached to it by candidates for the sacred ministry. Forgetting that man is distinguished from the brutes by the faculty of speech, no less than by the gift of reason, and that this faculty was given not merely

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for social intercourse and the conveyance of thought, but as the most potent auxiliary to truth in the world's redemption,—the subject of eloquence, the mode of making themselves accomplished public speakers, is deemed secondary and nugatory. But with the great dramatic poet we may exclaim—

> "Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
> Looking before and after, gave us not
> That capability and godlike reason
> To rust in us, unused."

It was given for far too lofty a purpose, for far too glorious an end, to be treated thus.

Then, further, a secret sentiment obtains, that labor bestowed upon the acquisition of eloquence is unavailing,—that the proverb, "poeta nascitur, orator fit," should be reversed—the orator be regarded as necessary to be born, and not the poet—the latter made, and the former created by a fiat of the Almighty, or not exist. A great mistake, as successful ones from Demosthenes downwards, who have overcome formidable obstacles, successfully cultivated rhetoric as an art, and to whom the palm of unquestioned eloquence has been awarded, can attest.

Allied to this false sentiment is another, if possible, still more withering in its influence. We refer to a latent feeling, that endeavoring to excel in oratory partakes too much of unhallowed ambition, to receive the sanction of the Holy Spirit, without whose countenance and blessing it is admitted no good can be achieved. But cannot, we ask, an individual turn his attention to the cultivation of eloquence for the purpose of glorifying God thereby, as properly and honestly as he can acquire any other accomplishment by which his influence in favor of truth and righteousness may be more sensibly felt? Where is the difficulty? And, then, so far from that Divine Agent "from whom all good desires proceed," and by whose aid all genuine conversions from sin to holiness are wrought,—so far from any disinclination on the part of this One to favor eloquence, did He not, when He would emancipate the children of Israel from the oppression of the Egyptian monarch, make choice of a deliverer whom He had generously endowed with this very gift? "Is not Aaron the Levite thy brother?" said the Lord of Hosts to Moses, when that sage pleaded incompetency for the high commission with which he was charged, on the ground of his not being eloquent, but slow of speech, and of a slow tongue;—"is not Aaron the Levite thy brother? *I know that he can speak well.* And he shall be thy spokesman unto the people." By this language of sacred inspiration itself,

> "That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed
> In the beginning, how the heavens and earth
> Rose out of chaos,"

was assured, and through him others, until the end of time, that the faculty of speaking well was a faculty which Jehovah could use and would use in perfecting his designs of mercy towards our ruined race.

The powers of oratory are the mightiest of all powers short of his own Omnipotence, which the Most High has enlisted in his cause; and in proportion as a person has possessed these powers, and employed them wisely and well, other things being equal, has he blessed his generation. The fires of Luther's eloquence melted the chains of papal bondage and gave spiritual liberty to millions. The voice of Whitfield's oratory, exceeding in magic influence the fabled wonders of the Orphean lyre, electrified two continents. While Spencer, Hall, Chalmers, Mason, and Griffin,—not to mention others,—some of them still living, whose clarion notes are ringing clear and convincing from the watch-towers of Zion, have, by their persuasive speech, genuine rhetoric, and sound logic combined, arrested the foul current of depravity, changing its nature and direction, and hushed the waves of vice and folly.

The times, we think, call for more attention to be paid to the cultivation of eloquence by the preacher than has yet been given to it. When there is so much good speaking at the bar, and in the deliberative assembly,—when the rushing spirit of the age demands what is stirring,—the pulpit speaker, if he would retain his hold on the minds and hearts of the people, have that place in their regards which he has so long held and sought to hold, wield that influence which he has so long wielded, and "make full proof of his ministry," must "not neglect the gift that is in him," the exalted faculty of speech, but do what he can, towards proclaiming in the most skillful, attractive, and effective manner, the gospel of God.

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SECULAR PROGRESS AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. J. MALTBY.

EVERY age has its idea; sometimes low, sometimes high. It is more or less extensive and engrossing; it prevails for a longer or shorter time, according to circumstances. In its more simple form it covers only one thing, and leads off in a single line of pursuit. When more summary and complex, it gives a start to various interests, and hurries men upon different lines of endeavor.

At one time the idea of the age was Philosophy; at another it was Poetry. Then comes a century of war and conquest; all national pride lies in that direction. The next is a century of discovery; the fame most coveted comes of the largest outlays, and the most extensive and hazardous researches. Then comes a century that wraps itself up in the hood, and tasks everything to rear the solemn temples and architectural monuments of an external religion, and to invest with mysterious awe the sombre and imposing and gorgeous rites of that religion. At one time you find an age that asks for rest;—let me be quiet. It is sighing, you would suppose, for the return of the old Jewish idea of jubilee and release. At another time you see activity that cannot stop. All the elements of enterprise are in the lists. It is as if the world had just risen from its pillow, after a long night of sleep.

The idea of the present day is Progress. When the history of the world shall come to be written, Progress will be set down as the grand and distinguishing feature of the nineteenth century. And this not so much in *one* thing as in *every* thing;—Progress in Literature,—Progress in Science,—Progress in the application of Science to the arts of life;—and this resulting in improvements indefinitely various,—inventions startling as miracles,—and wealth like the golden veins of an exhaustless mine.

Now, the sober question that comes up, and that demands to be considered, is, May we look upon all this—may we rely upon it as progress in human *welfare?* Do we see in it, now and prospectively, the growing welfare of the world? This will depend on the presence or absence of Christianity in the counsels that shall guide this Progress. The Progress itself, many, and varied, and stupendous as are its forms, is no guaranty that good, in the highest sense of the word, will come of it,—that substantial and abiding welfare will be the result. As well other ages and generations, as we, have had their days of Progress. There has been the golden age of Poetry, when all listened to her song,—when all marched to her measures. General literature and science have had a maturity in olden time, that the present age would be proud to attain. Philosophy too has seen what were thought to be palmy days. Eloquence had wrought its miracles, in the forum and in the field, before this century was born,—bearing a sway in civil, political, and military affairs we cannot boast of. There has been national glory, as proud, as engrossing, and throbbing with as hot a pulse, as any the sun can now shine upon. Yet what did all these elements of influence and power—of *welfare* they should have been, and, rightly directed, would have been—what did they do;—in their highest action and sway, what did they do for the permanent good of the world? Glittering bubbles, that rose on the stream of time, and burst and disappeared!

Turn back a little, and see if I am not true. See the sagest philosophers employing their acuteness and skill on the merest trifles; and for want of Christianity, to lay its awful scenes before them—scenes challenging their profoundest thought—wearying themselves with the veriest vanities. See Poetry lending its finest powers to deceive the unwary, to hide the wrong of sin, to throw a fascination over the worse and make you call it the better reason, and, like the viper, hold its victim spell-bound till the concealed but deadly fang has done its work. See the powers of a finished Eloquence, directed to stir the worst passions of depraved man, and, like an incendiary, torch in hand, set fire to nations, that they may burn and consume each other. See a polished Literature, prostituted to pamper corruption, take the vilest scenes, found in the rottenest places on the earth, and bring them out, and dress them up, and ask for them a place on the tables

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of worthy families, as if impatient that there should be in any of our social and domestic circles an example of virtue to rebuke and shame its own corruption.

Where now is the assurance that anything better than this will come of the progress our century is making? Who will certify us that all our elements of improvement will not be like medicine and surgical instruments in the hands of children, with which they will physic away their health, cut their fingers, and, may be, their throats besides? I see no assurance, save what lies in the presence, and pervading influence of Christianity. Unless Christianity shall move upon the face of this progress, as "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters" at the creation, chaos, and not order—a vortex of ruin, not a highway of welfare—will come. Christianity is the only star that can guide this progress, wide and rapid as it is, to a great and good issue. I know, indeed, we are ready to flatter ourselves that we are not, at this late day, so entirely dependent on the Bible and Christianity,—that we do at last "know how to refuse the evil and choose the good,"—that we are now embarked on a swift road to ultimate prosperity and welfare, —and that we shall not again be thrown fatally from the the track, though we do not shut ourselves up to the counsels of revealed religion. But this is all a fool-hardy thought,—fool-hardy rashness. The history of the world proves it so. It is a treasonable thought, whatever mind may cherish it. Any man who would sever the progress of the age from the guidance of Christianity, and do it with his eyes open on the pages of history, must be held demented, or guilty of high treason against the race.

In the voyage we are making, there are perils which men who would leave Christianity behind do not understand. Where those perils lie, and how they can be surmounted, no book, no oracle but the Bible, tells us. In proportion, therefore, as the Bible is heeded,—in proportion as Christianity is embodied in the counsels of the age,—will the *progress* of the age be real, substantial, —yielding moral health, spiritual welfare, "godliness," that is "profitable unto all things." But break from that guiding star, and let human prudence and human passions take the helm, and the voyage is lost. We come soon to the soundings of a lee-shore, with self-created storm and tempest, steam and lightning, driving us, swifter and deadlier for our priceless freight, upon the fatal rocks. There we pile up our ruins, to be a theme of study to all coming generations, as the Mastodon relics of other ages have been to us.

THE MILLENNIUM.

AS INTIMATED IN ISAIAH XI. 6, AND REVELATIONS XX. 6.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

The faithful, who with fortitude
  Life's battling waves will firmly bear,
Possess Thy promises, O God,
  A stated bliss on earth to share;
A happy, calm Millennium,—
  A thousand years of Health and Peace,
When Death and Hell in chains shall writhe,
  And brutal Passions wholly cease.

When o'er the land, in every clime,
  Where'er the sun his beams may shed,
No hostile foot to Love and Truth
  Will find a spot on which to tread;
But like those isles which slumb'ring lay
  Within some summer's tranquil sea,
Where rolls no more the foaming surf,—
  Will all be safely moored in Thee;—

When mount, and vale, and "peopled plain,"
  Will wear the semblance once they wore,
When Chaos gave Creation birth,
  To fill, where Chaos filled before:—
So in that season, holy, pure,
  Beneath, around, and all above,
'Mid haunts of men, and beasts of prey,
  Will dwell Thy constant cherished love.

The Lion will the Lamb caress;
  The calls of Mercy, Vice will heed;
The Tiger, now so wild and fierce,
  A little child will harmless lead.
When dawns that Morning on the world,
  O God, unceasing praise be Thine;
For then it is "Thy Kingdom comes,"—
  Thou One Eternal, Power Divine!

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THE MOURNING BROOCH.

BY A SPINSTER.

"WHOSE hair is this, aunt Margaret?" asked my blooming niece, Ellen, taking up and examining a mourning brooch which lay on my dressing-table.

"It is the hair of an old friend of mine, Ellen," answered I.

"She must have been very old indeed," said Ellen, musingly; "for the hair is quite white—whiter than grandpapa's."

"White as it is, Ellen, the owner of that lock of hair was not a great many years older than your dear mamma."

"How very strange!"

"It would not seem so strange, perhaps, if you knew her history."

"Oh, do tell it to me, aunt Margaret!'

"It contains nothing but very ordinary events, Ellen; nevertheless, it is one from which you may derive instruction, and you shall have it:"—

Maria Darley was just about your age when I first knew her, and her hair was as dark and shining as your own. We were school-fellows, and we became friends. I have often been surprised at this latter circumstance, we were so different in many of our tastes and habits; but, nevertheless, so it was. Like many persons of an impulsive nature, Maria was apt to be seized with sudden and violent fits of affection: she attached herself to me, and her character was so loveable that it would have been strange if she had manifested a warm affection without awaking one in return. Certainly, I was by no means insensible to her caresses. I loved her with a steadiness which perhaps kept her more constant to me than she usually was to the bosom friends of her school-days.

Maria was what is called a clever girl at school. She went through the daily routine of lessons with ease, and obtained the approbation of her instructors and the admiration of her companions. Still her tastes were little intellectual, and I was not surprised to find that, on leaving school, mental cultivation was entirely laid aside. Though she possessed a vigorous intellect, it was one more adapted for practice than speculation—one which dealt better with things than books. She would have made an excellent soldier or farmer, mantua-maker or cook; but, unfortunately for her, she was only a young lady. What mode of energetic action was open to her, but to dress, to dance, and to sing? These things she did, and well, too, much to the delight of Mrs. Darley; and if the milliner's bills did sometimes call forth a frown on the countenance of Mr. Darley, Maria had been too much accustomed to consider that papa could very well afford to indulge her extravagance, to be much troubled by that circumstance.

In Maria's situation, falling in love must have been too agreeable an excitement to have been long delayed. The assiduities of Mr. Fellowes, a young man with whom she had danced, sung, and flirted, in every assembly of the season, won her heart; and, in spite of the frowns of her father and the sighs of her mother, she persisted in the determination that to no one else would she give her hand. Mr. Fellowes was handsome, lively, and gentlemanly, but he was not rich; and though Mr. Darley would not cross his daughter's inclinations, he declared that they must wait until some prospect of advancement opened to the lover. Young ladies hoping to marry, and young gentlemen aspiring to settle in the world, pronounced it *shameful*. Old Darley was as rich as a Jew, and yet he would not advance a sum, insignificant compared to his means, to make his daughter happy! Some older persons hesitated: they knew of extensive speculations in which Mr. Darley had been engaged, and they had heard something of heavy losses; at any rate, it might be presumed that that gentleman knew how to regulate his own affairs and those of his family better than other people.

But the probation of the lovers was not destined to be tedious. Mr. Fellowes became a partner in a concern so promising, that even Mr. Darley could no longer prefer any reasonable objection to the union of the young people; and here, according to every orthodox model, my romance ought to terminate. Certainly, Maria

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believed her mortal sorrows at an end. In her own estimation, she had suffered a martyrdom during this year of uncertainty. If she had not entirely become a semblance of green and yellow melancholy, she had grown a degree paler and more interesting; if she had not conceived a lasting disgust for the world and its vanities, she had declined half-a-dozen routs, and as many pic-nics, from the sickness of heart which is caused by hope deferred. Surely this was enough of mortification for an ordinary life; and who could doubt that the wedding peal rang in a more unclouded era of existence?

For some years, the hopes and expectations of herself, and the most sanguine of her friends, appeared to be fully realized. Few in the circle in which she moved kept up a more showy establishment, or lived in better style. Turbaned mammas congratulated Mrs Darley on her daughter's happy marriage, and whiskered exquisites declared Fellowes the luckiest dog in the world. His income must be splendid, from the style in which he lived; and what a nice thing he would come in for at old Darley's death; for who was there for the property but the old gentleman's only daughter? To do them justice, Mr. and Mrs. Fellowes seemed disposed to avail themselves of the favorable circumstances in which they were placed. Mr. Fellowes did not allow his business engagements to press upon him very grievously, and was as ready as his wife to enter into every amusement that offered itself. It seemed as if Maria was to be spared the usual cares and duties of the married life, or, at least, that they were to sit lightly upon her; for she never had but one child, a boy—a fine, sprightly little fellow, just formed to be the delight and pride of his light-hearted parents. His mother's eye brightened as she gazed at him cantering away on his pony, or leading off the dance at a juvenile ball; while his father repeated with exultation his smart sayings, and prophesied his future advancement from his early ability. Mr. Darley sometimes shook his head, and told Maria and her husband that they would spoil the boy, and make him extravagant, by over-indulgence; but they only laughed, and remarked, that grandpapa grew more strict and more careful with his increasing years.

Time rolled on, and Mr. and Mrs. Fellowes continued the same gay and agreeable members of the social circle. But a change had come over them in their domestic privacy, although it was yet unmarked by the world around. Maria's temper was a degree less cheerful now that the buoyancy of youth was in some measure passed away; and an alteration in her husband became still more strongly marked. When at home, and alone with his wife, he was moody and reserved; he grew thin and pale, and as irritable and fretful as he had once been cheerful and good-humored. To all this, Maria could not be insensible. She attributed it to ill-health; and, as she was warmly attached to her husband, it caused her more real uneasiness than she had ever before experienced. Again and again, she urged him to consult his medical man, to try change of air—anything that might tend to restore his former health and cheerfulness. At first, he appeared to favor the idea that indisposition was the cause of any alteration that might be apparent in his appearance or demeanor; but at length he tired of her importunity, and one day, when, deeply grieved by his manner, she had not been able to restrain her tears, he said abruptly—"Don't disturb yourself about my health, Maria; I am quite well; I am only suffering from anxiety. The fact is (for you had better know the worst at once), I am embarrassed in money matters; so much so, that I know not where to turn to extricate myself."

If Maria had been struck by a thunderbolt, she could scarcely have been more completely paralysed than she was at these words.

"You!" she faltered, as soon as she could recover the use of speech—"you embarrassed! I thought your trade was highly prosperous!"

"It has been so, on the whole; but, when people spend all they make, they are ill prepared to meet the most trifling reverses. I suppose you are aware that we have been laying nothing by."

Maria supposed not; but the fact was, that she had thought very little about the matter. They had better begin to spend less, she thought, as soon as possible. Yes; but how? was the answer. How make any change, without exciting the attention, and giving rise to the remarks of the world? That was not to be thought of.

In this sentiment Maria agreed; but what was to be done? Poor Mr. Fellowes had often asked himself that question, without arriving at any satisfactory answer. One means of relief only had presented itself to his mind: Mr. Darley's death would deliver him from his difficulties. This he slightly hinted at, and that hint made his wife shudder.

"Papa will assist you, Alfred; I am sure he will, if you will tell him your difficulties," said she.

Maria said this hastily. An idea of her husband looking forward with hope to her parent's death had presented itself to her mind, and she seized upon the first means which occurred to

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her of banishing so horrible an imagination. Mr. Fellowes smiled somewhat bitterly.

"You do not know your father," he said, "or you would not give me that advice. With misfortunes in trade he might have some sympathy, but not for difficulties caused by what he would consider extravagance and improvidence. Be careful that you give him no hint as to how the case really stands; it might have a very different effect upon him from what you would most desire."

Maria promised to be silent; but what was to be done? It was very strange; she had never intended to be extravagant, and, after all, they had not lived differently to most other persons in their station, or spent more than appeared to be necessary.

"As to what is necessary," returned her husband, "we might perhaps have done with a house half this size, and one servant instead of two or three; but it is no use talking of that now: the mischief is done, and we can make no change without causing a wonder and a talk. I cannot bear the thought of this; besides, it might injure my credit. We must hope for the best."

It seemed a forlorn hope to Maria; and so, indeed, it was, and proved to be. From the hour when this conversation took place, her peace of mind was irrecoverably lost. The next year or two were years of struggle and anxiety, no less worrying to her because she was considerably in the dark as to the actual state of her husband's affairs. She knew enough to make her doubt whether the money which she expended, not only on the necessaries of life, but on idle amusement and foolish display, was lawfully her own. This thought was before her every hour; and, to an honorable mind, it could be nothing but perpetual torture. She began to loathe the society in which she found herself playing an unworthy part, and, moreover, she was haunted by a feeling of vague dread, which she in vain endeavored to surmount. When she reflected on her position, her sound understanding and generous heart revolted from the life she led.

And now the event took place, to which he had looked with something of the feeling with which the drowning mariner may be supposed to glance towards the floating spars and timbers of a wreck. Mr. Darley was called from his day-book and his ledger, to render his last account, leaving his earthly possessions behind him for his daughter. What would these possessions be? Upon this point, the most knowing differed in opinion. Mr. Darley, in common with many other clear-headed men of business, had been strangely apt to be dazzled with brilliant speculations, and some of these were known to have turned out unsuccessful; but still most agreed that the old merchant must have died in the possession of a handsome property. Alfred Fellowes, for one, had no misgivings on the subject; and his disappointment may be better imagined than described, when a sum, inconsiderable, as compared with his necessities, was found to be all that his father-in-law had left, and that the old man had settled it most strictly upon his daughter.

It was all over now! Maria read, in the settled despair which seemed to have taken possession of her husband, that the crisis was at hand, and she endeavored to rouse him to meet it like a man. He would smile bitterly at her words of hope and comfort, and remark that she little knew what poverty and deprivation were; then he would mutter something about other things being worse to meet than poverty and deprivation, but he perpetually evaded giving to his wife that perfect confidence for which she most earnestly implored.

One morning, he entered the room with a more cheerful air than his countenance had worn for many a month past, and informed his wife that he was about to set off for a few days to Hamburgh on business. "I hope," he continued, "very soon to be able to put my unhappy affairs in a fair way for being settled; and then, my poor wife, I trust you will have a happier life than has been your portion for a long time. I have been the cause of much misery to you."

"Do not say so, Alfred," returned Maria; "we have both been to blame; we have been equally thoughtless, equally self-indulgent, but it is not surely too late to amend."

"There is no fault on your side," said he, sadly; "it is all on mine. What did you know of my affairs, beyond what I chose to tell you? And I never gave you to understand that I could not well afford even a less lavish expenditure than ours has been. Will you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, Alfred! Those who truly love have no need for the word *forgive*. But you are not going! You have not said good-bye to Alfred!"

"Kiss him for me. Farewell! God Almighty bless you!" He embraced her fervently, and, in a few moments, he was gone.

They never met again. Alfred Fellowes left the house with the determination to end a life, the evils of which he had not resolution to brave, and, like many other suicides, he did not leave to those who loved him the miserable refuge of a doubt as to his appalling end. In a passionate letter to his wife, he announced his purpose, de-

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claring that he could not meet ruin and dishonor, and imploring her forgiveness for all the sorrows he had heaped upon her.

Poor, poor Maria!—light, indeed, had every one of her past sufferings been when compared with this last—the bitterest drop in the cup of human sorrow! It was perhaps merciful that her mental tortures brought on physical disease, attended by a friendly stupor, which, for a while, deadened the anguish of her mind. When she recovered, her dark locks were sprinkled with gray, and every trace of her youthful beauty had vanished. For the sake of her boy, she roused herself to exertion, and, by slow degrees, she regained some measure of composure. In the fiery ordeal through which she had passed, a higher influence had been revealed to her mind; she had learned to recognize the all-pervading government of the Eternal Father, and to bow meekly even to her sorrows, as the appointment of Infinite Beneficence. Thanks to her father's caution, she found herself possessed of an income sufficient for her own moderate wants, for the gayeties and pleasures of the world no longer possessed any attraction for her. If strenuous exertion and wisdom, taught by sorrow, could have counteracted natural tendency and the effects of early indulgence, young Alfred would have been saved. To assist his studies, to cultivate his better feelings, and to guard him from every vicious influence, his mother devoted all her powers, quickened and informed by love. She made herself his companion, and won his confidence, by her ready sympathy in his every thought and pursuit.

It seemed as if her love and care were to be rewarded. Alfred was a fine, open-hearted boy, possessed of good abilities and an affectionate heart. He loved his mother tenderly, and, to gain her approbation, he exerted himself in such a way as to obtain the praise of his masters while at school, and the esteem of his employers when in the counting-house. Nor did the increased salary, the reward of his exertions, confer on him half the pleasure which was afforded by the returning smile of hope and joy which would now at times light up the pale features of her who was so deservedly dear.

Yes! Maria lived again under the shadow of that "delightful tree," whose roots were in her husband's grave. She dared to anticipate her son's future virtue and prosperity, from his early promise. One trait alone in his character would sometimes excite a feeling of painful apprehension. She could not conceal from herself that the desire to please, the sensitiveness to the opinion of the world, which had been the leading feature in her husband's mental physiognomy, and the bane of his life, was equally the characteristic of her son's mind. Maria tried, by the infusion of higher principles and loftier motives, to guard against this moral feebleness; and, as years passed on, she hoped she had succeeded. The temptations to which the young man was exposed were certainly considerable. Many who, had his father lived, would have turned their backs on the poor clerk, the son of the ruined merchant, noticed him from his boyhood, in consideration of his mother's misfortunes and his grandfather's memory; his social, genial character caused his company to be sought after for its own sake; and, as he grew up, he mixed, on equal terms, with young men who were both wealthy and luxurious.

Maria knew nothing of many of the pursuits into which Alfred was led by his gay companions; but she sighed occasionally over the constant visiting, the various amusements, in all of which, he declared, he could do no other than join, and which she knew must consume all his gains, even if these sufficed for his expenditure. On this latter point, however, she believed she might now trust to his principles; and he was so active and attentive in his business, so thoughtful for herself, that she was but little disposed to thwart him in any lawful gratification.

That Alfred's conduct in the counting-house was exemplary, was sufficiently attested by the esteem in which he was held by Mr. Smith, his employer. Indeed, something more than common regard seemed to have grown up between this kind-hearted man and his young assistant. If Alfred had been his own son, Mr. Smith could not have looked upon him with more affection, or have manifested a more constant interest in his welfare. People commented on his extreme partiality for the young man—as people will comment upon everything, common or uncommon, which comes under their notice; and sage mammas pulled long faces, and wondered if Mr. Smith had any eyes, when his pretty daughter Lucy smiled on her father's clerk, and danced with him rather than with Mr. A. or Mr. B., two of the best matches in the neighborhood. To all appearance, Mr. Smith had eyes as well as other people; and the sight seemed to afford him pleasure, for he would smile, as he watched the young people; and who can wonder if poor Mrs. Fellowes would sometimes form bright castles in the air, in which the fine manly form of Alfred, and the girlish figure of Lucy, dreamily hovered?

Some time, so full of hope and promise that it might be called happy, had passed away, when

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Maria's maternal anxiety was excited by a visible alteration in her son's appearance.

"Do you think Alfred is well?" she said one day to Mr. Smith; "I have thought for some time that he grows pale and thin. Is it so in reality, or is it only my fancy that deceives me?"

"You are right," was the prompt rejoinder; "he does not look well, and no wonder, poor fellow! We have been busy, and have kept late hours. He must go into the country—a week will set him up again."

"How kind you are," remarked the mother.

"Not a bit of it," answered the kind-hearted merchant; "it is for my own interest. A good clerk, one you can trust, is worth a week's holiday any time, if that will keep him up to his duties. Pack him off to-morrow."

And, in spite of Alfréd's declaration that he was in perfect health, he was packed off. But the vigor and buoyancy which his mother and his friend so confidently hoped to see restored by the change, did not return. On the contrary, his cheerfulness at home, and attention and exertion in the office, continued to decrease, and old fears and suspicions, which had so long lain dormant, began to awaken in his mother's mind. Still she was little prepared for the terrible blow which fell upon her before very long, and which rudely dashed her earthly hopes forever to the ground.

She was sitting one morning at her work, when Mr. Smith was announced. Much surprised, for the hour was an unusual one, she rose to receive him. A single glance at his countenance filled her with dismay, and she named the name of him in whom alone was centred all she hoped and all she feared. The good merchant covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears.

In a few brief words I will sum up the disclosure which Mr. Smith detailed at length, and the substance of which has probably already been anticipated. Expensive amusements, vicious companions, and, in time, the card-table, had involved Alfred in extreme embarrassment. Pressed by the exigencies of the moment, and tempted by the large sums of money which continually passed through his hands, he appropriated a portion to his relief, trusting to the generosity of friends, or the favor of fortune, to be able to replace it in a few hours. In this hope he was disappointed; and the next step was to falsify his accounts, to conceal his guilt. Once more he yielded to his desperate need, and repeated the fraud. But here he stopped. Struck with horror and despair at the situation in which he found himself, he revealed first to the managing clerk in the establishment, then to Mr. Smith himself, the whole of his folly and his crime.

When Mr. Smith had, as gently as possible, put the unhappy mother in possession of these most painful details, he tried to console her, by pointing out that in the young man's confession and repentance there was the hope and assurance that his ruin was not irretrievable.

"He will do yet," said the worthy man; but it must be far from here. His folly had robbed you of a son, and poor Lucy ——." Here he broke off suddenly, overcome by emotion.

Yes, it was too true! Like the thoughtless boy who crushes with one rude grasp the blossoms which nature, by mysterious processes, has brought to beauty and perfection, Alfred had dashed to the ground the hopes and affections of those loving hearts. Maria uttered no murmur at their approaching separation. She even spoke cheerfully of his prospects, and encouraged his trembling hope that, if he prospered, she would join him in the far-off land to which he was so sadly banished.

Not till he was gone did her spirit fail, and then she felt her task was done, and she sank rapidly to her last repose. I saw her a year after Alfred had sailed. Her hair was then as white as snow, and her constitution was evidently broken by this last shock—this last bereavement. Nevertheless, she was cheerful.

"I am not so desolate as you would think," she said; "God is very good to me. Read this;" and she presented me with a letter from a friend, who was settled near her son, and who knew him well, and watched him narrowly. It spoke of his exemplary conduct, his talent and industry; and, what was better than all the rest, because it told that the hard lessons of experience had not been thrown away, it spoke of his regular and unostentatious habits—his carefulness and economy.

"Poor boy," she said, as I laid down the epistle; "perhaps his early fall will prove a blessing to him. It might have been a later and a more fearful one. His letters to me," continued she, "are full of fervent affection. He still hopes we shall meet again in this world. He will be sadly disappointed; but he is young, and young hearts *do* heal."

Three months after this she was in her grave, and that token of remembrance was sent to me at her especial desire.

And now you have the history of the lock of hair and mourning brooch. To my mind, the one thing which it teaches most plainly is this:—If we would escape crime, let us avoid folly, and beware how we slight the warning conveyed in the words of that prayer dictated by Infinite Wisdom—"Lead us not into temptation."

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ROBERT NICOLL, THE AUTHOR OF "THE HA' BIBLE."

BY H. B. STANTON, ESQ.

SOMEBODY has said, "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." The Marseillaise Hymn exerted an influence over the destinies of France, during its revolution, almost surpassing the decrees of its Assemblies and Conventions. "Rule Britannia," and "Hail Columbia," have fired the patriotism of men who never heard of the Common Law of England, and could hardly distinguish the Constitution of the United States from the Mormon Bible. These are but vulgar illustrations of the power of song upon individuals and communities. The realm of mind over which poetry rules is not confined to the impulsive and ignorant classes of mankind, but embraces also within its empire those distinguished for cultivated imagination and learned reflection.

In every age and country, the mission of the true poet has not been merely to echo the current opinions of his cotemporaries, but to inspire their hopes and give expression to their longings for a higher and happier state of society. He has stood in the place of the moralist and the lawgiver, moulding the sentiments and forming the institutions of his times.

In no country, and at no period since the revival of letters, has the truth of these general observations been more strikingly illustrated, than in England, within the present century. During the last fifty years, she has made steady progress in the path of social, mental, and political improvement. Among the agencies that have aided to curb the prerogatives of the crown, extend the blessing of representative government, establish religious liberty, provide education for the poor, secure the melioration of the laws, break the rod of the oppressor, and repeal the tax on the bread of the laborer, a conspicuous place belongs to men of song.

Every English poet, who has won a national reputation, during the present century, has laid some gift on the altar of Freedom, while many have consecrated their choicest productions to the cause of humanity. Mingling in this throng are a few modest votaries of the muses, whose calm lustre is lost to the general eye amidst the dazzling brilliancy of the high priests of the temple. One of these, it is our present purpose to present to the notice of our readers, not with the intention of criticising his writings, but to briefly sketch his painfully interesting life. Doomed almost to total obscurity while living, posterity has already begun to garnish his tomb. We allude to ROBERT NICOLL.

Nicoll was a Scotchman. In temper and genius, he resembled Burns; and, like him, he sprang from the humblest of the tillers of the soil. He was born in 1814, at the foot of the Grampian Hills, in Perthshire. His parents were of the hard-working, God-knowing class, that abounds among the rocky glens and heathy hills, and constitutes so much of the strength and glory of Scotland. Sharing the frequent fate of small tenant farmers, in that country of land monopoly and low wages, the elder Nicoll, soon after the birth of Robert, saw his home made desolate by the rapacity of his landlord, his little stock of cattle and household goods sold to pay his exorbitant rents, while he was compelled to supply the wants of an increasing family, by toiling in the fields as a common "day laborer." Too poor to send his children to school, their instruction devolved upon their mother, who used to listen to the lessons of such of them as could be spared from work, while she attended to the household affairs. In the language of Robert, "she was an ardent book-woman; but when she became poor, her time was too precious to admit of being spent in reading, and I generally read to her while she was working; for she took care that the children, whatever else they might lack, should not want education." Trained by such a mother, Robert early exhibited a keen aptitude for learning, and his appetite for books soon devoured all that could be found in that sequestered neighborhood.

At seven years of age, he was employed in herding cattle on the mountains. A book was always in his hands, which he perused while away on the hills, and while going to and from his task, his well-trained dog watching the cattle and helping to prevent their wandering beyond

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the prescribed boundaries. While thus engaged, he read, among other works, Burn's Poems and such of the Waverley Novels as fell in his way. Endowed by nature with a lively imagination,—so lively, indeed, that the boy-herdsman used to amuse himself by relating to his wondering listeners the most extraordinary fictions, the spontaneous creations of his fancy,—it is not surprising that the perusal of such works, among the wild scenery of the Highlands, gave a poetic turn to his mind. In one of his juvenile effusions, he thus alludes to this period of his life—a beautiful testimonial of his love for the haunts of his boyhood, and of the benevolence of his heart:

> "Oh, weel I mind how I would muse,
> An' think, had I the power,
> How happy, happy I would make
> Ilk heart the warld o'er!
> The gift, unending happiness!
> The joyful giver, I!
> So pure and holy were my dreams
> When I was herdin kye!"

Spending the time from his seventh to his seventeenth year, between herding and gardening, reading poetry and studying graver books, scribbling verses for his companions and scraps of local intelligence for a neighboring newspaper, he, in the latter year, left his native parish, apprenticed himself to a shopkeeper in the town of Perth, and began to push his fortunes in the great world of which he had thought much and seen little.

Perth is one of the most enterprising and intelligent towns in the interior of Scotland.—Beautifully built and pleasantly situated in a broad and rich plain bordered by mountains, through which the river Tay makes a bold sweep towards the sea—the very point where the ruggedness of Highland scenery and manners blend with and melt into the softened graces of the Lowlands—the centre of much of the actual and romantic history of a land whose annalists and bards have associated

> "With every glen and every stream,
> The romance of some warrior-dream"—

this was the very spot that a young enthusiast like Nicoll would select for the cultivation and display of his genius.

The times furnished an opportunity for the rapid development and prompt employment of all his powers. It was the year 1831—an era memorable in the recent history of Great Britain. The Reform Bill was then pending in parliament. A wave of excitement swept the country from "John O'Groat's to Land's End." The aristocratic few, who clung to old abuses, and the plebeian many, who demanded enlarged privileges, were struggling for the mastery. Clubs and debating societies, to promote the people's cause, were springing up in every village. The press poured out essays and pamphlets by the million, in support of the common enterprise. Petitions in behalf of "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill," were presented at each man's door. Public meetings, addressed by noblemen and working-men, were held in all the principal towns. So liberal a mind, so susceptible a heart as young Nicoll's, could not but be fired by the elevating and inspiring truths proclaimed all around him, and which warmed into activity colder natures than his. He toiled in the shop during the day, dealing out his wares and his principles to every customer, and attended debating societies in the evening and made speeches for reform. He left his dinner uneaten to read the debates in parliament, and sat up nights to write songs for the radical clubs and articles for the liberal newspapers.

This eventful contest was the turning point in his life. It gave a fresh impulse to the desire he had formed, while herding cattle and reading Burns in the Highlands, that he might one day become an author. But he was a poor shop lad, the son of a common laborer, and possessed but a scanty education. Yet, what obstacles can deter a youth, bent on success, whose soul is kindled with the flame of genius? He tended his shop, but lived on the cheapest fare, that he might save money to purchase books, and stole hours from sleep that he might find time to study them. He thoroughly grounded himself in grammar and rhetoric; committed large portions of Shakspeare and Milton to memory; carefully read the works of Locke, Reid, Adam Smith, Bentham, and other writers on philosophy, legislation, and politics; goaded onward by an ambition to become a man of letters, and thus acquire honorable fame for himself, and by the productions of his pen obtain the means for supporting in her declining years his much-loved and hard-toiling mother. The first fruits of his ripening intellect were contributed to the pages of Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine, in the shape of two pleasant tales, one or two pretty poems, and a creditable article on the "Life and Times of John Milton."

Severe applications to study and business, with spare diet and scanty sleep, eventually undermined his health, and he left Perth, and repaired to his native hills for its restoration. A friend who saw him during this visit to the cot of his mother, says: "Robert's city life had not spoiled him. His acquaintance with men and books had improved his mind without chilling his heart.

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At this time he was full of joy and hope. A bright literary life stretched before him. His conversation was gay and sparkling, and rushed forth like a stream that flows through flowery summer vales."

About a year after this, being then 20, he set up a small circulating library in Dundee. During the eighteen months he remained here, he spent his time in tending his shop; writing and publishing poems, which were highly popular with the public; delivering lectures on literature and speeches on politics; and at the close of his sojourn, found himself deeply in debt to some of his patrons, and desperately in love with one of the beautiful maidens of the town. Making over his stock for the benefit of his creditors, and exchanging hearts with his charmer, he returned once more to the foot of the Grampian hills, to devise plans for mending his fortune.

He had now reached the age of 22. During the past three years he had made the acquaintance of several valuable literary friends, among whom were William Tait, Robert Gilfillan, and Robert Chambers. Admiring his talents, and attracted by the amiability of his character, these gentlemen interested themselves in procuring him some situation that would give profitable employment to his literary abilities. Near the close of the year 1836, he was appointed, through the influence of Mr. Tait, to the editorship of the Leeds Times, a highly respectable weekly newspaper, advocating radical opinions. Leeds being one of the radiating centres of Liberalism in the North of England, Nicoll entered into the pending political controversies—free suffrage, Chartism, Corn-law repeal, divorce of Church and State, Voluntary Education—with characteristic ardor and ability. His pungent prose was the terror of evil-doers, and his genial poetry the praise of them that did well. During the few months he was in Leeds, though supplying his own journal with an unusual amount of original matter, he found time to compose several beautiful poems, to furnish leading articles for a newspaper in Sheffield, and to visit Dundee and lead to the altar the cherished object of his affections.

But his day of prosperity, now so bright, was soon to go down in the deepest night. His health, never fully restored since he overtasked his powers at Perth, gave way—the bloom, painted on his cheek by the sunshine of his native mountains, fled—his eye, which, from childhood, had sparkled with genius, became glassy—his voice, which had so often rung out clear in defence of the right and denunciation of the wrong, was subdued and broken by a stifling cough. Though the chilly fingers of consumption were feeling for his heart-strings, he toiled on, writing the leaders for his paper while propped up in bed by pillows, his eye gleaming with unnatural brightness, and his whole frame quivering with excitement. It was when suffering thus that he wrote his poem on "Death," breathing the tenderest pathos, sparkling with the gems of fancy, and glowing with the hopes of immortality.

Yielding to the advice of physicians and the entreaties of friends, he left Leeds to try his last chance for life in the North. Elliot, the Corn-law rhymer, just then visited Leeds, to deliver a course of literary lectures in that town. He had long felt a warm regard for Nicoll, and had declared that "Burns, at his age, had done nothing equal to him." He writes: "No words can express the pain I felt when informed at my inn that he was dying, and that if I would see him I must reach his dwelling before eight o'clock the next morning, at which hour he would depart by railway for Edinburgh. I was five minutes too late to see him at his house, but followed him to the station, where, about a minute before the train started, he was pointed out to me in one of the carriages, seated, I believe, between his wife and mother. I stood on the step of the carriage and told him my name. He gasped; they all three wept; but I heard not his voice."

Nicoll reached New-Haven, near Leith, just in time to die in the arms of his young wife and aged mother. Thus fell, at the early age of 23, one of Scotland's noblest bards.

On his death-bed, he said: "I have written my heart in my poems; and rude, unfinished, and hasty as they are, it can be read there." We subjoin, as a specimen of his heart-musings, his poem, "THE HA' BIBLE." It will at once suggest to the reader Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night."

Chief of the Household Gods,
  Which hallow Scotland's lowly cottage homes!
While looking on thy signs
  That speak, though dumb, deep thought upon me comes—
With glad yet solemn dreams my heart is stirr'd,
Like childhood's when it hears the carol of a bird!

The Mountains old and hoar—
  The Chainless Winds—the Streams so pure and free—
The God-enamel'd Flowers—
  The waving Forest—the eternal Sea—
The Eagle floating o'er the mountain's brow—
Are Teachers all; but oh! they are not such as thou!

O! I could worship thee!
  Thou art a gift a God of love might give;
For Love and Hope and Joy
  In thy Almighty-written pages live!
The slave who reads shall never crouch again;
For, mind-inspired by thee, he bursts his feeble chain!

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God! unto Thee I kneel,
And thank Thee! Thou unto my native land—
Yea, to the outspread earth—
Hast stretched in love Thy everlasting hand,
And Thou hast given Earth and Sea and Air—
Yea, all that heart can ask of Good and Pure and Fair!

And, Father, Thou hast spread
Before man's eyes this Charter of the Free,
That all Thy Book might read,
And Justice love, and Truth and Liberty.
The Gift was unto man—the Giver God!
Thou Slave! it stamps thee man—go spurn thy weary load!

Thou doubly precious Book!
Unto thy light what doth not Scotland owe?
Thou teachest Age to die,
And Youth in Truth unsullied up to grow.
In lowly homes a Comforter art thou—
A sunbeam sent from God—an everlasting bow!

O'er thy broad ample page
How many dim and aged eyes have pored?
How many hearts o'er thee
In silence deep and holy have adored?
How many Mothers, by their Infants' bed,
Thy Holy, Blessed, Pure, Child-loving words have read!

And o'er thee soft young hands
Have oft in truthful plighted love been joined,
And thou to wedded hearts
Hast been a bond—an altar of the mind!
Above all kingly power or kingly law
May Scotland reverence aye—the Bible of the Ha'!

TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

A MOTHER died, and the home where once
The light of her love had smiled,
Held nought to gladden the widow'd heart,
Save the care of a motherless child;

And that care grew into a doating love
For his gentle, fair-faced boy,
Who brighten'd again that cheerless home
With the voice and smile of joy.

But a shadow fell on the child's glad brow,
And a light gleam'd in his eye—
'Twas pure and mild as the blue that breaks
Through the clouds of a summer sky.

'Twas his mother's eye—and like her he grew,
More beautiful in decay,
While the shadow of heaven deeper fell,
As he droop'd and pined away.

And the father tended his fading flower
With more than a father's care,
And night by night at his pillow watch'd,
In silence, with tears and prayer.

One night, when softly the slumb'ring boy
Lay folded to his fond breast.
Sleep fell on the weary watcher's eyes,
And long and quiet was his rest.

In a dream of that night a vision came,
And hover'd around his bed;
'Twas the face of the dead, but an angel form,
With a glory round its head.

And o'er him it bent its angel face,
And the boy from his bosom took,
With a smile like that which had beam'd on him,
With her latest word and look.

Then a strain of music, heavenly sweet,
Through the stillness softly broke—
Then a voice like an angel's whispering,
From the lips of the spirit spoke.

"Thy treasures are all in heaven," it said,
"Let thy heart be also there;"
He strove to grasp the receding form,
And clasp'd but the empty air.

He woke, and the cheek his hand had touch'd
Was clammy, and cold, and chill;
The little arm, half-round him thrown,
Was lifeless, and stiff, and still.

He thought of the vision, and o'er his soul
A hallowing calm he felt;
Yet he bow'd his head o'er his child, and wept,
Ere down by the couch he knelt.

He knelt—"O God! thou hast taken back
What but for a time was given.
Teach me to bow to thy will on earth—
My treasures are safe in heaven!"

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THE GENTLE WARNING.

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...recisely so; he lives with more respect to

...tural course. 'How the world is to be depeopled,' says Dr. Johnson, 'is no business of ours.

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SERMON UPON "IFS."

"'If' I were as rich as old Elwes, I never would have been such a miser," said a penniless man, one day, when that noted character came upon the carpet; "of all beings, the miser is the least useful in social life."

"'If' you were as rich, you would not be as useful as old Elwes was; that is what you express, or you mistake the real state of the case," said Moreton; "a miser is a useful man in society—none more so: he is no man's enemy but his own."

"Some people are fond of paradoxes."

"True; but here is none. You intend that 'if' you were as rich as old Elwes was, you would spend the money he saves. So many say that a prodigal is better than a miser, because he scatters abroad his wealth. Now, 'if' old Elwes accumulated his rents, turned them into gold, and locked them up in an iron chest, there might be some ground for a charge of uselessness against him; but old Elwes did no such thing: he accumulated money by supplying the wants of those who had need of it; and thus, while he increased his store, he contributed his share to the good of the general mass. As nothing is made in vain, no one lives in vain."

"I cannot understand that doctrine."

"A miser always makes interest of his money, or employs it in some mode by which others may make their interest upon it. Consuming little himself, he only enables others to consume more, because he has, from this very cause of self-privation, so much more to hand over to others for beneficial purposes. He is only a less customer to the butcher and wine merchant, that he may be the larger trader with others in loans, or houses, or lands. 'If' you were as rich as he, it is very doubtful whether you would really benefit the commonwealth as much. Stinting his stomach is his own affair; and of what he saves that way he is enabled, by its augmentation, to lend, or build, or take mortgages more extensively, for the aid of others, though unconscious of any end but gratifying his own love of accumulation."

"Then would you have me infer that a miser is as good a member of the community as a liberal man, living well and spending his income generously?"

"Precisely so; he lives with more respect to himself, and more becomingly. Society receives from both a modicum of gain, for it is not permitted to any individual to withhold his share of contribution to the general advantage, however repulsive to the common idea of what is consistent and proper his private conduct may be. Common notions, too, are very often as erroneous upon many other subjects connected with social existence as upon the present."

"'If' I were a young man again, I would never let a pretty face entrap me into a marriage. I would seek wealth, or the means of living substantially, before I tied the Gordian knot. Young men will, in process of time, grow wiser, getting into a habit of reflection, and then we shall see no marriages but such as are grounded upon an accurate calculation of the means of living."

"This 'if' is a fallacy, too; for, 'if' the utterer of such an opinion were a young man of generous feelings, he would do no such thing. It is precisely because age has displaced youth, and caution stifled the generosity and kindness of early years, that this 'if' obtrudes itself."

"'If' I were Alexander, I would accept the offer of Darius." "So would I," replied the king, "'*if*' I were Parmenio."

Many promulgators of this apparently reasonable doctrine, so far as social benefit appears to be concerned, are those whom cold calculations have led to adopt the fallacious notion, that the world is to be governed by the dictates of a reason that can apply only to temporary circumstances and peculiar localities. Nature is not to be thus subjugated. Were the national debt quadrupled for some state object, and a marriage life quadrupled in difficulty of maintenance for a family, is it to be supposed, as some tell us in substance, that we should not then marry in the proportion of three-fourths to those who marry now? The natural course of things is not to be changed, because of the straits into which a bad system of any kind may bring us. It is better and sounder reason to change the system, than to attempt to force nature in obedience to circumstances caused by human vices or errors.

"'If' you were a young man, you would be under the rule of early impulses, as you are now of later ones. You would marry—it is your natural course. 'How the world is to be depeopled,' says Dr. Johnson, 'is no business of ours.

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All human impulses are subject, unconsciously, to a better reason than that of which some persons boast; therefore, 'if' you were a young man, you would do as young men have always done."

"'IF' I were to live my life over again, I would never act so unthinkingly as I did before I was forty years of age." The question must be begged here, that the quantity of passion should be uniform, and that the young men should be no more inclined to obey present temptation than the old ones, who can philosophize so wisely from the want of it. If the recollection of former experience could be preserved, the temptations of the former position must be resisted. It would not be sufficient to *know*, we must be able to subdue natural feelings, in order to act differently from what we did before. Who could insure this?

We know not, then, what we wish in applying the "IF" in this way. We should, there is no doubt, live our term nearly in the same way again, aggravated by the torturing of conscience that we every day knew better than we acted. No wise man would ever live his life over again as he had lived it; it would surely be a dreadful aggravation of such a second course of existence to pass through it with continual mental upbraiding, arising out of the memory of the experience we had received, the guidance of which we were unable to follow. In such cases, we know not what we desire; and the "IF" is the happiest word for our natures that language, in such cases, can muster.

"IF" is described by a great author as a "hypothetical particle"—in set terms, a word forever begging the question. When it begins a sentence or a speech, it would be well that we asked ourselves whether the conclusion or inference upon so uncertain a proposition were worth entering upon? It is a mere waste of words to say, "'IF' I had ten thousand a year, I would do such and such a thing." This is the vanity of wishing carried out to a waste of time. Lord Chesterfield calculated the waste of time caused by snuff-taking to be no inconsiderable portion of human life. The time consumed in expressing sentences with hypothetical particles may be set down as an important portion of the waste of human existence.

The French have a castle and island called "IF," near Marseilles. That word signifies the "yew" in French—the funereal yew—no bad hint in the way of a memento of the certain termination of hypotheses in behalf of human wishes beginning with that particle. The poet or fairy-tale maker might amusingly enough make "IF" the residence of the army of phantasmic hypotheses we are continually conjuring up under some sovereign phantom of an hypothesis, enchanted and happily regnant to the sight, with a crown of gold studded with rubies and emeralds, in the most imposing array, such as Arabian fertility of imagination has depicted in "The Thousand and One Nights,"—but all, like Dead Sea apples, fair in the rind or externally, while only bitter dust and ashes are within. Sir William Temple has used "if" hypothetically in the very best way of the scholar and philosopher, when he says, "Who would not be covetous, and with reason, 'IF' health could be purchased with gold? Who not ambitious, 'IF' if it were at the command of power, or restored by honor?"

Some uses of "*if*" sting well under the hypothesis. "I shall get justice," says a suitor, "'*if*' I can find an honest lawyer: '*if*' not—not." The Chinese have an excellent thing of this sort. A boy was so dull he could not half fill his sheet of exercise, and was punished. "Ah!" said he, "'*if*' I could have filled up the blank part, I should not have been beaten." "No, no; '*if*' you had done that," said a fellow-scholar, looking over what he had completed—"'*if*' you had filled the sheet as you began, you would have been flogged to death."

Another jest of theirs is too good to omit. A schoolmaster was employed to transcribe the offices for the dead by a man who had lost his mother-in-law, and copied by mistake the prayers for a father-in-law. When they came to be recited, the father-in-law found it out. The man was angry with the scribe. "Are not these offices appointed for those cases which I have carefully transcribed?" said the schoolmaster. "That's authority, I think. There *can* be no mistake; '*if*' there be, it lies with you, not me. Is it not the *wrong* person died? 'IF' so, that is no fault of mine!"

Sometimes the hypothesis "IF" is employed upon a nonentity, and the intended inference is no inference or consequence at all. Thus, "'*If*' the sky fall, we shall catch larks," is a common proverb; but what is the sky? An hypothesis itself—a non-existent, which cannot have a consequence without a brother: thus, "'*If*' a sky there be, then '*if*' the sky fall, we shall catch larks." The ancients made a better thing of it when they said, "You reckon with those who say '*if*' heaven should fall."

"IF" belongs to the language of the early part of life, being Hope's own monosyllable. We make little comparative use of it, having arrived at the age when, as the wise man says, "The grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the window be darkened." The word was left in the bottom of *Pandora's* box;

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it was labeled upon the packet which enveloped Hope's philtre, the most dangerous of our mortal potions, because it costs us less suffering to recover from its deepest draughts. Like Hope, it is a constant refuge upon all occasions of good or evil, its hypothetic character being admirably adapted to every exigency. "'*If*' I had not been a fool, and got drunk yesterday, I had escaped this intolerable headache." "'*If*' I had but listened to the advice of my friend Tomkins, I had saved a thousand pounds."

On the other hand, it may be said truly, to quote Shakspeare, "'*If*' thou talkest to me of '*ifs*,' thou art a traitor!" The word is a veil for all sorts of uncharitablenesses and iniquities "*If*" is a great nurse of discontent. "'*If*' I had but that nice field—that fine house!" "'*If*' I could but find a pot of money!" "'*If*' I can but conquer Asia and Africa, I will return and live merrily," said Pyrrhus; but Cyneas told him he might do that as it was, and Pyrrhus saw the advice was good. "'*If*' I can make a plum more," says the merchant. "'*If*' I had but one estate more," says the landowner. Now it would be a useful thing to change the unreal desire into real contentedness; and diminishing the wish for more, leave the hypothetic particle in this use of it to those less wise.

Perchance we tire the reader, and may be considered to do some injustice to a very innocent word; and in truth we must plead guilty, in a certain respect, to the charge. After all, it is the wrong application from which we extract matter of blame; and the best things may be ill-used, as is well illustrated in the history of our friends, the tee-totalers. With them wine is banned; not, we presume, from any distaste of the thing itself, but for fear they should be tempted to abuse it, feeling the frailty of their natures. They are, therefore, perfectly right "*if*" they wholly abstain.

HEART FLOWERS.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

Harsh words are like the furious rain
  Driven by fiercest wind,
And where it falls it leaves a place,
  As harsh words wear a deeper place
  Upon the heart within.

As rose leaves lie upon the ground,
  Scattered by rudest shower,
So all the flowers of feeling lie
Prostrate—and fading but to die
  By words of cruel power!

As blossoms on a slender stem
  That glow in genial light,
Bend down their heads when rudely beat,
And never light them up so sweet,
  So harsh words love will blight.

Then, oh beware of words you speak—
  No beauty blossoms there,
Where harsh words fall like drenching rain,
Giving for ever endless pain—
  Oh, thoughtless one, beware!

THE OPEN SECRET.

The all-teaching Spirit
  For ever is near;
He speaks, could we hear him,
  In voice strong and clear.
But not to the worldling
  His secret is known;
The open soul only
  Can call it its own.

At the altar of Beauty
  The worshippers fall,
But the child playing round it
  Sees more than them all;
For pure beauty, pure being,
  Can never be theirs,
Who want eyes for true seeing
  And hearts for true prayers.

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CONNECTION BETWEEN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

There is not a movement takes place in this great universe of mind and matter, but influences, in some degree, the condition of something else; and yet the general mind has seldom perceived the character or degree of the most important movements. The motion of the stellar bodies, as they sweep round the throne of God, does not interest the crowd so much as the whizz of a sky-rocket; and the court-circular, with its stereotyped assurance that "the royal family and the royal ponies took an airing in the park this morning," is more eagerly read than the observations of Humboldt or the prelections of Chalmers. The march of warriors, and the peregrinations of puppet-shows, are most important movements in this visible world, and draw the wondering eyes of crowds; while heaven's meteors dance over the gold-spangled tapis of the sky, and the spheres sing their eternal melodies as the dullard world sleeps. The intellectual heroes of the world have no heralds nor aids to blow a trumpet before them, and bid the world stare at them as they go; they pass along the highway of life like other people, undistinguishable save to those who possess common attributes and the *clairvoyance* of sympathy; yet their footsteps leave tracks behind them which posterity gazes on with awe, and which, as it gazes, it puts its feet into. Theirs are the plastic motions which stamp ideas in the van-path of humanity, as plainly as did the great feet of the primeval cormorants write lessons of an intelligent Creator on the transition formations. The eye does not know them, but they live to and for souls. One of the most earnest and commanding spirits of the intellectual empire of the present time, is George Gilfillan, whose recently-issued volume, "The Bards of the Bible," summons the reader to the study of thoughts and truths of surpassing interest and moment. One of the most striking and earnest of the truths he insists upon, is the honorable place which the Word of God should occupy in literature, and the vital connection which subsists between religion and letters. Some of his thoughts are so germane to the great idea of our magazine, and so urgently important, that we eliminate a few of the more bearing upon the point. Our readers require not to be informed that Mr. Gilfillan is a highly distinguished critic and author; he, however, occupies a much more important and interesting position than this. Young, strong, and full of prophetic fire, he is shouting to those who dwell in Zion, "The Philistines are on thee;" and, full of faith and earnestness, he dashes into the coteries and cliques of literature, and cries, "The Spirit of Christ *should be* here." Mr. Gilfillan is a man of genius, original, genial, and generous, who would see Christianity extend its activities through all the extent of the social world, and the pulpit become less the censor than the sister of science and literature.

We find, says he, science, literature, and religion, connected together in the Word of God. The Bible, is not, indeed, a scientific book, nor does it profess or display scientific method, even when it treats of religious topics. And yet it cannot be remarked with too much admiration, that it has never yet been proved to contradict any main principle of scientific truth. It has been subjected, along with many other books, to the fire of the keenest investigation—a fire which has contemptuously burned up the cosmogony of the Shaster, the absurd fables of the Koran—nay, the husbandry of the Georgics, the historical truth of Livy, the artistic merit of many a popular poem, the authority of many a book of philosophy and science. And yet, there this artless, loosely piled little book lies, unhurt, untouched, with not one page singed; and not even the smell of fire has passed upon it. "'Tis past conjecture, all things rise in proof." This book is the mirror of the Divinity—the rightful regent of the world. Other books are planets shining with reflected lustre—this book, like the sun, shines with ancient and unborrowed ray. Other books have, to their loftiest altitudes, sprung from earth—this book looks down from heaven high. Other books appeal to understanding or fancy—this book to conscience and faith. Other books solicit our attention—this book demands it; it speaks with authority, and not as the scribes. Other books guide gracefully along the earth, or onwards to the mountain summits of the ideal—this, and this alone, conducts up the awful abyss which leads to heaven. Other books, after shining their little season, may perish in flames fiercer than those which consumed the Alexandrian library—this, in essence, must remain pure as gold and unconsumable as asbestos, amid the flames of

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general conflagration. Other books may be forgotten in the universe where suns go down and disappear like bubbles in the stream—this book, transferred to a higher clime, shall shine as the brightness of that eternal firmament, and as those higher stars which are for ever and ever."

With regard to the connection in the Scriptures between literature and religion, we find use made of, and sanction given to, almost every form of literary composition. Has not eloquence advocated God's cause? Poetry sung his praise? History recorded his deeds? Elegy deplored his absence? Ode cried aloud for his return? Drama exhibited the sublime patience of one of his servants? Proverb condensed the wisdom of another? The romantic story of Joseph described the adventures of a third? Nay, did not fiction, as the shadow and noble alias of eternal truth, flow in music from the lips of Jesus himself? And at the literature of the Scriptures, criticism has generally stood dumb. Science has dared to cast her plummet down to the very foundations of the Rock of Ages, and they have not been found wanting. Human literature, seeing the summits of a higher rising toward the skies, could only wonder, or imitate, or envy in silence. Homer had his Zoilus, Milton his Lander, Pope his Dennis, but Moses and Isaiah have, as poets, been assailed by the wretched Paine alone, whose taste was poisoned by vanity and vice, and whose attempt to underrate the merit of the Scriptures seemed, to Hall, as ineffably weak and ridiculous as though a mouse were to try to nibble off the wing of an archangel. And I do think, that it is yet possible so to develop the matchless merits of the Scripture writers, as masters of the lyre, as to develop at the same time a subordinate though strong evidence that they are something more—the rightful rulers of the belief and the heart of man. If the saying of the poet be true, that "Beauty is truth, and truth is beauty," then might not the proclaimed presence of the highest beauty betray the presence of the highest truth, even as metallic lustre reveals metallic wealth; and might we not again, like Halbert in the "Monastery," read, in the fairy light of poetry, the solemn inscription:—

> "Within that awful volume lies,
> The mystery of mysteries.
> Happy the man of human race,
> To whom our God has granted grace,
> To ask, to seek, to hope, to pray,
> To lift the latch, and find the way:
> But better had they ne'er been born,
> Who read to doubt, or read to scorn."

To accomplish the grateful and momentous work to which he here alludes, perhaps Mr. Gilfillan stands without a compeer. We know that for some time past he has been communing with Moses, and Isaiah, and Daniel, and David, and the other mighty ones of Hebrew poetry; and we do not hesitate to state it as our conviction, that, high as he has already climbed the hill of fame, his illustrations of the rapt and inspired old men of God will yet add a brighter lustre to his name.

Mr. Gilfillan raises the following trumpet toned warning to those who bear the name of Jesus, and yet look not out from the windows of the ark upon the roaring ocean of skepticism that envelopes it round: "To meet and overcome this sea of troubles, from without and within, the church must arouse herself. At present her towers are well nigh unguarded—of her watchmen, some are squabbling in the streets with each other, some have fallen fast asleep, some are singing psalms of premature triumph, some are railing at the enemy from the safest towers; not many are standing to their arms. The watchman who first gave the alarm almost instantly sunk back in death.

"The church ought first of all to acknowledge, and not ignore, the difficulties and dangers in her path. She must not compute her numbers by her church-rolls; her friends, by her flatterers; her progress, by the sound of her chariot-wheels; the strengthening of her stakes, by the lengthening of her cords; her security at home, by the splendor of her advancement abroad. There is no *bustle* often greater than that of a *death-room*—how often does life leave the heart, and flush wildly the hectic cheek! The silenced enemy is always the strongest and most dangerous. The church, too, ought to unite on broad principles, and form unions, of which everybody would be proud as well as glad. The church too, should advance and quicken, running with the many, who are now running to and fro; and increasing knowledge, as knowledge is being so generally increased. She ought to put herself into such training, that, if she fall, she may fall a graceful and glorious corpse; that if she reign, she may be prepared to meet her triumph, as a bride adorned for her husband. And in the last extremity, she may still look above to the hills, whence her aid is expected to come. The hope of many, as to the prospects of the church and the world, has long lain in the unchanged and unchangeable love of Christ. As long as his great, tremulous, unsetting eye continues, like a star, to watch her struggles—as the eye of love the tossings of disease—she need not fear. And whenever the time arrives for that "bright and morning star," starting from his sphere to save

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his church, he will no longer delay his coming. To save such a city as Zion, there might fall the curtain of universal darkness! That curtain shall not fall, but there may, in lieu of it, burst the blaze of celestial light; and what, and who, save the true and the earnest, can abide the day of that appearing?

Such a light would secure the union, and show the junction-points of science, literature, and religion, as they have never been shown before. He would form the bright synthesis between those three transcendant things. Of this much we are certain, that, sooner or later, and by a power either transcendent or divine, it shall be seen that the "ought or duty is the same thing with science, with beauty, and with joy." The day is coming, when science, literature, and religion, already daughters of one family, shall be dwellers in one home. Science shall shade her torch and stoop her telescope before the throne of the Eternal; literature shall pursue her studies and dream her dreams in the magic atmosphere of heaven's own day; and religion shall take her two sisters by the hand, smile on them with the serene and majestic love of a superior nature, introduce them to the presence-chamber of the King of kings, and in a threefold cord, not easily broken, shall be united with them for ever.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

WITH A CHARACTERISTIC SKETCH.

Incomparably the first of our native artists, and, in his particular sphere, perhaps second to none of the present century, Americans treasure the fame of Washington Allston, and cherish the productions of his pencil with the fondness of a kind of relationship. The sketch accompanying this number will be recognized as singularly true, by all who can recall his delicate and spiritual features, or are familiar with the habits and traits of his life. As a fitting illustration of the plate, a few of the leading facts of his history, gleaned from his beautiful autobiography, may not be unwelcome.

"Washington Allston was born in South Carolina, in 1779. His physicians recommended his removal to a northern climate, and, from his early boyhood, he seems to have made his home in Newport, Rhode Island, where he continued his studies till 1796, when he was entered at Harvard University. It would be difficult not to believe that this boy amused himself with brushes and paints, or had, in lack of such objects, some quiet chit-chat with nature, as Ben Jonson quaintly says. In fact, we have a scrap of authentic history about it, from the pen of the boy himself—now become a man, a poet, and a painter.

"'To go back as far as I can—I remember that I used to draw before I left Carolina, at six years of age (by the way, no uncommon thing,) and still earlier, that my favorite amusement, much akin to it, was making little landscapes about the roots of an old tree in the country—meagre enough, no doubt—the only particulars of which I can call to mind were a cottage built of sticks, shaded by little trees, which were composed of small suckers (I think so called), resembling miniature trees, which I gathered in the woods. Another employment was the converting the forked stalks of the wild fern into little men and women, by winding about them different colored yarn. These were sometimes presented with pitchers, made of the pomegranate flower. These childish fancies were the straws by which, perhaps, an observer might then have guessed which way the current was setting for after life.' And then follow a few lines which would guard the reader from drawing too exalted an opinion of his native talent or propensity for art—and Allston had no false modesty; that worst display of insincerity was no part of his nature. Dunlap very properly says—'In these delights of Allston's childhood appear the germs of landscape gardening, landscape painting and scenic composition. Less intellectual children are content to make mud

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WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

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pies, and form ovens with clay and clam-shells, as if to bake them in. Even when at play, they are haunted by the ghosts of cakes, pies, and puddings.' Allston goes on with his sunny sketch: 'But even these delights would sometimes give way to a stronger love for the wild and the marvelous. I delighted in being terrified by the tales of witches and hags, which the negroes used to tell me; and I well remember with how much pleasure I recalled these feelings on my return to Carolina—especially on revisiting a gigantic wild grape-vine in the woods, which had been a favorite swing for one of these witches.' 'Here,' remarks Dunlap, 'may be perceived the germ of that poetic talent which afterward opened, and was displayed both by the pen and the pencil of Mr. Allston.'

"The painter now gives an account of his boyhood. 'My chief pleasure now was in drawing from prints—of all kinds of figures, landscapes, and animals. But I soon began to make pictures of my own—at what age, however, I cannot say. The earliest compositions that I remember, were the Storming of Count Roderick's Castle, from a poor (though to me delightful) romance of that day, and the Siege of Toulon—the first in India ink—the other in water colors. I cannot recall the year in which they were done. To these succeeded many others, which have likewise passed into oblivion. Though I never had any regular instructor in the art, (a circumstance, I would here observe, both idle and absurd to boast of,) I had much incidental instruction, which I have always through life been glad to receive from every one in advance of myself; and I may add, there is no such thing as a self-taught artist, in the ignorant acceptation of the word; for the greatest genius that ever lived must be indebted to others, if not by direct teaching, yet indirectly through their works. I had, in my school days, some of this latter kind of instruction from a very worthy and amiable man, a Mr. King, of Newport, who made quadrants and compasses, and occasionally painted portraits. I believe he was originally bred a painter, but obliged, from the rare calls upon his pencil, to call in the aid of another craft. I used at first to make frequent excuses for visiting his shop to look at his pictures, but finding that he always received me kindly, I went at last without any, or rather with the avowed purpose of making him a visit. Sometimes I would take with me a drawing, and was sure to get a word of encouragement. It was a pleasant thing to me, same twenty years after this, to remind the old man of these little kindnesses.'. Pleasant thing, too, it must have been to the old painter, to hear such acknowledgments from the artist who had brought away the prize from the British Institution.

"He tells us of his progress in art while at the University. 'My leisure hours at college were chiefly devoted to the pencil—to the composition equally of figures and landscapes: I do not remember that I preferred one to the other; my only guide in the choice was the inclination of the moment. * * * One of my favorite haunts, when a child, in Carolina, was a forest spring, where I used to catch minnows, and I dare say, with all the callousness of a fisherman; at this moment I can see that spring; and the pleasant conjurer, memory, has brought again those little creatures before me; but how unlike to what they were! They seem to me like the spirits of the woods, which a flash from their little diamond eyes lights up afresh, in all their gorgeous garniture of vases and flowers. But where am I going?'

"Soon after Allston's arrival in London, he became a student of the Royal Academy. The Gladiator was his first drawing from plaster, and it gained him permission, says Dunlap, to draw at Somerset House—the third procured him the ticket of an entered student. West was then in the zenith of his fame, and he gave him his hand. Here is Allston's tribute to that great reformer in English art. 'Mr. West received me with the greatest kindness. I shall not forget his benevolent smile when he took me by the hand; it is still fresh in my memory, linked with the last of like kind which accompanied the last shake of the hand, when I took a final leave of him, in 1818. His gallery was open to me at all times, and his advice always readily and kindly given. He was a man overflowing with the milk of human kindness. If he had enemies, I doubt if he owed them to any other cause than his rare virtues.'

"'I arrived in London about the middle of June, 1801, near the close of the annual exhibition. The next year was the first of my adventuring before the public, when I exhibited three pictures at Somerset House. The principal one a French Soldier telling a story (comic attempt)—a Rocky Coast (half length) with banditti—and a Landscape with horsemen, which I painted at college. I received two applications for the French Soldier, which I sold to Mr. Wilson, of the European Museum, for whom I afterward painted a companion of it, also comic—the Poet's Ordinary, where the lean fare was enriched by an incidental arrest.'

"Allston stayed only a few months in Paris during this visit (1804)—but he was not idle. He painted some compositions of his own, and made a copy from Rubens. He then turned his face to

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the sweet South, and journeyed leisurely on to Italy, crossing the Alps by the Pass of St. Gothard. He has given a few lines to, perhaps, the most beautiful scene on the earth. 'I passed a night and saw the sun rise on Lake Maggiore. Such a sunrise! The giant Alps seemed literally to rise from their purple beds, and, putting on their crowns of gold, to send up hallelujahs almost audible."

"Nearly four years he now passed in Italy, principally in Rome. In that sad but beautiful land, in that wondrous city where art and history have clustered their treasures, with the most gifted of his own countrymen, and the artists of Europe, his existence was like a blissful dream. The climate, associations, the arts, and the ruins around him, perfectly accorded with his intellectual wants. How intensely they were appreciated is evident in his story of 'Monaldi,' a book which would have made a reputation for any other man. The faithfulness of descriptions interspersed throughout the volume every one will recognize, who has looked upon those scenes with feeling and discernment; while his discussions on art, the history of human passions, and female loveliness, are dramatic and profound.

"Allston thus speaks of his most celebrated pictures, omitting many of his beautiful works: 'I will mention only a few of the principal, which I painted during my first visit to England, viz.: The Dead Man, etc.; The Angel liberating St. Peter from Prison. This picture was painted for Sir George Beaumont (the figures larger than life,) and is now in a church at Ashby de la Zouch. Jacob's Dream, in the possession of the Earl of Egremont. There are many figures in this picture, which I have always considered one of my happiest efforts. Elijah in the Desert. This I brought to America, but it has gone back, having been purchased here by Mr. Labouchere, M. P. The Angel Uriel in the Sun, in the possession of the Marquis of Stafford. This is a colossal fore-shortened figure, that if standing UPRIGHT would be fourteen feet high, but being foreshortened, occupies a space of but nine feet. The Directors of the British Gallery presented me with a hundred and fifty guineas, as a token of their approbation of Uriel. Since my return to America, I have painted a number of pictures, but chiefly small ones. I shall mention only a few of the larger ones, viz., Jeremiah dictating his Prophecy to Baruch, the Scribe; the figures as large as life. Saul and the Witch of Endor, and Spalatro's Vision of the Bloody Hand.'

"The personal appearance of Allston was remarkable. His figure was slight, and his action significant of spiritual grace. His long hair hung carelessly about his neck. His face was small, and actually ploughed over with a kind of nervous ruggedness, finely illustrated in his bust by Clavenger. His eyes were large and lustrous, and the first sight of the painter made the stranger feel that he was a remarkable man. Even as he glided in his unpretending way along the street, there was an abstractive, an unearthly air about him, that often made the careless stop—and yet there never was a gifted man so utterly free from all consciousness of superiority. His mind was fixed, not on his reputation, but on that exalted standard of excellence toward which he earnestly pressed. He thirsted for a satisfaction which praise and consideration never yield. And who that knew him can ever forget the graces of his social character—the simple hospitality with which he welcomed the visitor—the unaffected interest with which he entered into the feelings and prospects of every votary of art—his sweet encouragement to the young—his ardent sympathy with every form of beauty and of truth—his winning recognition of nature under every disguise, and of honest worth, however unacknowledged! Add to all this a beautiful self-respect and childlike frankness, and nothing is wanting to win the hearts of the gifted and the generous."

AND GOD SAID "LET THERE BE LIGHT!"

"LET there be light!" Swift as the wings of thought,
Forth rushed the angels at Jehovah's voice,
To bid the earth, the sea, the stars rejoice,
And gild creation o'er;—yet light was not;—
Not in the caves of earth; and the dark sea,
Heaving its billows, groaned, "'tis not in me."
Where, Light, thy dwelling? Lo! the golden doors
Of heaven are opened: Darkness, turn and flee!
Back, angels, speed to the celestial shores:
See, from *the throne of God* the stream of glory pours.

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LITERATURE AND BUSINESS.

An opinion is prevalent, that literary pursuits have a tendency, by withdrawing the mind from customary employment into the regions of recollection or anticipation, to impair that attention and concentration of energy to the business of life, which is essential to its being successfully pursued. This, although it may occasionally be correct, is, universally applied, a very erroneous impression.

The mind is never really vacant. If no other ideas be entertained, those of merely sensual gratification will be indulged; and to eat, drink, and sleep, will be considered as the whole end of existence. The mind must be filled with ideas of some kind during the hours both of occupation and leisure; ideas, too, often unconnected with the business of the moment. Indeed it cannot be said that, in this respect, we are our own masters; for the most trivial occurrence often reminds us of some by-gone incident, which, in its turn, carries away our thoughts in a thousand inevitable associations, till, like one lost in a maze, we lose sight of the path by which we entered upon them; and yet, all the while, perhaps we have continued the mechanical operations in which we are engaged.

It may be said that something more than mechanical operation is required; that the attention must be free and undivided; but if the attention should be involuntarily diverted when it is required to be fixed, it can, by a very slight effort, be re-directed to the proper object; the momentary diversion, therefore, can be productive of no evil; and we repeat that extraneous ideas, even as it is, continually occur.

The objection to literature, as diverting the attention, is destroyed, if it be shown that it has not the effect of increasing the wandering and withdrawing the attention of the mind.

It is a matter of considerable importance, of what nature those things shall be composed to which the mind constantly recurs when left to itself, that they shall be neither frivolous nor injurious (for evil will not fail to enter wherever the absence of good affords an opportunity); and it is evident that nothing is better adapted to form this habit of the mind than a love of information.

But let it be admitted that the ideas of the closet are brought into the counting-house, and influence the conduct. Can such influence be injurious? The ambition and emulation of the young will not be damped by the recollection of the perseverance of Franklin, the application of Murray, or the ardor of Davy. On the contrary, they will be excited to imitate such examples, and to reach a like eminence.

No disadvantage can arise from viewing the things around us with the eye of knowledge, instead of looking upon them with ignorant indifference or with the stupid stare of wonder.

Science is now so extensively made subservient to commerce, that in no case ought some acquaintance with it to be neglected. There is no occupation in which good may not be derived from general attainments; or rather, they must be possessed, unless we are content to fall behind in the march of improvement and success.

If we are to be a race of misers, intent on nothing but scraping together wealth, without bestowing a thought on the pure pleasures of existence, without studying the works of Nature, and from them rising to Nature's God; if we are to go grovelling on, without making the least intellectual advance; then it is right to chain ourselves down to one range of duties, and no more.

A great argument in favor of the proper conjunction of literature and commerce is afforded by the fact that many have pursued both at the same time with the greatest success; as, to mention no more, among our own countrymen, Mr. Roscoe, Mr. Rogers, Sir D. North, Mr. Ricardo, W. Hutton, and others. Many of the most scientific men of the present day are distinguished for their strictly business habits. Yet many are checked in their ardor after knowledge, which *is* power, by the advice of those whose words they are bound to respect, and are told to "stick to business," that is, to do nothing else and think of nothing else but getting money.

But it is universally acknowledged that relaxation is required, or the powers, mental and bodily, will grow languid; and what is a sweeter relaxation than that afforded by literature? what is pleasanter than to commune with the master spirits of the world? Such pleasures are generally far preferable to others, as, contrary to what is frequently asserted, they do not cause that

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subsequent satiety and fatigue which are produced by many other pleasures, rendering us, for a time, unfit for active exertion: mental exercise causes no inconvenience, and requires no extraordinary rest. Such an employment of time acts against frivolity of character, is a never-failing source of enjoyment, and will be found most satisfactory in all the various mutations of life.

There is no doubt that, like everything else, this pursuit may be carried to excess, so as to interfere with the ordinary duties of life, and that then it will be injurious. Regard must also be had to the quantity of intellectual nutriment taken, although, perhaps, there is, in general, but little danger of exceeding the due limit. No more should be taken than can be digested.

As there is sufficient variety to suit different tastes, it is perhaps to be recommended that the natural bent of the mind should be indulged in a proper direction. General literature is more suited to those who are much occupied, tha study of any one branch, unless where su knowledge is, from the nature of the occupa particularly useful; in which case, that su should be preferred. Some of the more abs subjects will, indeed, be found incompatible active and daily business; and, after all—

> "Not to know at large of things remote
> From use, obscure and subtle; but to know
> That which before us lies in daily life,
> Is the prime wisdom."

Finally, that we should be occupied entir with one immediate action only, throughout i it is irrational of man to require of his fell men. We have many duties besides that of a daily toil. Let us, then, lose no opportunity acquiring information; the importance of w employing our short intervals of leisure is so ge erally acknowledged, that it need not be furth urged on the present occasion.

SPRING.

Green are the hills, and beautiful,
  And fresh the breath of Spring;
The fish are leaping in the pool,
  The flowers are opening.
The sun-kiss'd cloud floats slowly by,
  And passes to the north;
And the sun looks out so lovingly,
  And calls the primrose forth.

The slumb'ring beetle feels his rays,
  And leaves his citadel;
The bee, rejoicing in his gaze,
  Begins to build his cell.
Sweet warblers flit from bough to bough,
  And sing, and plume their breasts;
Or fetch, from furrows of the plough,
  Materials for their nests.

The spider from the rocky eaves
  Suspends his silken coil;
Among the moss the sorrel leaves
  Are bursting from the soil.
The violet by the hedgerow blooms,
  The star-flower by the stream,
The hyacinth in the forest glooms,
  But waits a brighter gleam.

I see them all, I dry my tears;
  My heart is once more whole.
I hear the music of the spheres,
  It singeth to my soul—
Singeth, in accents sweet and low,
  Of love, and hope, and faith;
And bids me, in the hour of wo,
  "Hear what the Spirit saith."

WHO LOVE ONE ANOTHER!

How dear is the blossom, wherever it grows,
How easy their duty, how sweet their repose,
And oh! what a stranger the tear is, to those
  Who love one another!

They pass through this life as if, truly, it were
But a state of probation; its crosses they share,
As well as its pleasures; and what smiles they wear,
  Who love one another!

Care to them comes but seldom, is borne and forgot,
While joy taketh up its abode in their cot;
They may lack this world's goods, but they sigh for them not,
  Who love one another!

Age may blot out the scenes where in childhood they stood,
And learnt them belief in the True and the Good,
It can ne'er reach their hearts—it were vain if it could—
  Who love one another!

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Procrastination

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* "In the romantic county of Devonshire, there is still extant an old superstition, that a child born on Good Friday, will, during its lifetime, be watched over and guarded by angels. It is still believed by many villagers.

"Walking one evening in a retired spot near Tiverton, I overheard a young mother address her baby in nearly the following words. I have endeavored to embody them in the subjoined song, but fear they have lost much of their freshness in my hands. I trust, however, that some of their original beauty may remain."

Author's Note to the Publisher's MSS.

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lit - tle cra - dle bed, Thy love - ly in - fant head, So

mf

ho - ly seems, so calm and fair, It is no mar - vel now, . . To think it is an

Dolce.

Rall. e dim.

an - gel's care, That soothes thy love-ly brow.

Colla parte.

mf

Cres.

2. My child, my angel child!
When all thy winning ways,
That now but charm thy mother's heart,
Must yield to wiser days—
When thou art strong and bold,
And I am weak and old;
I'll cherish still the story wild
They whispered at thy birth,
And deem an angel guards my child
From all the ills of earth.

3. My child, my angel child!
My beautiful, my own!
'Tis said that such fair forms as thine
Meet round a heav'nly throne;
And if so near akin
To all most fair to win,
Perchance it is no dream of old,
No legend strange and wild—
To think that angel arms enfold,
And guard my slumb'ring child.

SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES.

BY MRS. M. E. DOUBLEDAY.

The fine house in that pleasant quarter of the city, in the street ———, number 46, was at last taken. It had long stood empty, to the great annoyance of the lady who occupied the house opposite. The autumn leaves had fallen upon the steps and the pavement, and had remained unswept until the snows of winter had melted away. Dirty children ate out of their aprons on the marble steps—the soapman rested his tin kettle there as he prolonged his cry.

There was a desolation in the aspect of the place, which made Mrs. Jones sad. It had always been a pleasant resort to her, in all her hours of listlessness, to note the proceedings of her opposite neighbor. But now the blinds were closed, the doors never opened; there was no going in, no coming out, no cheerful gleam of light from the parlor windows or the hall lamp. The baker, the milkman, the butcher, all passed the forsaken dwelling; not even a ragged child or a crippled woman, with a basket for "cold *victuals*," was to be caught at a glimpse descending the area.

On the first day of the year, Mrs. Jones had always employed the intervals which were left unoccupied by the successive arrivals of her own visiters, in noting and counting the visiters of her opposite neighbor; but this new year had passed, and that door had never once turned on its hinges. There it stood closed and unsocial amid all the surrounding festivity—dark and impenetrable, as if concealing some mysterious secret in its hidden recesses.

Somehow Mrs. Jones felt as if she were robbed of a sight, as if she were neglected, slighted, in being thus deprived of an accustomed source of interest and employment. The dullness opposite was reflected on her own house. She began to find the whole neighborhood disagreeable, the street dull, the location inconvenient, the very air unhealthy, and to hint and talk about the possible necessity of a change of residence for herself and family the ensuing May. She mourned the desolation of 46. Sometimes she condemned the inertness of the landlord who let his property remain without a tenant; then she pitied him for the loss he was sustaining; and then she wondered that those who were renting should be insensible to the advantages of this particular location.

At length, on one fine morning in early spring, the landlord was seen upon the steps with his key in his hand, attended by a lady and a gentleman. Mrs. Jones caught one glance as they entered—she seated herself at a window, and waited long and patiently for the re-appearance of the party. The house must have been thoroughly explored. At last they returned. A tall gentlemanly man, past the prime of life; the lady slight and delicate in figure, her face quite concealed by a thick green veil, plainly attired, but with the unmistakable air which belongs to the refined.

The house was evidently taken. Soon the windows were flung open, and there was all the bustle of cleaning; of colored women with their brushes, and pails, and brooms; of white-washers, of painters, glaziers, upholsterers—all so active and busy, going out and going in, that the whole section of the square was enlivened, and Mrs. Jones cheered and delighted.

Then the house was closed, or only opened on fine days to be aired and dried. To Mrs. Jones this was a long season of patient waiting, of expectation; but anticipation and conjecture, aided by imagination, enabled her to endure and wait the forthcoming.

She was roused late in April by the rattling of carts, and carefully withdrawing her curtains, she found that they were unloading and depositing their contents at 46. It was an exciting season to Mrs. Jones. Screened from observation, she watched the arrival and unloading of each cart, and conjectured the contents of each bale or box. In due time the master and mistress of the mansion made their appearance. They were doubtless husband and wife. When the lady alighted, Mrs. Jones looked for the nurse and the baby, but she lightly sprang up the steps, and the carriage drove away, while the gentleman more slowly followed her into the house, no child or nurse appearing; and all day

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long Mrs. Jones watched in vain for a crib or cradle.

An hour after their entrance, Mrs. Jones saw her new neighbors come to the window, and, flinging back their shutters, look as if to take a survey of their new location. Behind her own heavy damask Mrs. Jones could take an accurate survey of their movements, and she could distinguish perfectly all their features so as to criticise their appearance. The lady was very young and very beautiful; and as the gentleman stood by the side of this fair sweet girl, Mrs. Jones felt sickened at the obvious inequality of their ages. There he was, a gray-haired man beside his youthful bride. What a contrast! Her face was radiant with youthful hope and youthful joy, glowing with health and happiness, while time and care had written lines upon his pale face and broad brow. Yet they were affectionate if not fond, for she leaned her head on his shoulder, while he passed his hand lovingly over her rich, smooth, braided hair, and as he looked down upon her, her soft eyes met his kind glance. Still Mrs. Jones knew how much she was to be pitied. She knew how soon the petted bride must forego all the enjoyments of her age to become the soother of infirmity, the nurse of age, perhaps the slave of dotage; and she pondered the reasons which could have induced one so richly gifted with grace and loveliness to ally herself to declining years and approaching age. She had been left an orphan, poor, dependent—she had married to secure a support and a home. Perhaps she had been a governess, a teacher, or even a seamstress—these were often pretty and delicate, with a decided air of gentility—and a bachelor quite advanced, or a widower, in his haste often made a choice very different from that which he would have made had he been wise enough to have followed the advice of sisters, nieces, or daughters. So Mrs. Jones told her friend Mrs. Smith that she thought these circumstances quite suspicious, and she, for one, would advise no lady to be in haste to cultivate the acquaintance of the new comers.

As Mrs. Jones had no children, and was a very strictly principled woman, who wasted no time in reading or vain amusements, it often hung heavily upon her hands—especially in that weather which prevented the shopping, which was her great employment, and that morning visiting which was her principal recreation.

Notwithstanding all her commendable diligence in working worsted slippers and book marks, in making pincushions and reticules, she was troubled with superfluous hours. The occupation of the house opposite relieved the tedium of her daily life. It furnished her with a subject of investigation, of meditation, of contemplation, and a theme for conversation inexhaustible, when she met her confidential friend Mrs. Smith.

Meanwhile the unconscious dispensers of these benefits were busily employed in completing their household arrangements; and as the blinds and windows were often opened, Mrs. Jones was enabled to take a very accurate, and, to herself, highly satisfactory, inventory of all (to use a legal phrase) *their effects*. All was fashionable, handsome, and well arranged: they were doubtless people entitled to some consideration.

Mrs. Jones could see the young mistress of the mansion busily and cheerfully employed, moving from room to room, with light and graceful step. She saw the heavy gentleman hanging pictures, unpacking books—she noticed him often standing before what seemed the portrait of a lady, as if lost in retrospection; and she almost suspected that the present bride had had a predecessor. But no—that could not be—for once, when he was thus standing absorbed, the fair young creature came with a light step, and, passing her hand through his arm, leaned her head on his bosom, and he kissed the pure forehead. No second bride ever loved thus to gaze upon the features of her whose place she occupied.

In due time all was arranged, and the door-plate was at length affixed, and within an hour Mrs. Jones called on a neighbor opposite, whom she confessed she had too long neglected. As she passed the door of 46, she naturally glanced at the name—John Malcom. Well—that was well—Mr. and Mrs. Malcom.

After the household was settled, the opportunities for observation were more unfrequent, but Mrs. Jones well improved all that presented. From her oversight of the marketing, she could decide what was on the breakfast, and what on the dinner-table, and she formed quite an accurate estimate of their daily expenditure. The summer was commencing sultry warm, and the windows were left without drapery, and thus Mrs. Jones could overlook the domestic arrangements. The young wife rose early, and Mrs. Jones abridged her own morning nap, to lose no opportunity. She watched her as she appeared in her simple morning dress, opening the blinds to admit the fresh morning air. She could see her as she fed her birds and watered her plants; and she followed her as she descended to the breakfast parlor. It was late before the gentleman appeared; but Mrs. Jones could look down into the basement, and see the table with its pure damask cloth, the newspaper by the plate,

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the bright coffee urn, the clear amber which fell into the cups, the fair wife presiding, ever bright and attentive; while the large chair was always in its place; and if the morning was cool or damp, the fire glowed in the grate, and no tokens of discontent or impatience clouded the fair brow, whatever the delay.

Two grave, decent, middle-aged gentlemen called on alternate days of the week, and Mrs. Jones found that they were teachers, and that Mrs. Malcom was actually still pursuing her studies; and while she deprecated the want of household taste thus displayed by the lady, she wondered still more at the folly of the gentleman in permitting this—"For," as she told Mrs. Smith, "all the world knows that a woman learns music, and dancing, and French, and grammar, just to have it to say to you that she has studied them after you leave school. Nobody expects one to know anything about them; and they are always dropped when one gets married; then what folly to waste time and money upon them after a woman is fairly settled."

The lessons were all disposed of before the late dinner hour arrived; and as the door opened, the bright face, so pleasant to him, was ready to welcome the return of Mr. Malcom. Perhaps from that desire for strong light which attends the failing sight, after dinner the parlor blinds were flung open, and the husband could be seen at ease upon the sofa, or in the large chair, while seated on the low ottoman by his side, the wife read the closely-printed columns Mrs. Jones's soul detested from the newspapers, or she played and sang, as with slow and heavy step he trod the rich carpet, walking backwards and forwards through the large parlor.

Philosophers who devote themselves to any one branch of natural science are apt to become enthusiasts; but no study is more keenly exciting, none more intensely absorbing, than that social science which leads the benevolent to the close investigation of the habits, pursuits, and circumstances of their near neighbors. This is to be commended for the quickening and arousing of all the perceptive faculties, while it especially greatly enlarges all the powers of the imagination.

From her long devotedness to this branch of study, Mrs. Jones had become, in one sense, a clairvoyant, and thus she could at pleasure enter into the apartments of her opposite neighbors, and exercise a supervision over all that was passing there. She pronounced the general deportment of the lady unexceptionable, notwithstanding her unfortunate youth and beauty, and acknowledged little Mrs. Malcom to be quite a model of a wife, even while she was permitting the steak to spoil, and the coffee for the breakfast of Mrs. Jones to become cold in consequence of her attention to the interests of her neighbors.

Yet there were some circumstances which gave her uneasiness. She sometimes saw Mrs. Malcom evidently watching the return of the messenger who brought the letters and papers; and she had once or twice overlooked her reading long sheets closely written, with too evident an interest. Certain tokens betrayed an unusual excitement as June advanced. Bandboxes were carried into the house, dress-makers were busied there, shop-boys were bringing bundles, and Mrs. Jones knew that a trip to some fashionable place of resort was in contemplation, and she mused upon the dangers which awaited one so beautiful and fascinating, united to one whom she might respect, yet could scarcely love, in the whirl of amusement and gayety.

Her worst fears were all confirmed, as one day when she *accidentally* found herself, from the third story of her own house, overlooking the lady in the chamber of the opposite second. Mrs. Malcom was seated in a low chair near the open window, and Mrs. Jones had full opportunity for observation. A servant delivered a packet, attended by one of those long letters. The lady became very pale as she read the letter, and she wept bitterly over it. Then she opened the packet and took out a miniature which she kissed. A heavy set of ornaments next appeared—she smiled as she looked them over, and clasped the bracelet on her arm. Mrs. Jones saw Mr. Malcom ascending the steps, and she almost trembled as she fancied his shadow darkened the wall; but the wife too had heard his footstep, for she hastily gathered her treasure and disappeared.

What a world of romance, of love, of guilt, was revealed! Such manifestations could not be mistaken. One passion alone awoke such emotion. And Mrs. Jones told Mrs. Smith she pitied, while she condemned.

After this for some time Mrs. Jones made no further discoveries. Mrs. Malcom seemed pensive, sometimes sad, and the excitement was over. All was quiet,—there were no further tokens of an excursion. Mrs. Jones was puzzled. One morning, after long waiting, Mrs. Jones saw Mr. Malcom descending the steps, attended by the waiter with the trunk and carpet bag; he entered the carriage and drove away, but the lady remained behind. In the course of the day, a quiet, middle-aged lady appeared at the door, but there was an air of dulness over the whole establishment.

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Mr. Malcom had been absent some days, when at an unusually early hour of the morning, Mrs. Jones saw an elegant looking young man hastily ascending the steps. His loud summons was speedily answered. The parlor windows were opened, for the maid was arranging them, and thus Mrs. Jones could see Mrs. Malcom as she met the stranger. She became very pale and clasped her hands, but she seemed willing to fall into his arms, and offered no resistance as he repeatedly kissed her and pressed her to him—while passing his arm around her slender waist, he hurried her into the back parlor. Horror-struck at the proof of such open guilt, Mrs. Jones rejoiced (she said she did at least) when the blinds were closed, and the guilty or unfortunate pair screened even from her eyes.

But that day, and the next, and the next, did the infatuated man spend with the guilty wife. Mrs. Jones saw him entering early in the day, and she could see the shadows of the twain through the blinds as the evening lamp shed its soft light upon them. He rode with her, he walked with her, he sang with her while she played, apparently unmolested either by the reproaches of her own conscience, or the interference of the matron left as a protectress. Mrs. Jones was grieved, heart-sickened, at this outbreak of immorality in her own immediate neighborhood. She told Mrs. Smith that she felt as if the air was infected, and she reprobated the folly of the husband, while she condemned the guilt of the wife.

It was a relief to Mrs. Jones to see the carriage return with Mr. Malcom. It had received an additional quantity of baggage, and as Mr. Malcom alighted, he assisted a tall stately lady to descend, and giving her his arm with some state, he led her up the steps. The hall door opened, and there stood the faithless little wife, as bright, as fond as ever, yet still Mrs. Jones thought a little constrained. And when Mr. Malcom entered the parlor, according to his former habits, the blinds were flung open to admit the cool evening breeze.

The ladies had disappeared, and Mrs. Jones knew that Mrs. Malcom was showing her guest her room. She did not wonder that she shunned her injured lord. But she soon re-appeared, and approaching Mr. Malcom, the greeting was even more tender than usual. With the apparent artlessness of a child, she flung her arms around his neck. When he drew her to a seat on the sofa beside him, she still kept his hand, and a conversation interesting to both seemed to ensue. Her cheeks were more deeply tinged than usual, her eyes were downcast, but she could not have been confessing her imprudence or her guilt; for while the husband was grave and thoughtful, he was still calm and often smiled, and as the conversation closed, he kissed her with his usual grave fondness.

The lover (for such he assuredly was) did not re-appear. Mr. and Mrs. Malcom were frequently to be seen riding or walking, both paying most scrupulous attention to their guest—Mr. Malcom, with great ceremony, proffering his arm to her, while the little wife skipped on before or behind, one side or the other, as light as a bird—as heartless, Mrs. Jones said, as a butterfly.

Mrs. Jones wondered what had become of the unfortunate, if not unprincipled man! There had surely, by all tokens, been a dream of love, of passion. And was there ever an awakening without sorrow, though there followed no remorse? Sadness would have spoken penitence. The lover might have been banished from the conviction of conscience or the voice of reason, but not so soon could he be forgotten!

But Mrs. Malcom was as cheerful, as gay as ever. All was brightness around her. As one has longed for clouds when the sky has been too bright and clear, so did Mrs. Jones for some signs of sadness on that fair face, dight with the glow of health, and hope, and happiness.

A large evening party, probably given in honor of the guest, accounted satisfactorily for much of the evident excitement which had prevailed for a few days; and Mrs. Jones strained her eyes with watching for the form of the lover among the guests. She thought she discovered him; and she thought she saw him with Mrs. Malcom on his arm, but she was not sure. The house was full, the rooms crowded—she might have been mistaken.

Mrs. Jones knew that there would be no early rising after the late party, and she indulged herself in a prolonged repose. The day after, the dullness which always follows a scene of excitement seemed to rest upon her neighbors—it was not removed the next. Mr. Malcom went and came, but that light form was seen no more. The strange lady moved around calmly, quietly, but a different atmosphere pervaded the dwelling. The evenings were growing cold, the days longer. The lamps were lighted, the windows curtained, and all opportunities of observation cut off. Mrs. Jones feared Mrs. Malcom might be ill, but no physician's gig appeared at the door, no phials or parcels from the apothecary's were carried in.

Then she thought there must have been an explanation, an explosion. The poor young wretched thing—perhaps she was in a lunatic asylum, or locked up in a dark closet.

Sadly musing upon these sad changes, Mrs.

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Jones fell into a deep melancholy. Had she been a lady of literary pretensions, she had woven what she had witnessed into a tale of romance, of instruction, of warning—she would have got it out under the title of "The Imprudent Marriage," or of the "Mysterious Visiter;" but being more accustomed to her needle than to her pen, in finding herself shut off from her post of observation, while her heart swelled at the thought of the ingratitude thus manifested to one who had taken such a deep interest in strangers, she sought other resources to enliven her solitude and improve her time.

It was rainy, uncomfortable weather, unfavorable to any display of hat or dress in Broadway, so she resolutely seated herself on the divan in her own back parlor, away from that post of observation so long held, and there she commenced a pair of slippers for Mr. Jones, to be added to the eighth pair already presented, to be carefully preserved as proofs of conjugal attachment by the husband, but never worn, from a regard to conjugal peace,—for what wife could bear to see the work of her hands destroyed?

Mrs. Jones was thus sitting, dull, cheerless, when an old friend was announced. After the regrets always interchanged between ladies who thus meet occasionally, that they have not met for so long a period, that they cannot meet more frequently, Mrs. Wilson frankly told Mrs. Jones that at this time she was drawn into her neighborhood to visit an old and dear friend, "Mrs. Malcom." "Mrs. Malcom!" repeated Mrs. Jones. "She lives just opposite," replied Mrs. Wilson; "and as she tells me she has few acquaintances in this immediate vicinity, I thought I would recommend her to your acquaintance. You will find her very lovely, intelligent, and accomplished." Mrs. Jones thought of the masters, and all her other surmisings and suspicions rose in her bosom. "Mrs. Malcom seems much younger than her husband," was her reply. "Yes, she is younger, though for my part I don't think much of such a disparity. He is an excellent man, and she is a devoted wife. She will make him a happy and cheerful home for his old age," returned the visiter.

"She will require more prudence than she has hitherto exhibited," said Mrs. Jones, kindling up. Mrs. Wilson looked amazement. "What do you mean?" "I mean that a young wife who receives the visits of a young gentleman, day after day, in the absence of her husband, and who yet manages never to have him appear in the presence of the man he must have injured, stands on slippery ground—she risks alike her husband's happiness and his honor."

"You must be strangely mistaken," said Mrs. Wilson. "Mrs. Malcom is not one to compromise either her dignity or her honor. She has been married but a short time, and Mr. Malcom has never left home since. But," she added, "Mr. Malcom has one daughter, an only child, married since her father, who may have received the visits of her lover during the absence of her father." As Mrs. Jones sat dumb, Mrs. Wilson proceeded: "Mr. Malcom lost a wife of whom he was very fond, when Grace was a child, and his grief was so deep that he shunned a second marriage. He lived for Grace, and she repaid his love; for although much attached to the young gentleman to whom she has for a year or two been engaged, she would not leave her father when his business called him to Europe, and her marriage was therefore deferred until he could return. But as it was found that for some years he must be much of his time abroad, I think Mr. Malcom felt that it would be selfish in him to still wish the marriage delayed, and thus he was induced to address a lady of whom Grace was very fond, and who has had much care of her education. The gentleman to whom Grace was engaged was expected in the June packet, but from some occurrence delayed, and greatly to the disappointof all parties. He came unexpectedly in the next steamer, taking them all by surprise, while Mr. Malcom was on his wedding tour. Mrs. Malcom has just told me that there must have been quite a scene at the meeting, which took place, as they afterwards found, with some confusion, before the open window, and in the presence of all the servants of the family, and all the bakers and milk-boys in the street. It is of little consequence—they were married a week or two since, and are visiting the friends of the bridegroom, preparatory to leaving for France in the fall."

Was Mrs. Jones glad to have all mystery done away, and a romance of sin or folly resolved into a homely tale of happy love, of honorable wedlock? I cannot tell. She assured Mrs. Wilson that she had always admired the appearance of the ladies, and should embrace the earliest opportunity of making their acquaintance.

To her friends she said, "At any rate, the circumstances were very suspicious."

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THE BALANCE OF LIFE.

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

When Shah Jehan was emperor of India, and inhabited the golden palace of Delhi, the two men most esteemed in his court were Teman the ambassador and Fuadeen the stranger. Teman was of the Brahmin caste, and was born in Benares. His father had been a priest of Vishnu, and was killed in a rush of pilgrims at one of the great festivals. His mother became a Suttee; and their only son, while yet a boy, was left to the care of a devotee uncle, who had bound himself by a vow to roll on his side from one end of the province to the other for the space of fourteen years, and was peculiarly expert in every form of penance. His determination to initiate his nephew into those devotional arts had occasioned the latter's unceremonious departure from his guardianship, in company with a band of travelling Thugs; but the sight of some strong silk cords which one of them carried induced the boy to prefer mingling with the coolies of a caravan on the road, too numerous for them to attack, and he was subsequently taken into the service of its principal merchant. With that master he had travelled and traded in every region from Malabar to Toboilskoi, and rose by regular gradations in his confidence and employment, till the plague, which the merchant had so often encountered and escaped, at length numbered him among its victims, and Teman arrived at Delhi, charged with the property he had left and the news of his death to his family. Of this trust he acquitted himself honorably, and assisted in the mourning of the household, not without good reason. He had received for himself his master's blessing, a bag of piastres, and a letter of recommendation to the vizier's umbrella-bearer. The inhabitants of Delhi wondered that he did not marry the merchant's widow; but the umbrella-bearer did, and Teman became his secretary. Success attended him in the purlieus of the court, as it had done in the paths of the caravan. From conducting the master of umbrella's correspondence, he rose to preside over that of the vizier, and ultimately to the favor of Shah Jehan. The knowledge of men and letters which he had acquired under his uncle, or the Delhi merchant, at length recommended him to the office of ambassador to the Grand-Lama of Thibet, regarding a present of shawls from that venerable sovereign, which the emperor esteemed somewhat inferior. The results of his embassy were highly satisfactory. The emperor's dignity was recognized by the presentation of sundry finer fabrics, and Teman was complimented with the title of the Imperial Shadow, and employed ever after in difficult negotiations.

As for Fuadeen the stranger, no man knew his land or history, save that, from habits and complexion, he was believed to be of the race of the western Franks, and had been one of the many artificers who thronged to Delhi ten years before, in obedience to Shah Jehan's requisition, to assist in the erection of the golden palace, which cost him so much care, his empire such heavy taxes, and modern travellers so many a journey to gaze upon its ruins. The march of Fuadeen's fortunes had been through his art. In working in stone and metals he was found to excel both Musulman and Hindoo. Cornice, column, and capital bore witness to his skill, and eventually he crowned his honors by ornamenting the balcony in which the emperor gave audience to foreign ambassadors, and justice to his subjects who could find access, with an immense mosaic picture, composed entirely of precious stones; and Shah Jehan expressed his lasting admiration of the work by commanding the artist to place his own portrait in the centre, and appointing him perpetual chief of his artificers.

Thus, nearly equal in preferment, but far apart in interest and pursuits, Teman and Fuadeen became familiar friends. There was a likeness in the fashion of their lives which gradually drew them to intimacy. Both had come strangers to the city; each had assisted in carving out his own prosperity, and learned to carry it quietly, like a garment of daily wear. Both were men of knowledge and experience, which they used in the world, and talked over only when they met

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on each other's carpets. The grand mufti himself could not say whether or not Teman still continued a worshipper of Brahma, but no one had ever heard him call in question the established faith of the empire; and though Fuadeen was a born unbeliever, he always treated both mosque and dervish with becoming deference.

Thus far the resemblance went; but as their days increased, a strange dissimilarity grew up in their respective characters. Fuadeen's interest and energy in all things began to flag almost to indolence. The pursuits of his art, the intrigues of the court, and the news of the city, were heard of and passed over with the same easy indifference as matters that no longer concerned him. He lived in his pavilion under a banian, resigned, careless, and occupied with nothing but the smoke of his pipe, the converse of his friends, and at times, but not often, with the books of the sages.

Teman, on the contrary, became earnest and inquiring after questions of philosophy and the causes of things. He searched into curious arts and manners of life, going up with the herb-gatherers to the mountains, and down into mines with those that sought for metals. He talked with dervishes, consulted magicians, and undertook long journeys to converse with the famous doctors of all creeds—visiting the Brahmins that dwelt by the sources of the Ganges, the last of the magi at Bombay, and the disciples of Confucius in the temples of Cochin. From every pilgrimage he returned increased in books and in knowledge. Many predicted that the Sultan's Shadow would in time become the most learned sage of India; but from them all Teman returned unsatisfied, and care seemed to grow upon him as well as wisdom. There was one subject which puzzled him, in spite of doctors' books and observation; and the question appeared only more complicated the more he inquired. The labor of Teman's political life had been to preserve the balance of power among surrounding princes, that each might be a check on his neighbor, and all subordinate to Shah Jehan. To that end he had negotiated five royal marriages, three divorces, and seven treaties of alliance, offensive and defensive. The soul of the Sultan's Shadow grew dry and weary when looking back on the details of those diplomatic years; but their object had been achieved, the emperor's domination had been established, his fortunes were built up with it, and the surrounding royalties hung in an equipoise so nice, that a circle of revolutions seemed the necessary consequence of the first perturbation.

Thus long employed in adjusting the political balance, Teman's attention was turned to weighing the affairs of individual life. There disparity met him at every glance. There was nothing like equality, and there seemed no possibility of adjustment. While in one instance the scale was weighed down with an over-abundance of gifts and opportunities, in another it went up with the flutter of rags and the emptiness of restriction. Teman was perplexed about the why and wherefore. The Parsee doctors informed him it was the work of the evil principle, Ahriman, constantly at war with Ormuz, or the good. The dervishes universally contented themselves with declaring it was the decree of Allah, and the Brahmins assured the inquirer that all would be rectified at the tenth incarnation of their god. But this seemed even less satisfactory than the answer of the Cochin Bonzas, who, with much ceremony and in strict confidence, acquainted him that they knew nothing about it.

One evening the two fortunate friends met in Fuadeen's pavilion under the banian tree. They were alone, and their discourse flowed on in its wonted channels, as the daylight waned. They talked of much that both had seen and heard in far lands and ancient volumes—of the changes of faith and the vicissitudes of fortune—the teachings of priests and the doctrines of sages. All passed by Fuadeen like a stream on whose banks he had been used to tread, but it troubled the soul of Teman. The perplexity of his years returned upon him, and he said, "Fuadeen, though the places of our birth were far apart, tell me, hast thou never marvelled at the fortunes of men, and the unequal division of those good and evil things over which mortals have neither power nor prescience?"—"It was the wonder of my younger days, but now I know not if there be any difference; for I have seen that in every estate the scales of life hang equal."—"Oh Fuadeen!" said his friend, "men have named thee well, for truly thy soul is a stranger if it reckon thus. Seest thou not that one is born a slave and another a sultan; that one comes into life the bondman of deficiency, and another the heir of advantage; some inherit gifts without opportunities, some opportunities without gifts; and there is neither hope nor justice!"

Thus they disputed for hours, till the time of the evening-prayer had long passed, and the moon was high in heaven. Then Fuadeen said, "Men called my birthplace the City of Flowers, and it stood in the land of the old Etruscan race. The Etruscans supplanted no faith and conquered no nations; but built cities, planted corn and vines, and practised the arts of the far unstoried ages; so their history has perished, and their gods are forgotten. In my youth there was a pilgrim,

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known in all the cities of the west as one that carried no relics and said no prayers. The place of our convent had been a Roman town, a Gothic fortress, and a Frankish battle-field. Thither the palmer came, and, it matters not why, but my youth was solitary, and I was his helper in searching out their secrets, with torch and mattock, in the nights of midsummer. He gathered from those ancient graves graven tablet and written scroll, and read long inscriptions sculptured deep in rock where daylight had never shone. That palmer had been a stranger in many nations; much he had learned of the dark unprized sciences, and something he taught me, but chiefly the mystery of the balance by which Pagan soothsayers were wont to question the fates, long after the oracles were silenced and the lament for Pan had been heard at midnight on the Grecian Sea. I cannot tell if the old tales were true; but chroniclers say that the early bishops of Rome, amid their growing power and splendor, were strangely troubled by these men's predictions, for in no matter was their art ever known to fail; and, Teman, it may have answers for thy doubts also."

"Show me the mystery, then," cried Teman, "for my soul is perplexed;" and the Imperial Shadow supported his request by sundry assurances that no intimation on the subject would ever reach the ear of either dervish or cadi; but Fuadeen only smiled and answered, "Fear comes not among friends. If thou wouldst see and learn, turn thy face to the west and try to recollect all that has most concerned thee.'

Teman turned him as directed, and shook the sands of his memory, while Fuadeen clapped his hands; and when his favorite servant appeared, at the summons, he said, "Bring me a brazier of burning charcoal and the box of brass that stands beside my bed." The brazier and the box were brought. Fuadeen opened the latter with a key which he constantly carried, and took from it two small stone pipes, ready filled, and a large vial. He lighted both at the brazier, and, handing one of them, together with the vial, to Teman, said, "Drink half the contents, pour the rest upon the fire, then smoke, and wait for what will happen."

Again Teman obeyed, but not without narrowly inspecting the fluid with which the vial was almost filled. It was clear and colorless, and, he thought, resembled aromatic air rather than liquid. When the remainder was poured on the charcoal, there arose first a brilliant flame and then a thick vapor. Fuadeen placed himself by his side, and as the friends smoked together, it gradually gathered into a dense gray cloud against the western wall. From the midst of this cloud there emerged what at first seemed the shadow but by degrees grew to the substantial figure of an antique balance, like that by which old astronomers were accustomed to denote the constellation Libra. "Now," said Fuadeen, "the balance of life is before thee. Ask for what state or condition thou wouldst have weighed, but see that thy words be few, and look well to the scales."

"In my acquaintance with courts," said Teman, "and sojourning in cities, I have learned much of the deceit of appearances, and know that what the vulgar call great is often mean, and what they deem happy crowned with thorns; therefore I ask, according to my own knowledge, weigh to me the state of Ranour, surnamed the Beloved, Rajah of Poomar, for surely he is fortunate." As he spoke, there appeared beside the balance one like a woman, wearing a hazy-colored mantle, and a dark veil on her head; but her face was bare, and it seemed to him like that of the marble sphinx he had seen in the desert of Luxor, which knew neither change nor time. Whence she came he saw not, and her motions made no sound; but she stood before the scales—that on her right hand was clear and silvery, and that on her left the color of rusty iron. Teman looked, and out of the cloud there came a great hand and gave to the woman packet after packet, which she took and put into the shining scale. All were sealed, but on every seal were words, which he could read because of their large characters. One was marked youth, a second riches, a third friends, a fourth health, and a fifth wisdom to govern. So the scale was filled with them, and it sunk to the ground; and Teman said, "How excellent is the fortune of Ranour!" But the hand again came out of the cloud with another packet, and on its seal was the word pride. The woman put it into the rusty scale, and Teman was astonished; for the beam immediately rose, and that single packet made the balance even. Then he said, "I will see a different example. Weigh to me the state of Noomi, the least esteemed of all the vizier's slave-girls; for the woman is not fair, and she is the servant of the whole yennana." Scarce were the words uttered, when the veiled figure emptied the scales back into the cloud, and their contents were lost to his view. But the hand came forth once more, and she took from it and put into the iron scale three packets. One was marked bondage, the second plainness, and the third (it was by far the largest) simplicity, and the scale sank. "The misfortunes of Noomi are heavy," said Teman; but while he spoke two other packets were dropped into the silvery scale—one was marked custom, and one hope—and he was amazed, for they poised the balance.

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Many were the states and fortunes weighed at Teman's request that night, and he learned the true condition of all his friends; but in every case there was somewhat that evened the beam. He saw the learning and reputation of Hassan, the principal dervish, balanced by envy and a boundless desire of domination; while the rustic ease, the pleasant home, and the flourishing family of Hamed the grower of wheat were all but outweighed by continual terrors of sorcerers and the evil eye. There were weights of the outward life and of the world within. Dembo, the chief of the merchants, had his wealth and success equalized by a groundless fear of poverty and loss; while the glory and genius of Mamoon the poet, whom Shah Jehan himself had crowned with jessamine, and the multitude surnamed the Divine Voice, could scarcely poise a bundle cast into the iron scale; and Teman read, that it was composed of regrets for something which his youth had missed, and an ill-tempered, unloving spouse. The silver scale was heaped to overflowing with the beauty, the power, and the imperial love bestowed on the reigning Sultana; but a preponderating packet of caprice and vanity was the next moment dropped into the iron one. Both were again employed with the concerns of Semroud the Ranee of Bouram, who had governed her father's principality through years of honor; but wisdom, prosperity, and praise were almost insufficient to balance a soiled dingy packet marked with confused characters, and whether they signified jealousy of her young niece, or the love of one who loved her not, Teman could never be certain. Indeed, the Sultan's Shadow tried for many a year to recollect and set in order the fortunes weighed in that mystic balance, with all the particulars of their weighing, but many escaped his memory. One of them it retained with tireless tenacity; for while he wondered over the state of Semroud, his friend, who had hitherto sat quietly by his side, said to the veiled woman, "Weigh to me the fortunes of Teman;" and when all his good fortune was put into the silvery scale, he saw it balanced by a craving after disputed questions and doubtful philosophy. Then Teman turned and said to Fuadeen, "What is the balance of thy fortunes, for all things have gone well with thee also?" And his friend answered—"To know that which thou hast seen; for they that know the equality of things lose the stimulus of hope and the strength of striving!"

That was the last of Teman's remembrances concerning the balance of life. Fuadeen had scarcely spoken till the gray cloud seemed to enlarge and close upon him with a weight of dreamless sleep. When he awoke next day, the noontide sun was streaming through the pavilion, and Fuadeen had gone forth, but there was neither box nor brazier. Teman related the vision to sundry of his friends, with suitable injunctions to secrecy. Each of them was sufficiently astonished while in his presence, but their unanimous opinion on all subsequent occasions was that the Shadow of the Sultan had drunk bhang and smoked bengie. As for Fuadeen, he could never be induced to repeat the experiment, and soon after requested from Shah Jehan leave to take a long journey to the westward, from whence, the choniclers of India remark, he did not return.

HONEST AND HAPPY.

There's much in the world that is doubtful,
  There's much we shall ne'er understand—
Why virtue should live in a poorhouse,
  And vice on the fat of the land.
For those who are fretful and peevish,
  This duty remains to fulfill—
But strive to be honest and happy,
  And let the world do as it will.

The man who with plenty dishonors
  His name and his station, is poor;
While he who is humble yet upright,
  Hath wealth that for aye shall endure!
The vicious may mock at his mem'ry,
  But ages will think on him still—
Then strive to be honest and happy.
  And let the world do as it will!

Oh! who would repine, then, at fortune,
  Though sorrow and toiling betide?
The man that with wealth is a villain,
  Might be virtuous were it denied.
Too much may o'erburden and sink you,
  Too little oft keep you from ill.
Then strive to be honest and happy,
  And let the world do as it will!

Whatever your fate or your station,
  To God and your country be true;
Love those you have proved to be faithful,
  And laugh at what malice can do;
And then, when affliction o'ertakes you,
  And death scorns at medical skill,
You'll fall asleep honest and happy—
  Yes, let the world do what it will!

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AN INFIDEL CONVICTED.

BY REV. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

PROVERBIALLY, infidelity is bold so long as there is no danger. Death, apparently inevitable, discloses the foundation of sand on which skepticism is built. I was once crossing Lake Erie with an old gentleman, who related an incident of thrilling interest. His narrative was elicited by the fact that our boat had been on fire the night before, when we were all asleep, but God being merciful, the fire was extinguished without alarm to us. My friend was a plain man, but one of those Christians who are skillful in the Word of God. As near as possible, I will give the narrative in his own language.

"I was once crossing this lake in the month of April. It was the first trip the boat made that season, and really the weather was never more pleasant, and the lake more calm. We were bound from Detroit to Buffalo. Towards evening I noticed a certain anxiety in our captain's countenance, and the care with which he examined the machinery of the boat. Still I could see no reason for alarm, and felt none. A young lawyer embarked with us, who during the day made himself conspicuous for his impudent denial of any divine revelation, and for finally asserting his disbelief in the existence of God. He was profane and coarse in his jests, and malignant in his sneer at religion and its friends. I was among the marked objects of his ridicule, and the following may give you an idea of my conversation with him, abating profaneness and other coarseness on his part.

"'A man is a fool to believe in God. All things *happen* according to a necessary law. They do not want a Creator!'

"'Why do not steamboats *happen* in the same way?' I inquired. 'The steamboat shows no more masterly workmanship or design than the forest oak that furnished its ribs and planks!'

"Here there was a dead pause. The skeptic was at the end of his sofa, and I said to him, in a quiet way, 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.' I then left him, and he followed me with an audible curse, which to a wicked man is a weapon more available than truth.

"We were seated at the table, and in an instant the dishes seemed dancing. The vessel rolled heavily, as though struggling to keep from sinking. We left the table, but so greatly did the boat toss, and rock, and plunge, that we could scarcely keep from falling. We were in the midst of a gale, and all was now in confusion. The machinery worked true, and seemed instinct with desire to save us. The tiller-chains grated ominously over their pulleys, and it seemed as if man, the inventor of that gallant boat, would outride the tempest.

"One fact struck us all. Our bold infidel seemed paralyzed. He became deadly pale, and as the storm increased he uttered cries of distress. You must be out in such a storm to have an insight into the words, '*He did fly upon the wings of the wind.*' It is a trying time for any one to meet God in the tempest, and be convinced of his weakness, but especially is it so to the fool who has said, 'There is no God.'

"While noticing the agitation of this man, my attention was suddenly called to the perfect absence of sound from the chains by which the rudder was managed. Clinging to the sides of the cabin, I crept along to where the captain stood. He was in despair. 'Our rudder is gone,' said he. At that moment a heavy wave struck the unmanageable vessel, and we were thrown into 'the trough of the sea.' Another wave poured over the deck and our fires were extinguished. 'We are gone!' exclaimed the captain in consternation; 'nothing short of a miracle can save us!'

"The infidel had reached the place where we stood, and as the captain spoke, and all hope fled, he uttered a piercing cry, and looked the perfect image of despair. His infidelity was gone.

"'Captain ———,' said I, 'you have read the account of Paul's shipwreck, have you not?' 'Yes.' 'Can you tell me why Paul said to the centurion and soldiers, as the sailors were about to abandon the ship and its passengers to ruin, Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved?' 'No, I cannot,' the captain replied. 'Well, I will give you my idea about it,' said I. 'God purposed to save them all, but generally

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He works through means. The sailors knew best how to manage their vessel, and therefore their agency formed a part of the plan to save those two hundred and seventy-six persons. Now you, Captain ———, have no right to cease effort to save our lives so long as there is a plank left.'

"A sailor accustomed to storms on the ocean stood by me, and when I spoke thus, he abruptly exclaimed, 'That's first rate; and now I'll give you my opinion. I don't believe the rudder is gone. Just put a rope around me, and I'll go down and examine.'

"It was a bold proposition, and yet the bold man executed it. We held to the rope, and he leaped from the stern of the boat. In a short time we drew him up. 'Just as I said,' he exclaimed. 'Give me a hammer and some spikes, and I'll right the craft in a minute.' You may be sure we watched the experiment with thrilling interest, and to our joy it was perfectly successful.

"In a minute the vessel was brought out of the 'trough of the sea,' and we rekindled our fires. In a few hours we were safely moored at Fairport. The lawyer stayed with me, but he was no longer an infidel. The entire night after we landed at Fairport, he paced the room, and constantly uttered exclamations of mingled penitence for his past wickedness, and of wonder that he was not already 'in hell, lifting up his eyes, being in torment.'"

DAVID'S GRIEF.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

'Twas evening in Jerusalem—the hour
When from the palace of the minstrel king
Were wont to issue sounds of melody
So sweet, that oft the passer by would pause,
With ravished ear, to catch the liquid tones
That rose and fell upon the twilight air,
Like hymns of angels. But the harp was still,
And Israel's Psalmist woke not on the chords
His nightly song.
Within the palace halls
Was hushed each sound of mirth and reveling;
And through them, to and fro, the menials passed,
With muffled tread, as if they feared to break
Some slumberer's vision.
In a darkened room
King David sat alone,—upon his head
No jeweled diadem; nor round his form,
The regal robe of empire; for a crown,
The sprinkled ashes were upon his brow,
And mournful sackcloth occupied the place
Of purple vestments. Visible lines of grief
Were on his forehead, and his eyes were dim
With watching and with weeping; for the babe
Whose lip had scarce begun to syllable
Words of fond meaning—and whose little foot
Still faintly faltered as it trod the floor,
Lay sick and dying.
From the father's heart
A groan escaped, when he recalled to mind
The questioning look of agony that dwelt
Upon the child's fair face, as if it knew
No reason why *it* should be stricken thus:—
And then the memory of his fearful guilt,
Thus sorely visited upon the head
Of the sweet innocent, unoffending babe,
Sank like a burning arrow in his soul.
Night brooded o'er Jerusalem heavily,
And gladsome day succeeded, and again
Melted away in darkness,—yet the child
Still struggled for existence. Weeping lay
The sorrow-stricken king; unheeding all
His friends' entreaties that he would partake
The food they offered, or arise and put
Aside the mourner's garment. He was deaf
To every prayer, while keen remorse and grief,
With wild reproaches, filled his bleeding heart.

The strife at length was ended, and the brow
Of the sweet babe was like the ivory couch
On which they laid him to his last repose;
But who durst break the tidings to the king
That death had done his work? While hope was there
Still lingering on the outmost verge of life,—
How deep his sorrow! Now that hope was gone,
Bearing the spirit with her in her flight,—
What grief would overwhelm him!
Sadder hung
The stillness round the chambers; to the king
The hush grew more oppressive, and he saw
The shadows heavier on the brows of those
Who ministered upon his solitude;
He knew his child was dead. No boisterous grief
Burst from his lips: they looked that tears should flow
A tempest torrent—but his cheek was dry;
They thought to hear a piercing wail of wo,
But he was silent; calmly he arose
And wiped the badge of sorrow from his brow,
And threw aside the sackcloth, and bowed down
In resignation.
"Wherefore should I weep?
Can tears prevail to bring the sweet breath back
Which God hath taken? I shall go to him,
But he shall come again to me no more!"

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THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

BY HORACE DRESSER, LL.D.

Time, in his desolating march of centuries, contributes alternately to build up and to demolish. —The empires of the world tremble at his passing by, and their monuments of greatness and glory crumble beneath his tread. His path is the material universe, and his errand the execution of the mandates of Deity himself. But amidst his mighty desolation the empire of mind stands unshaken; its monuments retain their originality; and age but adds brilliance to the gems which sparkle in the sky of its glory. Its extent, vast as the creation of intelligence, is limited only by the universe of mind, and its duration commensurate only with eternity itself.

Such are not the mere figments of fancy, but the deductions of reason from indisputable evidence. Time need not be squandered in demonstrating the superiority of mind to matter—study to indolence—and knowledge to ignorance. Mind and its mysterious agencies are the broad foundations of the poet's reveries, the statesman's dreams of immortality, and the philosopher's speculations. Enamored with contemplations which extend from the meanest being to the Eternal Being himself, they spurn the paltry distinctions of wealth and the ephemeral chaplets which wither at the touch of Time.

Would we ascertain the origin, fix the boundaries, and take the statistics of the Republic of Letters, our researches must be had not only among contemporaries, but among the sepulchres of the dead—and so acute must be our vision as to discern the true proportions of things, although in the dim distance of Antiquity.

Since society has existed and government been instituted, there ever have been the studious and the learned—but, at first, how profound may have been their learning, will not be our province to determine. Though fable envelope the period when the learned first became so organized as to be justly entitled to the appellation of Republic of Letters, yet sufficient appears through the fabulous veil to authorize its application to the priesthood of Egypt. Here, as from a centre, radiates that learning by which Greece, in its reception, was enabled to rise to greatness and splendor. Learning thus transplanted from a soil whose main ingredient was mystery, to one whose elements afforded nutriment congenial to its nature, could not be otherwise than productive of fruits of surpassing excellence. And it is here we linger on the strains of Homer and Hesiod—listen to the doctrines of Thales—start at the speculations of Pythagoras—and admire the virtues and stern morality of Socrates. Here the shades of Academus, vocal with wisdom and philosophy, become the very *penetralia* of Plato. Here the Stagirite gives to philosophy the laws which are to be interwoven throughout the works of subsequent ages. It is here the thunders of eloquence, never to be surpassed, reverberate along the hearts of those too unyielding for slavery, and give the alarm of the stratagems of the Macedonian. Enough to awaken in man all the faculties of the soul, and stir the divinity within him. But why linger we among the learned men of times so ancient?—they possess charms as potent as those of Circe, but as pure and refined as the accents of Mentor. We fain would stay in retreats so sequestered, and whose hallowed retirement sheds around a sanctity that purifies and teaches how awful is the communion of their inmates.

But, in the distance, along the banks of the Tiber, we discern an assemblage whose amaranthine wreaths tell of the court and cabinet of Augustus. We recognize him of the Forum, whose "lips drop manna" in the sublime unfolding of thought destined for immortality, and whose eloquence, like the gush of playful waters, charms, entrances, and captivates. Do we mistake—or is it the pipe of him who "sings of arms and the man," that sends its gentle strains along the breeze? Is it illusion—or do we hear the favorite of Mæcenas satirizing the extravagances of the age, and pouring praises upon the virtues of his patron? Like the inhabitants of their own Elysium, this group of worthies flits away before our gaze, and their unsubstantial forms elude our grasp.

From hence, looking at the Republic of Letters through the vista of years, it dwindles to a point;

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and those lights which before shed radiance on its fertile territories, seem to glimmer with faintness that only renders the "darkness visible." The Goth has lifted his gory arm, and at his behest the nations tremble—the altars of Odin smoke with the victims of ruthless carnage—and the Muses, affrighted, no longer dally with Genius. But in the gloom which broods over the benighted Republic of Letters, a spark of ancient learning beams in the cloister. Thus beclouded and involved in mental darkness, Europe remains, till the Arab, with only this one redeeming act, emancipates letters from the thraldom of the Middle Ages. Though revived, literature and science shed but a feeble ray, inasmuch as they are overcast with the barbarous subtleties of the schools, and the quibbles of the Roman law. Onward, however, a prospect opens that cheers the philanthropist, while it gives amplitude to the range of literature and science. Archimedes fondly dreamed he could move the world, but *the art of printing*, in relation to the moral and literary worlds, has done more—it has not only removed them from orbits which sometimes conducted them into regions of night, but has done for them the work of renovation. From this period who has not beheld with wonder the rapidity of the march of mind, and the enlargement of the field of literature and science? Europe, arousing from a sleep of ages, breaks the barriers which impede her steps, and lays out her broad territories in one vast Republic of Letters. Over this more than princely domain Genius presides, arrayed, not with the diadems and insignia of royalty, but with the unearthly gems and brilliants of intellect. Nor is genius the phantom of a delirious imagination—an unreal existence. Kings and princes are willing tributaries to this intellectual dynasty, and cheerfully do homage to its august sovereign. We forbear to name the illustrious catalogue of those who have filled the departments of the cabinet of genius. Their names are blazoned in history—their works are their imperishable monuments.

But the soil of Europe is not alone congenial to the cultivation of learning—our own American Republic of Letters is fertile of knowledge, and holds an enviable rank among the nations of the Old World. Methinks its genius is seen on an eminence spurning the taunts and calumnies of European arrogance, and encouraging the efforts of her votaries to extend the limits of her realm. Although it should seem that in literature and science there would be a community of interest, yet lamentable is the fact, that there are those who are surcharged with malevolence, jealous of the American name, and ready to traduce and misrepresent. Those vampires which hover over the dreams of her favorites, and would drain them of the remaining drop of vitality, begin to feel the weight of her indignation, and to vanish at her bidding.

While casting a glance abroad on the widely-extended Republic of Letters, we would not suppress the emotions which its grandeur engenders. The idea of its continuity of existence from remote antiquity—its surviving every other human combination—its splendid exhibitions of genius—its triumphing over the ruins of Time—fills the mind with emotions of sublimity. It is based on mind—and mind has the impress of Majesty, Sublimity, and Eternity.

BEAR AND FORBEAR.

What a burden of trouble a little fault brings us,
  A simple defect which we all could amend!
But we seem not to see it at all till it stings us,
  And then we perceive it is better to bend
Than to madly contend, through an error of reason,
  Unjustly or falsely, no thought or no care.
Be patient and kind, for there must come a season
  Of calm explanation—so bear and forbear.

Let us do to each other as we would require
  That all men in turn should to us do again;
If the light of forbearance burn'd brighter and higher,
  'Twould banish an infinite portion of pain;
We should deal with each other sincerely and kindly,
  Not dimly deceptive, but honestly fair;
Nor yet in our eagerness hurry on blindly,
  But, fathoming all things, still bear and forbear.

Be not hasty in judging nor quick in condemning,
  Things are not at all times exact as they seem;
For errors, like changes, are constantly coming,
  To darken our pleasures whenever they beam:
And the world often looks upon errors as vices—
  This is wrong, for they differ; define them with care.
Forget and forgive is a motto oft murmur'd,
  But cannot be felt till we bear and forbear.

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LIFE AND GENIUS OF THOMAS HOOD.

It would be a curious and rather startling occupation for a lover of biography to analyze the personal character of men, and compare them with their personal fame. They would find that even Robespierre was not a great, huge, sanguinary ogre, but that he was originally a man of refined tastes and benevolent feelings, whose later actions were dictated by a colossal will, that had been perverted and corrupted by an active revolutionary education; Charles Lamb was not the gentle, timid woman-man that tradition paints him to have been; Shelley was not a rabid monster, nor Sterne a sighing sentimentalist; Young was less noble and poetical than his "Night Thoughts;" Godwin was far less vigorous and peremptory personally than in his style; L. E. L. was not the weeping despondent of her poems; nor was Felicia Hemans's the life which flowed on as smoothly and beautifully as her song. The world supposes certain things of its favorites, and says and believes them, however much their common life and deportment may contradict the popular belief. Few men, perhaps, suffered so much from the general conception as Thomas Hood; few men deserved a higher place in the sad and serious consideration of mankind, and few men were ever awarded a lighter or merrier fame. His name seemed to be a talisman flung into the bosom of society by Momus, in order to keep it merry; smiles or laughter followed the articulation of the magic syllables, and care seemed to recognize in them her chiefest exorcist. The electric coruscations and genial sparkles of his genius were regarded as light, witty, funny fulminations, that danced, like prismatic soap-bubbles, from the fullness of his happy spirit, and then were dissipated in their ephemeral passage into light. Until near the close of his long and eventful literary career, "Tom Hood" was generally regarded as "a clever, witty fellow," who could draw smiles from the saddest faces, and reach the coldest hearts with a joke; but that he could fathom the depths of the human soul, and reveal, in the vibrations of his harpstrings, its deepest thrillings of wo or pain, few were inclined to suppose.

Mr. Hood's attachment to literature began in very early life; his marriage to it was an accident of his riper years. Literature is not a profession to which men are regularly apprenticed and indentured. It is the refuge of men who have been impelled towards it by the latent impulses of an overpowering attraction. Men woo letters from imperative affection, and they cultivate them from imperative necessity. In their early devotion to literature they voluntarily idealize and glorify it; in their riper connection with it they find its claims upon their homage and worship to be imperative and real. Mr. Hood had a somewhat literary origin, for his father was a bookseller, if not a bookmaker, in London, where also the future editor of the "Comic Annual" was born. Tom Hood was a lively boy, and early displayed good parts—too good, his father judiciously supposed, to be wasted in poetasting, and so he was apprenticed as a merchant's clerk, and constrained to do penance on a tripod daily during counting-house hours. The will of young Hood made no strenuous protests against his first uncongenial occupation, but his health soon took effectual exception to his continuance in it, and he was accordingly shipped, as prescribed by his physician, to the care of his father's relations in Dundee.

While roaming about, acquiring health, and imbibing parental air on the banks of the Dee, Thomas Hood essayed his incipient powers of song, and found admission to the local journals. Emboldened by success, the boy Icarus must needs fly at "Maga." The venture was successful; the editor of the "Dundee Magazine" accepted his paper, and fixed the tendency of his pursuits. With health restored, Thomas Hood returned to London, but not to his desk. He had forsaken the temple of Hermes and devoted himself to Apollo; and although he did not at first grasp the votive lyre, but the incisive graver, he nevertheless foreshadowed, from this early period, the purpose of his life. His talents as a draughtsman recommended him to his uncle, who was an engraver, as one likely to excel in that profession; and subsequently he was transferred to one of the Le Keux, in his prosecution of this calling.

Thomas Hood made his literary debut as the clown of a harlequinade. He became the servant of the world, that he might amuse it. The bright and joyous visions of his youth were full of grotesque shapes, like the vision of St. Anthony. His fancy, in its robust and active youth, was a phantasmagoric power motive with caricatures

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of life. He saw men through a funny medium. In words his imagination perceived puns—in sentences *double entendres*—in the fixed or single ideas of common men he beheld infinite intensations—and his soul being full of laughter, he laughed right out.

Mr. Hood's first popular works were his "Odes and Addresses," which he published conjointly with the works of his brother-in-law. "Whims and Oddities" added to his whimsical reputation, and his "National Tales" spread his name over the British nation. His "National Tales" are written in the most simple and perspicacious style. They remind you of the direct and natural manner of Boccaccio or Le Sage, and they contain a racy and ludicrous satire upon the school of sentimentalists. Incidents that suddenly transmute high dramatic expectation into shouts of laughter, form parts of a course of detail that leads to a perfectly serious, probable, and dramatic *denouement;* and the most tragic and "raw-head-and-bloody-bones" conceptions are recited in a style of the most ludicrous *naiveté*. In the "National Tales" there is none of that richness of expression which appears in Hood's "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies." There is, however, all that redundancy of conception so admirably characteristic of his genius.

The most extensively known of his larger periodical works are his "Comic Annuals," which he subsequently reproduced as "Hood's Own." Few books contain the same amount of invention; and this invention is not only expressed in literary but artistic style. There are hundreds of quaint "cuts" in the work, which were drawn by the editor's hand, as well as illustrated and sharpened by his witty muse. These pictures are not the mean attempts of a tyro in design, but puns and jokes in hieroglyphics. A man who could not distinguish the forms of the "letters Cadmus gave," would distinguish at a glance the moral, maxim, or idea which Hood has expressed in these epigraphs. They are something more than the works of an artist and humorist; they are the language of an exuberant fancy, for whose purpose both pen and pencil were inadequate.

We believe that the mission of Hood has been denominated a puerile one, and that the purpose to which he devoted his talents has been termed a frivolous one. The sound of serious regret which rose from the bosom of his country when the shaft of death pierced his generous heart, is sufficient to prove that the public mind would now be inclined to reverse this verdict. He struck some few notes upon his lyre, which, like the wailings of a coronach amidst the music of a bridal, had startled his auditors the more because they were so foreign to the expected canzonet. Struck by the deep thrilling cadence of wo, that sounded like an agony amongst the lighter syllables of his muse, his country paused, and listened, and felt that a prophet was speaking in the language of comedy. It felt, in the language of Burns, that

> "Harps attuned to sweetest pleasure
> Can thrill the deepest notes of wo:"

and it began to believe and perceive that a great moralist and instructor had been infusing pathos, and sympathy, and philanthropy into the heart, while he had made the eye dance with laughter. Let no man condemn the path which Thomas Hood trod, for he who does so neither understands his genius nor comprehends his mission. Let him of a more serious mood consecrate his life in all truth to the rendering of men happier and better, and let him recollect that the motive, if not the mode, of Thomas Hood was the same. The comedian, if such men please to call him, acknowledged and devoted himself to the same great moral end as Chalmers and Robert Hall. He gave the talents which God had given him to the service of humanity; and who shall quarrel with these talents because of their kind? We might as well decry the grace and glee of the antelope because these are not the gravity and stolidity of the grizzly bear. "Eugene Aram's Dream," and the "Song of the Shirt," welled up from a deeper and more capacious genius than the censors had acknowledged in this great poet; but the public heard the latter, and it hailed a prophet of the poor.

Thomas Hood, it is true, was a satirist; and we must confess that we have neither sympathy with, nor love for, the general satirical character. But the satire of Hood is the satire of genius, genial even in its fooling. It contains none of the coarse brutalities of Swift, nor of the methodical mathematical reprehensions of Pope. The gross vulgarity of Butler was beneath him, and the bitterness of Churchill was unknown to his nature. He was a poet, not a pragmatical rhymster. With the eye of the poet he beheld a future world, for which his soul panted. He sought to lead humanity towards that future, and he cheered the weary, toilsome, darksome way with airy jests and lightsome flashes of song. He ever pointed his readers towards a moral, and led their hearts towards their fellows,

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while his music made glad symphony, to sweeten and brighten the path of life. The highest of all sentiments is the love of God, and the love of God is emphatically the love of truth. The writings of Hood are full of candor; they are revelations of his inmost heart, and bear consistent testimony of his devotion to the good and true. His life was a religious one; it was a course of action in accordance with his belief; His writings all tended to consummate the divine injunction, "Love one another." He never sought to divide society into two antagonistic classes, the one hating and the other fearing. He spoke for suffering humanity with a painful eloquence, but he sought the suffering of no man while he cried for the amelioration of the downtrodden. His "Song of the Shirt," which is among the last of his works, is a model of his genius, and may most appropriately be reprinted here.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O, to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

O, men, with sisters dear!
O, men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

But why do I talk of death?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep.
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw
A crust of bread, and rags:
That shatter'd roof, and this naked floor,
A table, a broken chair,
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work—work—work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand.

Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

Oh, but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread."

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

There never was a more harrowing picture of human misery placed in such a frame. The essence of the poem is pathos, pain, and misery, while its form is like some of Hood's designs in pencil, quaint and comic. It could be sung to some of the lightest and most ranting airs, and in appearance the marriage would be a legitimate one; but its sentences would ever and anon startle the soul, like the scream of the albatross, with a dreary sense of death.

Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!"

is a mere ejaculation, a simple exclamation, when viewed in its unity and individuality; but when connected with Hood's subject, it becomes one of

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the most painful and harrowing apostrophes that ever was addressed to the human sense or feeling. In this age of reform, Thomas Hood was a reformer, ardent, and earnest, and vehement. Let not our readers mistake us. We do not mean that Thomas Hood was a partisan: we do not mean that he was a democrat, as opposed to aristocracy. The virulent bigots of a political creed are never true reformers. They struggle for the supremacy of a faction, not for the elevation of mankind. He is the true reformer who adds to the world's store of virtue and happiness—who advances the only true reformation, which is a divine morality—the fruit of divine Christianity.

Oh, if there is a loftier and nobler grace imparted to the human soul—if there is one more elevated characteristic than another which Christ bestows upon his disciples, it is the sublime principle of charity, and it is often found beaming most brightly in the bosoms of the humblest men. The priest and Levite, with the dogma written on their phylacteries, may be outdone in essential charity by the Samaritan whom they would drive from their path as unclean. The day of God's glory and of human improvement—the grand work of true reform, by the action of true ideas, are the consummation of Christian charity. None ever wrote more impressive sermons upon this divine text than Hood. His "Bridge of Sighs" is a masterpiece on the subject; it is an exquisite Christian poem, written with tears and made eloquent with tenderness:—

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drown'd, drown'd!"—*Hamlet.*

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her—
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clamily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses:
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Any where, any where
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it, think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair.

Ere her limbs frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them,
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly.

Dreadfully staring,
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring,
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Co'd inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast.

Owning her weakness
Her evil behavior,
And leaving with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour.

Such a poem as this is above all criticism; it is its own criticism.

Thomas Hood had long suffered from a severe and painful illness, but, like Schiller, his spirit triumphed over the infirmities of his body. He wrote and smiled while others would have wept. When his physical system at last became incapable of sustaining its part in this world of duties, and succumbed to the insidious disease which had so long been preying upon it, the spirit of Hood maintained the strength and serenity, and leaned in faith upon the Rock of Salvation. He was most anxious that his sentiments on the momentous question of religion should not be mistaken when he was 'shuffling off this mortal coil,' and approaching the brink of immortality. He had loved through life the sublime faith which Jesus had taught, and which dictated the noble, unostentatious deeds of Christian benevolence which he had practised in singleness of heart for the Master's sake. He died with the same love quickened in his heart and animating his soul. He had ever combated cant and falsehood as the worst enemies of vital religion. He deplored their existence on his death-bed, as the most disgraceful corruptions of human sentiment. He was a lover of truth, and he could not but be a lover of the Lord of truth.

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Thomas Hood died in May, 1845, leaving behind him a widow and two children—all, save his works, which he had to leave to posterity. Sir Robert Peel, with characteristic generosity, bestowed upon the poet's family a generous pension; and with this sum and the proceeds of a public subscription they were left to console themselves for the loss of a husband and father, who had given his genius and labor to the world, and little more save his love to them. If there is a man whose descendants society in its state capacity ought to reward, it is the poet. He spends his life, it is true, in producing no tangible ware that he may sell at market on Saturdays; but he produces ideas that will feed the souls of a hungry posterity. Is not the world still a debtor to John Milton and Oliver Goldsmith, although ten pounds was paid them for "Paradise Lost" and the "Vicar of Wakefield!" Warriors are loaded with golden rewards, and their children are tricked up into the rank of factitious nobility; but the poets, the men-elevators, sing their lives away, like a swan, and a sigh and a piece of cold marble are the world's tribute for their labors. The day is fast coming, however, when the true, for which poets and philanthropists are working, shall unhorse the false idea of honor which now prevails, and then we shall not always have to mingle our tears and wailing with our admiration and praise over the graves of those who have lived to make the world happier, wiser, and better, as did Thomas Hood.

WOMAN ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

"Sed fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru."

BY E. W. B. CANNING.

'T'was the evening of battle—the mild autumn sun
Looked sad o'er the hills where the conflict had been;
And his sheen lay where crimson-dyed torrents had run,
Like the glance of a seraph on traces of sin.

They had broken the turf all ensanguined and scarred,
For the soldier's last bivouac, dreamless and dumb;
And they laid the cold forms by the death missile marred,
To a rest undisturbed by the stife-stirring drum.

Mid the forms of the living in martial array,
That a comrade's adieus were thus paying the slain,
A meek, gentle mourner, like pilgrim astray,
And bowed in deep sorrow, was pacing the plain.

At length, long and tearfully pondered she, where
Still grasping his sword, lay a youth in his gore;
And, groaning all wildly her anguish wrung prayer,
She turned from the field, and they saw her no more.

O loud were the voices of glory that rung,
Like the joy of a tempest, resounding to heaven;
And lofty the pæans of victory sung,
And brilliant the wreaths to the brave that were given.

They joyed like the earthquake;—but who mid the roar
Remembered the heart-broken pilgrim afar?
The soul's blighted hopes that shall blossom no more?—
The star of love quenched in the tempest of war?

Ah! thus rides the demon of Glory in wrath,
And trophies triumphant and dazzling spears;
But oh! the crushed flowerets that bleed in his path—
Unheeded his iron heel bathing in tears!

SONNET ON GALILEO.

Patient, with fatal glory, like a ban,
Upon a forehead bear with many years,
Within a dungeon of old Rome—no tears
Upon his face—stood that sublime old man!
The mysteries of natural truths had rung
In solemn utterance about the world,
And wond'rous words among mankind his tongue
Had syllabled. But soon, depress'd and wan
With ignominious punishment, the sage
Did expiate his genius, being hurl'd
Into a cell, built for dark crimes by rage
Of priestcraft, grown thus pitiless with fears;
Yet hears the seer in approbation chime
The awful voices of all future time.

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GALILEO AND HIS DAUGHTER.

BY J. B.

I NEVER observe the planet Jupiter—at least, thus eminent among its brethren—without being more or less reminded of—

"The starry Galileo, and his woes."

To this planet did the philosopher direct the then newly-invented telescope, the result being the discovery of four attendant moons; while the analogy derived from the motions of these little stars, performing their revolutions round the primary planet in perfect order and concord, afforded an argument that had a powerful influence in confirming Galileo's own views in favor of the Copernican system of the universe, and ultimately converting the scientific world to the same opinion.

Yet little more than two centuries since, on the 14th February, 1633, the astronomer, cited before the Inquisition, arrived at Rome, to answer the charge of heresy and blasphemy; while, a few months ago, in the brief but glorious day-burst of Roman liberty, that very Inquisition was invaded by an exulting populace, and among its archives, full of memorials of martyred worth and of heroic endurance, most eagerly, but in vain, was sought the record of the process against the great philosopher.

Galileo, on a former occasion, in reference to some of his scientific discoveries, had heard rumors of the papal persecution, and as a cautious friend whispered to him the unpleasing tidings, he had exclaimed, "Never will I barter the freedom of my intellect to one as liable to error as myself!"

The time quickly arrived to test his courage and his resolution.

For a little while, we are informed, he was allowed to remain secluded in the palace of his friend Nicoloni. In a few months, however, he was removed to an apartment in the Exchequer of the Inquisition, still being permitted the attendance of his own servant, and many indulgences of which they had not decided to deprive him. On the twenty-first of June, of the same year, he appeared before the Holy Office. Through its gloomy halls and passages he passed to the tribunal. There was little here, as in the other ecclesiastical buidings of Rome, to captivate the senses. The dark walls were unadorned with the creations of art—state and ceremony were the gloomy ushers to the chamber of intolerance. In silence and in mystery commenced the preparations. The familiars of the office advanced to the astronomer, and arrayed him in the penitential garment; and as he approached, with a slow and measured step, the tribunal, cardinals and prelates noiselessly assembled, and a dark circle of officers and priests closed in, while, as if conscious that the battle had commenced in earnest between mind and power, all the pomp and splendor of the hierarchy of Rome—that system which had hitherto possessed a sway unlimited over the fears and opinions of mankind—was summoned up to increase the solemnity and significance of the judgment about to be pronounced against him.

To the tedious succession of technical proceeding, mocking justice by their very assumption of formality, it would be needless to refer. Solemnly, however, and by an authority which it was fatal to resist, Galileo was called on to renounce a truth which his whole life had been consecrated to reveal and to maintain, "The motion through space of the Earth and Planets round the Sun."

Then, immediately, assuming he had nothing to allege, would attempt no resistance, and offer no defence, came the sentence of the tribunal, banning and anathematizing all who held the doctrine that the sun is the centre of the system, as a tenet "philosophically false, and formally heretical."

And then they sentenced the old and infirm philosopher—this band of infallibles!—they bade him abjure and detest the said errors and heresies, They decreed his book to the flames, and they condemned him for life to the dungeons of the Inquisition, bidding him recite, "once a week, seven penitential psalms for the good of his soul!"

Did Galileo yield? Did he renounce that theory now affording such ample proof of the beauty and order of the universe; to whose very laws, Kepler, the friend and contemporary of the philosopher, was even then, though unconsciously, bearing evidence, by his wonderful theorem of

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velocities and distances, a problem which Newton afterwards confirmed and illustrated!

Did Galileo yield! He did. Broken by age and infirmity, importuned by friends more alarmed than himself, perhaps, at the terrors of that merciless tribunal, he signed his abjuration; yielded all his judges demanded; echoed their curse and ban, as their superstition and hate required. There was a darker tale dimly hinted by those familiar with the technicalities of the Holy Office, that the terms, "Il rigoroso esame," during which Galileo is reported to have answered like a good christian, officially announce the application of torture.

Then occurred, perhaps scarcely an hour afterwards, that remarkable episode in this man's history. As he arose from the ground on which, all kneeling, he had pronounced his abjuration, he gave a significant stamp, and whispered to a friend, "*E pur si muove!*" "Yet it does move," —ay, and in spite of Inquisitions, has gone round —nay, the whole world of thought itself has moved, and having received an impulse from such minds, will revolve for ages in a glorious cycle for mankind! But the most touching incident of Galileo's story is yet to come.

After several years of confinement at Arcetri, the great astronomer was permitted to retire to Florence, upon the conditions that he should neither quit his house nor receive the visits of his friends. They removed him from a prison to make a prison of his home. Alas! it was even worse than this.

Much as the greatest minds love fame, and struggle to obtain it, the proudest triumphs of genius and of science, the applause of the world itself, ever loud and obtrusive, is not to be compared to the low and gentle murmurs of pleasure and of pride for those we love. There was one being from whom Galileo had been accustomed to hear those consolations—his child, his gentle Maria Galilei. He had been otherwise a solitary indeed, and now more than ever so, when he was cut off from the communion of the greatest minds. To his lovely girl, his daughter, his heart clung with more than fondness. No wife of Pliny, perhaps, ever wafted to her husband with sweeter devotion the echoes of the applauding world without, greeting him she loved, than she did—his Maria Galilei. As he returned from prison, the way seemed tedious, the fleetest travelling all too slow, till he should once more fold her to his heart; and she too, she anticipated meeting her father with a pleasure greater than ever before enjoyed, since he had now become a victim, sainted in her eyes, by the persecution he had suffered.

Short, indeed, was this happiness, if enjoyed at all. Within the month she died, and the home of Galileo was more than a prison—it was a desolate altar, on which the last and most precious of his household gods was shivered. And he died too, a few years afterwards, that good old man!

But he had yielded—he was no martyr! Yes, indeed! But be it remembered, that if he possessed not the moral courage of a Huss, a Savonarola, or a Luther, he was not called to exercise it in so high a cause. The assertion and support of a religious truth is impressed with far deeper obligations than the advocacy of a scientific one, however well maintained by analogy, and confirmed by reason.

Still there was a deep devotional sentiment that pervaded the character of Galileo. Before he died he became totally blind; yet he did not despair. Like Milton, he labored on for mankind—nay pursued his scientific studies, inventing mechanical substitutes for the loss of his vision, to enable him still to pursue his arduous researches.

It is true he was shut out, like the elder Herschel, from the view of that glorious company towards which his spirit had so often soared. Well might his friend Castelli say, in allusion to his infirmity, "that the noblest eyes were darkened which nature had ever made,—eyes so privileged, and gifted with such rare qualities, that they might be said to have seen more than all those who had gone before him, and to have opened the eyes of all who were to come." Galileo himself bore noble tribute to his friend, when he exclaimed,—

"Never, never will I cease to use the senses which God has left me; and though this heaven, this earth, this universe, be henceforth shrunk for me into the narrow space which I myself fill, so it please God, it shall content me."

The malice of his enemies long survived his death. The partisans of Rome disputed his right to make a will. They denied him a monument for which large sums had been subscribed.

A hundred years afterwards, when a splendid memorial was about to be erected to his memory, the President of the Florentine Academy descended into his grave, and desecrated his remains, by bearing off, as *relics for a museum*, the thumb of his right hand, and one of his vertebræ! So the victims of the religious fury of one age become the martyrs of science in another!

And what is the moral of what we have written concerning Galileo! Is there no teaching that may instruct our own times, especially when we see how, through scorn and persecution, and this

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world's contumely, and through the gloom and shadows of ignorance and fear, the form and substance of mighty Truth rises, slowly and dimly, perchance, at first, but grandly and majestically ere long! Little more than two hundred years have passed since the death of Galileo, but ample justice has been done to his memory. His name will be a watchword through all time, to urge men forward in the great cause of moral and intellectual progress; and the Tree of Knowledge, whose fruits were once on earth, plucked, perhaps, ere they were matured, has shot up with its golden branches into the skies, over which has radiated the smiles of a beneficent Providence to cheer man onward in the career of virtue and intelligence.

"There is something," as a profound writer has observed, "in the spirit of the present age, greater than the age itself. It is, the appearance of a new power in the world, the multitude of minds now pressing forward in the great task of the moral and intellectual regeneration of mankind."

And this cause must ultimately triumph. The energies and discoveries of men like Galileo, remote as their history becomes, have an undying influence.

The power of a great mind is like the attraction of a sun. It appears in the infinite bounds of space, far, far away, as a grain among other gold dust at the feet of the Eternal, or at most, but as a luminous spot; and yet we know that its influence controls, and is necessary for, the order and arrangement of the nearest, as well as the remotest system. So in the moral and intellectual universe, from world to world, from star to star, the influence of one great mind extends, and we are drawn towards it by an unseen, but all-pervading affinity. Thus has the cause of moral and intellectual progress a sure guarantee of success. It has become a necessity, interwoven with the spirit of the age—a necessity impressed by every revelation of social evil, as well as proclaimed by every scientific discovery—gaining increased energy and power from the manifestation of every new wonder and mystery of nature—nay, from the building of every steam-ship, the laying down of every new line of railway.

THE ONWARD PATH.

BY J. A. S.

The day is fair, walk out and woo the sun,
  Nor sit repining by the winter fire;
Walk onwards—upwards—ere the day be done;
  Walk with a hopeful heart, a ready lyre,
A cheerful song—that in itself is prayer;
  Nor halt, nor hesitate, tho' on thy road
A human sorrow reach thee—and the air
  Brings mournful echoes from grief's near abode!

Pluck not the flowers and pass; cull them with care,
  For they may hold a healing in their leaves;
Sing not thy song and leave the weeper there,
  Sing it to him beneath his sad roof's eaves,
But with a tone of sympathy; a hand
  To lend what little aid thou canst; a will
To make him sharer in the fragrance bland
  Which thou hast gathered with such tender skill.

And if thou tarry with him, tarry not
  In idle utterance of congenial cares;
But say and act such things as mend a lot
  Whose worst no fretful indolence repairs:
Then, on thy way! The world is wide; we have
  No time to loiter in one cultured space;
But as we go thro' waste land or by wave,
  Still let us sow a seed and spare a grace!

An onward path is best: but not too high
  Walk with Ambition; mountain tops are cold!
Our songs may, like the lark's, ascend the sky,
  Tho' with the lion wingless tracks we hold!
An onward path is best—but not too low!
  The road of evil lies below the hill;
But still remembering whereso'er we go
  That faith and hope best aid a human will!

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THE FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR.

A SCRIPTURE SKETCH.

BY METTA VICTORIA FULLER.

In the streets of Babylon, among the children of the city, walked many pale-browed, patient men of another nation. There was something subdued in their manner that set them apart from others; and yet a quiet hope shone through their meekness. They walked in captivity; but it had been promised to them that in seventy years would come the restoration to their beloved Jerusalem. They had many things to sadden them; they had reason to feel that the Lord had withdrawn his smile from them. But they trusted in the promises of the prophet, and it was this faith—this Love!—that surrounded their bondage with a halo of beauty. The lonely matron taught it to the little child; the maiden thought of it as she balanced the cool pitcher on her graceful young head. The old men longed to live to behold the day when Jerusalem should be restored to her glory; when the holy vessels of the house of the Lord should be rescued from the hands of the idolaters. The hope of it made the heart of the yonng man leap with pride, and gave a dignity to his humility that was sublime.

Yet often would their trials have been greater than they had strength to endure, had not new evidences of the surety of the promises nourished the holy faith in their hearts.

With breasts nearly maddened by grief and resentment, they saw the burning, fiery furnaces heated to receive their beloved and wise brethren, who would not fall down when the rich burst of musical instruments summoned them to worship the golden idol Nebuchadnezzar had erected in the pride of his power. They murmured against the Almighty, and their hearts were sore in their bosoms.

Yet how was that madness turned to praises and thanksgiving when they beheld their friends walking unharmed in the midst of the glowing flames, conversing with an angel of light? How did their souls thrill with gladness when they heard the voice of the king praising the God of their nation, and promoting the three faithful men, who, by their holiness, reproved them for their trembling unbelief?

The old men died, and the maidens became matrons, and the prattling infants maidens and youths; and they cherished this hope and this love in their hearts with great and increasing joy, as the time drew near for the consummation of the period of their captivity.

A thousand lords sat at the great feast of Belshazzar. Golden lamps flung down their brilliancy upon the luxurious board, around which, on silken sofas, reclined the reveller. Festal music swelled and floated through the air.

Beautiful women lent their radiant charms to bewilder the guests; with smiles and laughing words they graced the brilliant scene. Wine sparkled with amethystine and ruby richness in the costly goblets; rare viands heaped in golden platters, and delicate cates, in unique dishes, tempted their merry lips. Was there not enough of splendor to satiate the princely king? Ha! a thought strikes the voluptuous king!

His cup-bearer received the command of his monarch, and hasted to obey him. The sacred vessels, dedicated to the Lord God of Israel, were brought in, and filled with the unholy wine, and given to the princes, the queen, and the concubines.

The news of this desecration reached the ears of the captives. Men, pale with wrath and scorn, came near the palace, and beheld from the distance the lights of the feasting, and heard the gay music and the laugh of the wicked. It was whispered in the houses of the bondmen; and their wives and daughters wept and prayed, and went not to slumber, because of the heaviness of their hearts. While the fathers talked together, in low tones of despair, the women pressed their babes to their bosoms, dropping hot tears upon their little innocent faces.

Suddenly a shout smote the ears of the mourners. They started—solemn-faced men and sobbing women started to their feet and listened!

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It came not to their ears alone; through the music and gayety, it reached the festal throng, who had just listened, with pale faces, to the interpretation of the hand-writing on the wall. The crimson fled frightened from the cheeks of the beautiful women; the vessels of silver and gold, which they had polluted by the touch of their mocking lips, fell from their trembling fingers; they fled in terror to their apartments! the king turned ghastly white, and the visages of the princes were pale with fear!

The shout increased; it was one of victory! rolling and swelling over the night-shadowed city, followed by shrieks of wo, and the clatter of arms, and all the fearful sounds of battle. A mighty stream of armed men poured through the open gates. Babylon, the city of power and pride, was given into the hands of the enemy.

Onward, toward the palace of Belshazzar, rushed the besiegers; what was the resistance of the guards? a leaf against a torrent—a mist before a whirlwind!

That night Belshazzar was slain.

The seventy years of captivity had expired! the tears and the anguish of the solemn watchers were turned to rejoicing.

The love for their religion, their freedom, and their Jerusalem, which they had kept pure and undefiled within their hearts, received its fulfilment and reward.

EDUCATION OF THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE.

Parents possessed of tolerable means seldom neglect to send their children to school. They are often heard to say of their young people, "Whatever advantage money can purchase for them in the way of education, we are willing to give them." Having expended the money ungrudgingly, they are often surprised that their children do not turn out very well. The fact is, they expect too much from liberality in school fees—they are too apt to feel their consciences relieved as to their duty to the young by mere considerations of the cost in money. However well it may suit a busy father to depute the nurture of his children, and use his own time in money-making or in needful recreation, it is very certain that the children will be imperfectly educated if they have not been reared carefully and rationally in the domestic circle, and cost their parents, or some persons standing in the light of parents, a great deal of trouble over and above all that is purchaseable from the schoolmaster.

The education of the domestic circle is moral education. The fresh human beings continually coming into the world might be regarded as a colony of savages coming in amongst a civilized people, and requiring to be adjusted to the tone of the society of which they are henceforth to form a part. Their impulses are in full activity; the provocations to the workings of these impulses lie full before them. The business is to train the impulses to submit to those checks and those modified or regulated movements which society pronounces to be desirable. It will not be by reading of texts, or hearing of precepts and maxims, that this will be done. It only can be done by training to habits—a duty requiring much time, great patience, and no small skill and judgment.

It is, then, an onerous duty, and yet its weight may be much lessened if a good method be adopted, and adopted sufficiently early. Something can be done with a child from a very early period of existence. For instance, if he cries, we may avoid a great evil if we abstain from administering dainties for the purpose of soothing him; or, on the other hand, from using him harshly by way of punishment. The crying of a child on account of any little accident or disappointment is less an evil to him than annoyance to us: we probably attach too much consequence to the idea of keeping children *quiet*, as if quietness were in him a virtue. If, however, it appear really desirable to stop the crying of an infant, the best way is to produce a diversion in his mind. Create some novelty about or before him, and if it be sufficient to give a new turn to his feelings, he will become what is called, "good" immediately. This is a cheap way of effecting the object, and it can be attended by no imaginable bad consequences. It must be remarked, however, that we—that is, grown-up people—are ourselves the causes of much unavoidable squalling among the young. A child is looking at something, or is enjoying himself in some little sport with a companion: from fondness, or some other cause, we snatch him up of a sudden in our arms: he cries. Can we wonder? Should any of us like to be whipped up from a dinner-

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table in the midst of our soup, or from a concert-room when Jenny Lind is enchanting all ears? Undoubtedly it is injustice to a child to treat him thus, not to speak of the worse injustice of punishing him in such circumstances for crying. He is entitled to have his will consulted before we snatch him away merely for own amusement.

Our ancestors were severe with children. There used to be some terrible maxims about maintaining awe, and breaking or bending the will. Corporal correction was abundantly resorted to. The direct result of the system of terror was to produce habits of falsehood and barbarism; for there is no child who will not tell a lie if afraid of punishment on letting out the truth, and the beating he gets only serves as an example of violence for his own conduct towards brothers, sisters, and companions. Kindness is now the rule in fashion—upon the whole an improvement. An excess in this direction would, however, be as fatal as one of an opposite kind. It is not so much kindness that is required, as simple civility and justice. Treat children with courtesy, and as rational beings, and they will generally be found sufficiently docile. We hear obedience trumpeted as a first requisite; but the question is, how is a right kind of obedience to be obtained? Perhaps the fewer commands we address to children the better. Ask them politely. It is difficult for any one, even a child, to refuse what is so asked. If they do, they lie so plainly in error, that little can be needed beyond a calm expression of opinion on the subject. They will be less likely to refuse a second time. This is very different from a command palpably disobeyed, in which case there must either be punishment to the child or a defeat to the parent. The imperative plan does not seem to work well. It leads to a constant contention between the parties—tne child to escape duties which he has no pleasure in obeying, the parent to enforce an authority which is deficient in moral basis. The opposite method admits of the child having some satisfaction in complying. It trains him to free agency, and thus prepares him better for the world. It is a great mistake to try to suppress or wholly overrule the will of a child. The will is a good thing in him as in you. Try to take it along with you, and to direct it to good purposes, and you will find that you are accomplishing a great purpose in education. On the other hand, a constant appeal to the affections, as a means of obtaining compliance, would obviously be an error. If treated justly, and not unkindly, a child cannot avoid loving its parents. Trust to this love operating of itself in persuading to a compliance with all reasonable requests and an obedience to all reasonable rules.

Even tolerably amiable children, when placed together, will be found to have frequent little quarrels, the consequence of disrespectful words, or, perhaps, interferences with each other's property. Some are much more liable both to give and take offence than others. Nothing is more troublesome to a parent; for it is scarcely possible entirely to ascertain the merits of any case. The liability to such collisions will at least be diminished if the parents never fail to observe towards their servants and children the rules of good-breeding; and if they, moreover, take every opportunity of inculcating the beautiful and happy results of domestic peace. These means, however, will be in vain if children are allowed too much time to spend in idleness. If entirely occupied, in whatever way—with lessons, with work, with amsement, or with reading or drawing—they will be very little liable to fall into discord. It should, accordingly, be regarded as one of the first duties of those having a charge of young people, to keep them incessantly engaged in something which may interest their faculties.

As soon as their understanding fits them for such intercommunion, children should be made the companions, friends, and confidants of their parents. The old rule was, that in their parents' presence they should be perfectly quiet. This might be a gratifying homage to the parent, but it was not education to the child. If a child is brought to a family table, he should be allowed to join in the family conversation, that he may learn to converse. It is both surprising and gratifying to observe how soon children work up to the standard of their parents' attainments, and how beautifully they repay the openness and confidence with which they are treated, by reposing the most unreserved confidence in return. They know the family position, the family prospects, objects, and wishes, and become deeply interested in them all. Affection proves a far more powerful check than severity; obedience is a word unknown in the family vocabulary, because the thing is never wanting. Co-operation, cheerful contribution by heart and hand to the family objects, is the principle of action. In such a family there is rarely anything entitled to the appellation of discord: there are no separations, no elopements, no acts of domestic rebellion. A smooth course of happy life flows on, and the old age of the parents, who have trained so much worth in their offspring, is soothed and cheered by the unremitting exercise of the very virtues which themselves have fostered and perfected.

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THE POETRY OF CREATION.

As the stars pale before the sun, so does the poetry of man lose its brilliancy when compared with the wonderful poem of the Creator. God is the Supreme Poet, and he deals not with words —mere shadows of the things that are—but with the actual embodiments of poetry themselves; for there is in every object which He has made something beside an outward, mechanical form: there is a spiritual meaning, a living lesson, to be drawn from everything.

This world is not merely the rugged spot on which we are to struggle for a foothold on life—toil for daily bread,—but a bright member of the starry brotherhood that range the fields of space, raising from every corner of the universe the harmonious anthem of praise; a religion of still waters, and cooling shades, and bright birds, and blessed things, for the comfort of God's weary children. This world is a poem written in letters of light on the walls of the azure firmament.

Man is not merely a creature displaying the endowment of two legs, and the only being qualified to study grammar; not an animal browsing in the fair fields of creation, and endeavoring with all possible grace to gild and swallow the pill of existence; but the masterpiece in the mechanism of the universe, in whom are wedded the visible and the invisible, the material and the spiritual; before whom the waves of the ocean crouch, and on whom the winds, and lightnings, and the fire, all wait to do his bidding; the great gardener in this garden of the Lord; the keeper of His great seal, for he alone is stamped with the image of God. Man is a glorious poem; each life a canto, each day a line. The melody plays feebly at first upon the trembling chords of his little heart, but, with time, gains power and beauty as it sweeps onward, until at last the final notes die away, far, far above the world, amid the melodies of heaven.

Nature is not merely a senseless, arable clod, through which runs the golden vein, and o'er which waves the golden harvest; not a monster, to be bowed down by the iron fetters of railroads and telegraphs; but it is a grand old temple, whose star-lit dome and woodland aisles, and bright and happy choir, invite the soul to worship and to gratitude. Nature is a sweet poem: each downy-cheeked floweret, each uncouth stone, and frowning mountain, and silvery river, are the bright syllables. And though the fall of man has thrown them into confusion, they shall be arranged once more in harmony; and the burthen of that song shall be beauty and praise to Him from whom all beauty radiates.

How often, when the quiet night woos us forth to commune with Nature in her chastened robes, is our spirit thronged almost to oppression by thoughts new and inexpressible! When the bright moon, just risen above the hill-top or on the peaceful waters, tinges the cloudy curtains that hang about the couch of the departed day, draws out the long mysterious shadows, and locks in her white arms the slumbering earth; then, as we look above, can we say with him who knew so well to express his lofty thoughts:

> Ye stars, which are the *poetry* of heaven!
> A beauty and a mystery, ye create
> In us such love and reverence from afar,
> That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves
> a star.

Why should we, then, give way to the mechanical spirit of these days? Physical good is not the only good on earth. The mind, the soul must be fed as well—ay, infinitely rather than this feeble body. We are in the world to make ourselves blessed; and is not the bliss that comes from purifying the heart and enlightening the intellect more to be desired than the gratification of our sensual appetites? Let us, then, learn to analyze whatever we meet in the pilgrimage of life, and read the lesson of truth and beauty that God has stamped upon it. Then will the desert of the world gush out in fountains to refresh our flagging spirits and to brace our sinking frames.

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THE GENESEE FALLS.

WITH A PLATE—FROM A SKETCH BY THOMAS COLE.

The Genesee river, near Geneseo, is a wild and picturesque spot, peculiarly American in its character, and one of those subjects in which the genius of the artist delights. Our rivers abound in such wild uncultivated spots, which now lie out of the high road of travel, and are therefore overlooked by searchers after the picturesque. Of late years our young artists have taken their sketching materials in hand, and with a camp-stool and a knapsack, have gone all over the country in search after scenes of picturesque beauty. The results of their intimacy with nature have been, not only a number of beautiful pictures, which have created a new interest for art, but made our people familiar with the places best worth visiting in their own land, and saved many an enthusiast from the trouble and expense of going to Europe in search of scenes which may be found at home in greater beauty. Among those who first taught Americans to love American scenery was Cole. Although not a native of the soil, his soul seemed to glow with delight in contemplating the grandeur and loveliness of our river and mountain scenery. Until he transferred to his glowing canvass a semblance of our gorgeous forest scenery when first smitten by the frost, the wild and solemn magnificence of our lonely lakes and rivers, our majestic mountains and green valleys, no American artist had ever attempted to represent American natuse. All that landscape painters had attempted was to reproduce European pictures. Even the landscapes of Alston were painted after Italian models—nobody seemed to have looked upon the wilderness of American scenery as suitable for pictorial embellishments.

The appearance of Cole's landscapes, in which the prominent features of American scenery were so truthfully and beautifully portrayed, gave a new impulse and new direction to art in this country. Let critics differ as they will in respect to the merits of Cole's paintings, there can be no difference of opinion as to the effects of his early works on American art. While he confined himself to such subjects as the one that forms the picture from which our engraving has been copied, he remained unapproachable by any of the many imitators of his style—and they were very numerous—who were called into existence by the exhibition of his pictures. It was only when he attempted other kinds of landscape that artists came near him. He was in art what Cooper was in literature—he first directed the mind of America to the wealth of romantic beauty which abounds in its primeval forests, by the woody banks of its nameless lakes and rivers, its roaring cataracts, and boundless prairies.

In the accompanying picture all the features of the scene are peculiarly American; but the charm of color, the rich dark green of the foliage, the bright tints of the russet leaves, the clear depths of the blue sky, the bright, fresh, and glowing atmosphere of the whole, cannot be copied; but the engraver has performed his task well, and given a faithful rendering of the original work.

TRUST.

Supernal light will gleam
  Upon the darkest hour:
Some holy star, with cheering beam—
  Some dew-distilling flower—
Some rainbow color, send a ray
Of joyfulness or love, to cheer the pilgrim's way.

We are not full of trust:
  Eyes made to gaze on heaven
See but the earth, its changing dust—
  Its dwellings tempest riven.
We write upon our banners, "Faith,"
But in our camps—our hearts—are unbelief and death.

With iridescent crest
  The ocean wave rolls on—
Hides all its secrets in its breast,
  And joyous greets the sun;
So should the pilgrim's journey be,
So should he onward press, to hail his destiny.

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GENESEE FALLS.

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DESIRABLENESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Those who lack knowledge have no conception of the pleasures and advantages of which they are deprived. Knowledge only can give this sense of loss, which makes the case of the ignorant man more serious and hopeless than it otherwise would be. Could the unlettered, hard-toiling day laborer, be allowed a glimpse of that bright world from which ignorance excludes him—could he listen to the music of nature as it discourses to the educated ear—could he drink in one of those refreshing draughts a thirst for intellectual pursuits prepares—could he experience the majestic emotions that swell the heart and awaken the energies of mind-toiling men, enabling them to endure trials, and achieve things far removed from this insipid, plodding, and joyless life—how, in the bitterness of his soul, would he mourn over his fate—how soon would he resolve to become a laborer in the mental vineyard.

Knowledge opens to the mind a better and more cheering world. It introduces us to objects and glories which genius alone can portray. It lifts us above the earth; it takes us below the earth; it takes us round the earth, and across the earth, pointing out and explaining matters miraculous and stupendous. It brings back the dead—those who went down to the grave thousands of years ago, but whose spirits still light the world. It recalls deeds, and re-enacts events over and over again, as truthfully as though we had been eye-witnesses. It also stretches far into the future. From the past to the present it ascends the dark staircase of coming time, discovering and prophesying things yet to be. It comprehends the possible as well as the actual, and furnishes histories long before they have taken place.

Knowledge enables us to live through all time. We can tread the earth from creation's dawn up to the existing moment, and become the spectators of every change it has undergone. The overthrow of dynasties, the revolution of empires, the triumphs of art and literature, and the wars and conquests with which history groans, may all be crowded into our life's volume. The experience of a day becomes the experience of an age, and almost gives to man the attribute of omnipresence. From the wandering Homer, who sang as never man sang before, up to Shakspeare, the bard of all time, down to Byron, Burns, and Moore, we can sit and hold converse with every god-like spirit whose coruscations dazzle the earth.

Nor does the desirability of knowledge rest here. It awakens our sympathies, and, by enlarging our desires, it also multiplies them. It enables the possessor to command within himself all that is commendable and attractive in the eyes of mankind. It brings him in contact with society, and adorns him in robes more costly than hand can weave, or skill invent. It is his passport, his companion, his counsellor; and, what is seldom met with in this world, it is his unfailing, unflinching, uncompromising friend. Knowledge! Why, the ability to acquire it is the one great gift of God to man. It is the channel through which He makes himself known to us. The High and Mighty One is the source of all knowledge.

Knowledge! knowledge! thou art desirable. Would to God that every man, from the highest to the lowest, from the richest to the poorest, could think and feel thee to be so!

Knowledge is also profitable. The time is gone by, when proofs were necessary to establish this position. Still, reducing the question to mere dollars and cents, there are those who say that intelligence is opposed to worldly prosperity. But this is a falsehood. It is opposed to common sense, to comon honesty, to common justice; and we fling back the assertion as being a libel on the wisdom of One who cannot err. Tell us not that the splendid fortunes of our merchants, manufacturers, professional gentlemen, and retired tradesmen, have been raised upon so unlikely a foundation as mental beggary and mindless zeal! The man who would keep his assistant, apprentice, clerk, or son from the acquisition of "that eternal jewel," which alone constitutes true nobility, is a disgrace to his species, and a curse to society Knowledge is the bulwark of our country—knowledge is the basis of her government, the source of her glory, and the prop of her institutions. Whatever reflects credit on us—whatever does honor to that dear soil we delight to call our own—must be referred to the ballast we bring into the intellectual scale of nations! Is history silent on this head? What does it say? I will not attempt to enumerate that proud

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host of intellectual heroes, who by study and independence, have raised themselves, from the plough and the manufactory, to the loftiest pinnacles of human greatness. I will not tell over the magnificent productions that enrich the libraries and cabinets of our land. It is sufficient to know that the most illustrious men of this and other ages sprang from the humbler classes of mankind, and that genius does for them what wealth and station cannot do for others.

Without knowledge no man can manage his affairs, regulate his household, and discharge his duty to society. We live not exclusively *in* ourselves, and *for* ourselves—we are part and parcel of those around us, whose well-being has to be considered, as well as our own. The example of the ignorant man is fatal to others, for it contaminates his own children, and, through them, the children of his neighbors.

Knowledge teaches economy, prudence, temperance, industry, and honesty. It points out the way to gain, and helps those who are inclined to pursue it. It strengthens to avoid temptation, and fortifies in the hour of peril. It puts money in the bank, clothes in the wardrobe, and delicacies in the cupboard. It provides entertainments, and supplies advantages otherwise unknown.

Knowledge sends vessels, freighted, to sea—prepares and gathers in the produce of distant lands—makes discoveries in science, and shortens the distances between localities. Knowledge lights our streets, explores our mines, and enables us to transmit our thoughts to those who are hundreds of miles distant.

Knowledge is likewise necessary;—how necessary, few, perhaps, are fully aware. The subject, however, lies in a nut-shell: we must either educate our children, or abandon them to the anti-corrective treatment of criminal prosecutions. Unless they be taught to know right from wrong, they cannot, they will not, court the one and shun the other. Our present criminal code will not reform them, I think, but it will punish and degrade them. Every offender leaves prison more vitiated than he entered, and quits his cell but to go back to it. A fourth part of the sum that is annually expended in prosecuting and confirming criminals would enlighten the whole poor of the land; and if we would rid the streets of professional mendicants, and depopulate our unions and workhouses—if we would put a stop to theft and debauchery—if we would convert dens of infamy into nurseries for heaven and honorable uses on earth, we must do it by education.

Knowledge is necessary. Without it, the faculties of the mind are paralyzed, the memory is lost, perception destroyed, the taste uprooted, and reflection scattered to the "winds of heaven."

Without it, the body, sympathizing with the mind, loses its elasticity and elegant proportion. Without it, no man can soar above the brute, or perform one deed that shall send his name down to posterity, honored and revered. Knowledge is necessary to know ourselves—to understand the relative dependences of men upon their fellow-men—to guard us against cunning, intrigue, and sophistry, and to teach us how to appreciate the government of that Divine Agent whose arm encircles the universe! Knowledge is likewise necessary to live; for, unless the head go with the hand, wheels may revolve, hammers may fall, and spades wear bright in vain. Without knowledge, person and station are but "whited sepulchres," concealing the void and rottenness within.

Man was made for knowledge. His erect figure, his penetrating eye, and his organs of speech, all proclaim it. The very light that called worlds into existence, shines through his outer being; and unless he puts forth the transcendent powers of that hidden presence, Ichabod is written on his forehead. There are patriots who bear the brand and the sword, as there are patriots in name and in speech; but the truest and best of patriotism is that which looks to the mental and moral, as well as the physical, condition of a country, and which desires, above all other things, the cultivation of that intellect with which God has endowed its people. Let enthusiasts babble, and martyrs immolate themselves; but, if they have sincerity, if they have disinterestedness, and if they have a love for their native land, it were far better to *live* for it than to *die* for it: for education is necessary, and dying gloriously, as they call it, will not teach one child to read, nor lead one man to that intellectual freedom which can alone snap asunder the fetters of bondage, and make him better than a slave.

Knowledge is necessary. The police reports say so—every assize says so—the indecency that crowds our streets says so—the injustice men practise towards each other says so—the hypocrisy that is in the world says so—the love of pelf, and the dirty deeds that men will perform for lucre, say so—the littleness of soul, the ill-usage of parents, the violation of duties both natural and religious, and the multitude of crimes daily perpetrated—all say that knowledge is necessary,—the chronicles of six thousand years prove it.

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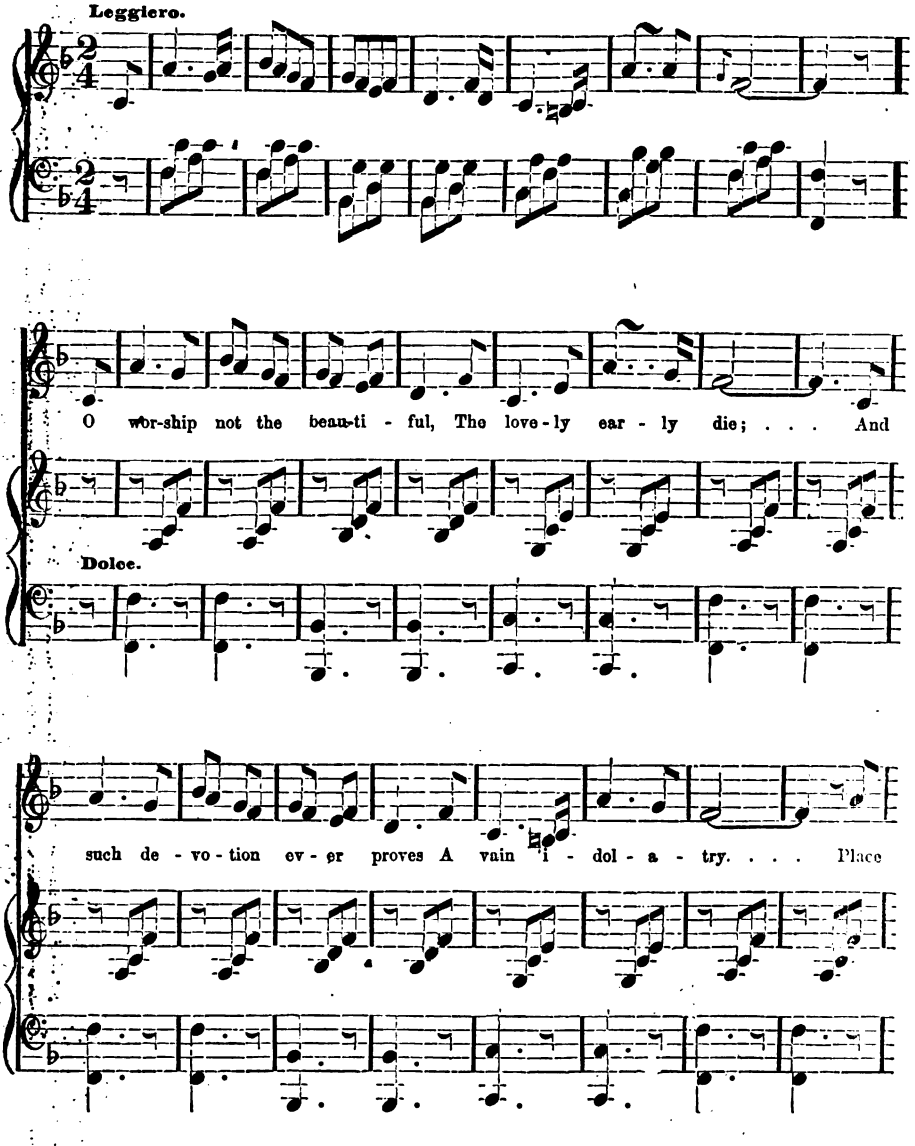
O Worship not the Beautiful.

SUNG BY MRS. L. A. JONES. COMPOSED BY GEORGIANA N. BURNHAM.



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mf *rfz* Decres.

not thy heart on bril - liant gems, Their light must fade a - way, . . . For

soon the flow'r that o - pens ripe, Ful - fils its mor - tal day. . . .

Dim. *f*

2. The fairest form by nature framed,
Is made of earthly clay;
The purest soul that dwells therein,
But waits its swift decay.
When aught would bind thy willing heart
To such a transient thing,
Remember, 'tis a serpent's coil,
And bears a deadly sting!

3. Then worship not the beautiful,
They're missioned from on high,
And, like the dew-drops, soon return
Back to their native sky.
But worship their Creator—God—
Who bids thee seek a home,
Not where those lovely flow'rets bud,
But where they ever bloom!

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DR. JOHN M. MASON.

BY REV. DR. SPRAGUE.

Dr. John M. Mason—a name that will be recalled with deep interest as one of the brightest ornaments of the American pulpit—was born in the city of New York, March 19th, 1770. His childhood is said to have been characterized by a freedom from everything vicious, an unusual sprightliness of temper, and a strong relish for study. It was obvious in the earliest development of his powers, that he possessed an intellect of no common order; and the rapid improvement and brilliant exhibitions of the boy gave no equivocal presage of the pre-eminent greatness of the man. His father, who was distinguished for his classical attainments, mainly conducted his education up to the time of his admission to college; and it was during this period that he laid the foundation of those habits of intellectual discipline, for which he was subsequently so much distinguished. In May, 1789, he graduated at Columbia College, in his native city, at the age of a little more than nineteen. After having spoken of his diligent application, it is hardly necessary to say that, with such powers as he possessed, he held a distinguished rank in point of scholarship. His comprehensive and brilliant and versatile mind gave him the power of becoming pre-eminent in any department of learning to which he applied himself; while he is said to have been actually most distinguished for his classical attainments and his familiarity with metaphysical science.

The foundation of Dr. Mason's religious character seems to have been laid at a very early period, in the blessing of God on a course of faithful parental efforts. His mind was imbued with a knowledge of the great truths of the gospel, as soon as its faculties were sufficiently developed to admit of comprehending them: and at a very early period, it is not easy to say how early, these truths, through the influence of the Holy Spirit, seem to have become the commanding principles of the conduct.

From the time of his leaving college, and probably at an earlier period, his views seem to have been directed towards the Christian ministry. His course of preparation for the sacred office was begun and continued for a while under the direction of his venerable father; and it was during this period that he became so familiar with the original languages of the Bible, especially the Greek; a circumstance which he afterwards turned to great account in his expository labors. But after having passed a year under his father's instruction, he crossed the ocean in 1791, with a view to complete his theological course in the University of Edinburgh. Here he was honored with the respect and friendship of many distinguished men, among whom were Dr. Hunter and Dr. Erskine, who rendered him marked attentions, and continued his cordial friends through life. Here, also, he became associated as a student with several individuals with whom he formed an enduring intimacy, and who have since risen to the highest respectability and usefulness. It was during his connection with the university that his intellectual character seems to have been more fully brought out in all its wonderful brilliancy, and strength, and originality; and though he was constantly brought in contact with vigorous and noble minds, his own intellectual efforts lost none of their lustre by being compared with those of his most distinguished associates. There was a comprehensiveness of intellect, a lightning-like rapidity and energy of conception, a power of severe abstraction and rigid analysis, united with a glowing and commanding eloquence, which were witnessed with delight and astonishment, as well by his instructors as his fellow-students; and which seemed to mark out before him the brilliant path to which he was destined. While he was thus distinguished by his intellectual powers and efforts, every thing that he did evinced a most cordial attachment to evangelical truth. He was extremely jealous of the least attempt to rob the Redeemer of his glory, or to substitute anything else in place of the Lord Jesus Christ, as all in all; and hence it is said of him, that on being called upon by his professor to comment on an exercise of one of his fellow-students, which had exhibited much talent, but had been marked by a striking destitution of evangelical sentiment, he rose, and

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after having given full credit for the exhibition of taste and imagination and power of argument, added, that "there was one thing wanting in the discourse—it needed to be baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, to entitle it to the name o a Christian sermon."

Towards the close of the year 1792, Dr. Mason's course in the university was suddenly interrupted by his receiving the afflictive intelligence of the death of his father, and his being invited to take the pastoral charge of the church with which his father had been connected. Considering that this was the church, in the bosom of which he had been born and educated, and that he was now but little more than twenty-two years of age, this might have seemed at first view a hazardous experiment; but the knowledge which they had of his talents and piety, and their conviction that he was destined to eminent usefulness, led them unhesitatingly to direct their eyes towards him as their spiritual guide. The event proved that their confidence was not misplaced. In compliance with their wishes, he returned immediately to this country, was licensed in November, 1792, and after preaching for them a few months, was installed in April 1793, as their pastor. In this relation, he continued rising in respectability and usefulness for seventeen years. It is probable that during this period he realized the richest fruits of his ministry.

As Dr. Mason had known by experience the advantages of a thorough theological education, he was exceedingly desirous not only that the standard of qualification for the ministry in this country should be elevated, but that young men destined to the sacred office should enjoy better opportunities for theological improvement. This led him, about the beginning of the present century, to project the plan of a Theological Seminary, to be established by the authority, and subject to the direction, of the General Synod of the Associate Reformed Church. This plan he succeeded in carrying into effect in 1801; and the result was, the establishment of the first theological institution in the United States. Of this institution he was himself the very life and soul; he was appointed its first professor, and continued to discharge the duties of that responsible office, in connection with his various other official duties, through a succession of years, until, by the gradual decay of his constitution, he was admonished to retire.

In the year 1806, his fertile and active mind projected the plan of the Christian's Magazine—a periodical which he conducted for several years, furnishing not a small part of the matter which it contained from his own resources. In this work his versatile mind had full scope. Though it partakes in no small degree of a polemical character, yet there are articles from his pen which show that he was equally at home in almost every department of learning.

Dr. Mason continued his labors in connection with his pastoral charge till 1817, when the painful conviction was forced upon him, that his constitution had been effectually undermined by the labors of preceding years, and that he had nothing to expect but that his subsequent course must be one of gradual decline. In the summer and autumn of 1819, he experienced in two instances a slight paralytic affection, which, however, soon passed off, though it was an admonition to him and his friends of an advancing process of decay. After the second attack, he was induced, by the advice of physicians and the importunity of friends, to suspend his public labors for six weeks; but at the end of that period he resumed them, and continued them without further interruption until February, 1820, when an affecting and monitory incident occurred in his pulpit, which put the matter beyond all question that his work was drawing to a close. During the week which preceded the Sabbath on which this incident occurred, he had been remarked by his family, not only to have lost his accustomed cheerfulness, but to be in a state of great bodily depression. When the Sabbath came, he went to the sanctuary as usual, and commenced the service; but soon after having read the portion of scripture on which he intended to lecture, his recollection failed, his mind became confused, and, bursting into tears, he told the audience that such was the infirmity which had been induced by disease, that he was unable to proceed; upon which he immediately offered a short prayer, gave out three verses of the fifty-sixth psalm, and dismissed the congregation. His pastoral charge was finally resigned in October, 1821.

The lineaments of Dr. Mason's character were strongly impressed on his majestic form and noble countenance. In his person he was considerably above the medium size, and was formed in most perfect proportions. His movements, though somewhat rapid, were always majestic and graceful. There was eloquence in his countenance, even when his lips were sealed; something that told of burning thoughts, and lofty purposes, and left no one at his option whether or not to regard him with profound respect. It was a favorite kind of exercise with him to ride on horseback; and such was the dignity of his person, and the perfection of his riding, that he rarely appeared in this way without being the object of marked attention.

As was Dr. Mason's person, so, we hardly need

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add, was his mind—well proportioned, bold, energetic. His faculties were all originally of the highest order, and each faculty had received an appropriate and thorough training. He was fitted alike for the lofty and profound, and was equally at home in the regions of philosophy, taste, and imagination. He rarely, if ever, framed an argument but he seemed to be conducted by a broad and luminous path to an irresistible conclusion. He saw clearly the difficulties by which any subject was beset, and he knew well how to encounter them; and sometimes before a single effort of his intellect they would all vanish away. His mind was singularly inventive; for he rarely touched the most common subject without throwing around it an air of originality, which almost left those who listened to him to the momentary delusion that he was conducting them into some field of intellectual light and beauty, which the genius of man had never before explored. His imagination, though eminently sublime and vivid, was entirely under the control of his more sober powers. It would, indeed, sometimes stretch its wings, and mount into the third heavens, and seem to burn with seraphic fire; or it would wander in ecstacy among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty on earth; or it would fly off on a visit of curiosity to worlds of whose existence the telescope alone has made a report. Amid the grander and the softer, the more awful and the more delightful scenes of creation, it was alike in its element; but in its noblest excursions it was never wild or eccentric; never cut loose from judgment, and always moved hand in hand with taste. Nor was he less distinguished for his common sense—the ability to form a right estimate of men ana thinga. He read human character as if by intuition; and no man could be long in his presence, but that he had taken the measure of his mind, and marked at least the prominent features of his character.

Nor were his moral qualities less remarkable than his intellectual. There was implanted in his nature a strong sense of honor, which made it difficult for him to brook a mean action. While he was careful to treat his fellow-men with strict propriety, as became the various relations he sustained to them, no one could approach him with an indecorous familiarity, without being awed into respect by the majesty of his frown. He was as far as possible from anything like concealment or cunning; for though he was not without that prudence which is justified and demanded by the circumstances of society, yet he was pre-eminently an honest man, and always acted in full daylight. He was distinguished also by native decision and intrepidity; there was a moral heroism about him which belonged to his very nature, independent of the influence of Christian principle; so that he never looked upon the face of man with fear, and never shrunk from any enterprise because it was great or difficult. At the same time, he had little of that pride of opinion, that unyielding obstinacy, oftener the quality of little than of truly great minds, which leads an individual to shut his eyes upon the light that reveals to him his own errors; or to persist in maintaining errors in the face of his own convictions. He would not, such a mind as his *could* not, lightly surrender its own opinions, because they were never formed inconsiderately; but he would listen candidly to arguments by which any of his opinions were assailed, and if he could not sweep them away as a cobweb, he would subject them to patient investigation; and if he was convinced that he had been in an error, whether of faith or practice, he would acknowledge it with his characteristic magnanimity. He was generous perhaps to an extreme. There was a chord in his heart which vibrated in a note of sympathy to every touch of wo; and wherever he knew there was distress, his hand and heart were both open to administer relief. Never was he more in his appropriate sphere than while ministering consolation to the wretched; and no man could be more welcome than he wherever he was known, amidst scenes in which consolation was demanded. In a word, his heart was the dwelling-place of all that was warm and tender, and his approach to the disconsolate was always the harbinger of sympathy and kindness.

Dr. Mason was pre-eminently great in the pulpit. It was one of the most prominent characteristics of his preaching, as of his piety, that it was highly evangelical. The great doctrine of salvation by a crucified Redeemer, as it lay at the foundation of all his religious experience, and constituted in his view the very substance and glory of the gospel, so it was the luminous centre about which he delighted in his preaching continually to revolve. Not that he confined himself to a single point of evangelical truth, however important, for he proclaimed the whole counsel of God; but the doctrine of Christ crucified was in some way or other first and last in his public ministrations; and everything else sustained to this the relation of a superstructure to its foundation. He inculcated, indeed, with great zeal, the whole circle of moral virtues, but he took care to distinguish between the morality of the world and the morality of the gospel; and maintained that nothing deserved the name of evangelical truth which is not the fruit of living faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

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It was impossible to listen to Dr. M.'s preaching without feeling a great variety of emotions. At one time the mind would be chained, and the reasoning powers tasked to the utmost, by some process of profound argumentation; and for a moment the delusion would almost be induced that such an intellect was made for reasoning, and nothing else. At another, there would be a lightning-like impulse communicated by a sudden flash of his imagination; and his hearers would be carried by surprise into some new field of beauty, or else they would be awed by some scene of natural or moral grandeur, which combined the rapidity of the cataract and the terrors of the storm. Here there would be awful exhibitions of the law of God, and of the wrath of God in the wages of sin, and a deep and solemn communing of the soul with the realities of eternity: and there the gospel would come out in its most attractive loveliness, and the cross would seem to be made visible to the eye of imagination and faith, and the heart would be dissolving, and the eye overflowing, from the sublimity and pathos of his appeals. And then again, there would be a kind of involuntary sportiveness of fancy, an incomparable aptness of illustration, an air of biting sarcasm, which bordered well nigh upon ridicule, which would for a moment cause a smile to play over the countenance of the most serious of his hearers. He was, however, always dignified, and no man sooner than he would have shrunk from prostituting the pulpit to be an arena for vulgarity.

Dr. Mason's manner in the pulpit strikingly embodied the peculiarities of his character. There was everything in it that was fitted to make a powerful impression. His noble form, his commanding countenance, his expressive eye, his easy and graceful attitude, his majestic and flexible voice, gave him advantages for public speaking which few men have ever enjoyed. He could be loud as the thunder, soft as the zephyr, rapid as the whirlwind. His reading of the scriptures was so perfect, that it answered well the purpose of a commentary; and no intelligent person could listen to him without gaining more correct and enlarged views of divine truth. Much of the power of his manner consisted in the expression of his countenance. The various emotions which were prompted by different parts of his discourse, were to be seen in his face, as if it were the very mind of his soul; and this was one grand secret of his always enlisting the most profound attention. It is unfortunate that his sermons, with but few exceptions, were never written, though there is no doubt that his extemporaneous delivery was highly favorable to immediate impression. There was a kindling of the spirit in his looks, a life and energy in his gesture, a perfection of nature in his intonations, which would have been incompatible with reading his discourses, or perhaps even delivering them *memoriter*. It is one proof of this, that when he was obliged, towards the close of his ministry, in consequence of his infirmities, to take up the practice of reading, his preaching greatly diminished in interest, and that notwithstanding he delivered sermons which were written in the days of his greatest intellectual strength and activity.

THE MEN OF VALOR.

God's blessing on them!—those old saints
  Who battled hard and long;
Who cleft in twain a stubborn chain,
  And conquered might and wrong!
O, Time! revere their sanctity,
  Nor let their glory cease;
For by a mortal victory,
  They sealed immortal peace.

God's blessing on them!—those stout hearts,
  In these advancing days,
Who seek to guide the progress stride
  From error's countless ways!

O, be their track a track of light,
  The onward march of man:
The wise to shape our steps aright—
  The good to lead the van!

God's blessing on them!—one and all,
  Of every rank and clime,
Who strive to aid the stern crusade
  Against the growth of crime!
O, be their names a rallying cry
  For ages yet to come:
A word whose echo shall not die
  'Till Nature's self be dumb!

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THE WISDOM OF SILENCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

BY A. H. S.

Stryk, the late counsellor of state, had a custom of uttering on almost every occasion these three words, which became a sort of proverb in his mouth—"It is possible!" Often, even when presenting reports in full council, he pronounced them. This was always the signal for a smile on the lips of his colleagues, as if they pitied this weak point in their friend. Notwithstanding this, however, counsellor of state Stryk was a man highly esteemed. The respective governors appreciated and employed him in consequence of his varied knowledge and business habits. All confessed that he was a man of talent and consummate tact. Surpassed by none, M. Stryk was moreover always open and honorable; nothing of a partisan nature could be attributed to him; but his *finesse* was undeniable. So generally was this acknowledged, that while some regarded it as the result of a profound policy, by others he was esteemed a kind of prophet; and all this reputation he owed to these three words—"It is possible!" We have collected some facts regarding this man, once so famous in the history of his country. We are indebted for them to one of his friends, who found them in a journal which the counsellor had kept from his youth. The most important entry therein is the ever-recurring phrase, "It is possible!"

Although he pronounced these words so frequently, he always attached to them a meaning; and whenever they escaped him, he believed himself bound to abide the consequences, and sustain them. Thus the motto exercised the greatest influence over his opinions, his habits, and all the events of his life. Not only did he himself live faithful to these three words, but he seriously wished that his only son should be accustomed to render their influence all-powerful. The young man, who imagined, like many more young men, that he saw things far more clearly than his old father, used to regard the repetition of this text as a very odd habit.

"They will pardon in you this little originality, my dear father" said he, "but in me it would be esteemed most ridiculous. It would be just set down as a mode of speech adopted by design and copied without taste."

"It is possible, Frederick," answered the counsellor of state; "but what matters a laugh, if these three words give you peace, prudence, security, and happiness! If the benefit is evident, and the fear of raillery hinders you from saying them aloud, I beseech you, at least, to repeat them to yourself on every occasion."

"But father, for what good! Your love for this expression goes in truth very far."

"My son," said the old man, "I love you, and this is why I seek to bind it to you, and peace of heart and happiness may follow. Do not think that this axiom has become habitual to me by constant repetition. No; it is a word which I pronounced at first after much grave reflection, and which experience has confirmed. Under God's blessing, it is to it that I owe all I have and all that I am."

"What, then, made you determine to adopt it?"

"The misfortunes of my youth and despair. With these three words I raised myself anew and re-conquered fortune. Our ancestors were honest people, fearing God, but possessed of no great patrimony. What I inherited scarcely sufficed to enable me to pass my terms of study at the university, and procure subsistence for a year or two after. I was an ardent student—too much so indeed; for I lived but in the ideal of models of virtue of my own creation. That illusion cost me dear. I did not know the world, and saw it by turns, according to circumstances, peopled either with angels or fiends."

"That often happens to me, despite myself," said Frederick.

"It is possible," answered the counsellor; "for a young man who has not fallen into that error has neither a pure heart nor a loving soul. It is necessary to pass through that ordeal once. Well,

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I was for a long time forced to work without emolument before obtaining a little remunerative employment, with much bad usage. This I did not like, and cast my eyes around to try better for the future. I saw that it was necessary not to appear poor; otherwise I would not readily succeed, even in obtaining that for which I was capable. Accordingly, I dressed with that taste which now would be called gallant, but which was named at that day elegant. I lived in a fine apartment, appeared in the most distinguished circles, and did not fear even from time to time to give small but costly parties; and yet, with all this, I was without debt—a rather uncommon thing amongst young men of my age and station. Everywhere I was represented as wealthier than in reality was the case; and these results I obtained for little money. No person knew how miserably I lived in private. Bread and milk formed my constant nourishment. However, I was very happy, for I had a thousand little pleasures. I was well received—by the ladies with pleasure, and by the men with esteem. Nevertheless, I had found amongst my acquaintances but one friend—a rare and tried friend, upon whom I could depend—an advocate, named Schneemuller. Amongst the ladies, only one occupied my thoughts—it was the daughter of General Van Tyten, named Philippine. For years I loved her in silence. It was almost idolatry; but my whole life was sanctified by that love. No person knew the state of my heart, for to no one did I dare to confide it."

"What! not even to your friend?"

"No, not even to him; for at first the mediocrity of my fortune, my obscure birth, and precarious situation, made me fear seriously to aspire to the hand of the noble general's daughter. Among others, it was from Schneemuller that I first learned that the report was current that I was the preferred lover of Philippine. She loved me ardently, he said, and in consequence several scenes had taken place between her and the mother. I was already aware of the truth of this report, for circumstances had brought me in contact with Philippine—we had discovered our mutual secret—we had sworn eternal constancy—and, after the usual fashion, declared that death alone would separate us. At this period, Dame Fortune seemed determined to heap on me her favors. I became chamberlain to the dowager duchess, with a considerable salary, a situation, moreover, which served to break down the barrier which separated Philippine and I. The general had need of me. I obtained his confidence, and his spouse had no more remonstrances to oppose to the passion of her daughter; and, to crown all, some few months after, a cousin at Batavia died, leaving me the sole possessor of a rich heritage, deposited at Amsterdam. I had become almost a millionaire, and was happy beyond expression, not because of my fortune, but of my Philippine. A young count, a favorite of the then reigning sovereign, sought earnestly to obtain her hand. It was without doubt an annoying matter for me. She prayed me to demand it from her parents, and I prepared for this step; but it was necessary that I should set out immediately for Amsterdam, and in that voyage I was singularly baulked—first, because I could not endure the idea of quitting Philippine; and, in the second place, in the event of my departure, the count—young, rich, and powerful—would be a sore tormentor, left behind. In short, I came to another resolve, and my friend Schneemuller set out for Amsterdam, with the certificates and all necessary powers."

"But you have never yet spoken about that friend," said Frederick.

"It is possible," answered the counsellor; "that will be explained immediately. Weeks and months passed, and still neither my friend nor documents arrived. I despatched letter after letter, and still no answer. Imagining he must have been seized with dangerous illness, friendship triumphed over love, and I departed for Amsterdam. My absence plunged Philippine into great grief, and on quitting me she swooned away in her mother's arms. At each stage I sought for information regarding Schneemuller. I found his name inscribed on all the registers of the inns. I arrived in Amsterdam. He had sojourned for a long time there; he had collected every sum of money which fell due to me under the legacy, and converted all into letters of exchange, but transmitted no part. In short, I learned to my great surprise that a man, very much resembling my friend, had sailed in an American ship about two months before—the very period when Schneemuller had wound up all the affairs of the succession. I exclaimed, 'It is possible!' and had yet to believe the certitude of my misfortune. It was, in truth, very possible; my only, and, as I had imagined, my best friend, had betrayed me. With a heavy heart I came back. I could publish the loss of my money, but not the treason of my friend, for his behavior had destroyed all my confidence in men. On my arrival, I wished to go at once to General Van Tyten's, to see Philippine and recount my loss, which I had already announced by letter, but the evening was too far advanced. My host received me pleasantly. 'What news?' I asked,—'No great things,' said he. 'You know, I suppose, that Ma-

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demoiselle Van Tyten is married about a month ago.'—' It is impossible !—impossible ! married ! the daughter of General Van Tyten ?—to whom ? —to the count ?'—' Just so,' said he, and he described all that had passed. My Philippine had not hesitated to accept the hand of the young, wealthy, and influential count, and the marriage had been celebrated just after the receipt of my letter from Amsterdam, detailing to the general the villany of Schneemuller. I would not believe the word of my host, and I cried always, ' It is impossible !' But the next day, everybody confirmed what I had learned on the previous evening. I cried out ' I will believe no more in anything on earth—the love of any woman, the friendship of any man, or the duration of any happiness, for that which seemed impossible has happened. From that day I believed everything was likely to happen, except good; and when any one spoke of the most unlikely circumstances, I always answered, ' It is possible !' In these three words, I found all my system of philosophical practice. I proposed to myself to repeat them on every occasion, finding they were some consolation in my profound grief—that they defended me against utter despair ; and I learned to reckon nothing sure but God and myself. Are you ever able, would I sometimes say to myself, are you ever able to be happy on earth ? It is possible ! was my refrain, and the event justified it. I adopted it forever. The chances of happiness by which I profited did not intoxicate me ; I dreamed of the instability of fortune and the disgrace of place, and always said, It is possible ! I never experienced a more heartfelt joy than at your birth, my dear Frederick, but I moderated my transports at the idea that death might step in and snatch you from my affection, or, if spared that pain, you might become an evil disposed child. I said, It is possible ! and I was fortified against every evil."

"God be praised, my father, it has not yet come to that."

"Happily, my son, it has not, but it was possible. Since I have had my axiom, I take every pleasant moment as a gift from heaven, and no misfortune surprises me, for I am prepared for all. All is possible ; wherefore I counsel you to appropriate that idea ; but it is requisite by usage to make it enter into your organization, that it may grow into a kind of second nature, otherwise it will not serve you."

The favorite phrase of the counsellor not unfrequently brought him into disgrace, but he was not readily damped. For example, he was one day attending the council at which the Elector presided ; it was at the moment of the explosion of the French Revolution. After the sitting closed, there was a good deal of talk about the new events in Paris, Lyons, and Strasbourg—of the changes which were taking place in the French nation, from idolatry of their kings, to the extreme of joy at the fall of the throne. " They are the most fickle people on earth," said the Elector; "no other would act in the same manner. When I think of my subjects, one could never dream that they would be seized with a similar vertigo—that they would renounce their fidelity to their prince. What say you, M. Counsellor ?"

The Counsellor, pre-occupied at the moment, had only heard the last words of the prince. He raised his eyes, and answered, as usual, " It is possible, my lord."

The Elector reddened, " How ? Do I understand you ?" cried he. " Do you believe that there will ever be a time when my subjects will rejoice for my loss ?"

" It is possible," answered the counsellor, and this time with reflection ; " one knows not the future. Nothing is more uncertain than the opinion of a people, for it is composed of men who have each an individual interest, which they prefer to that of a prince. A new order of things gives ground for new hopes. Although the people bear to your electoral highness that love which you merit, I should not affirm that in these new events they would not forget the beneficence of their prince, and that we may not live to see the electoral arms broken and replaced by the tree of liberty." The Elector retired, and Stryk fell into disgrace. Every one said, Counsellor Stryk is a fool !

Some years after, the victorious French passed the Rhine, and the Elector, with his whole court, took flight. The tree of liberty was planted, and the electoral arms were publicly broken by the people. Stryk, as an able and experienced man, was called to place under the new regime. The cause of his retirement was fresh in the memory of all. He was viewed as the victim of a now extinguished despotism ; and by his activity he contributed not a little to maintain order and consolidate the new constitution. However, despite his natural ardor, he never allowed himself to be drawn into political enthusiasm. He attached himself to no party, and became in consequence suspected by all. The Jacobins treated him as a disguised Royalist, and the Royalists held him to be at bottom a Jacobin. He despised both names, and devoted himself to his office.

One day there arrived the commissary of a new department of the republic, who was received with the greatest honors. The commissary, who

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had received a hint as to the opinions of Stryk, finding at a grand banquet one day that a toast was to be proposed to the liberty of the world, the rights of nations, and the victories of the republic, turned to him and said, "I am astonished that the kings dare still resist us, for it will only accelerate their own fall. Revolution will make the tour of the world. What do they hope for? Do they think to curb anew the great nation under the yoke of the Bourbons? The madmen! All Europe shall perish first. What think you, citizen? A reasonable man must admit that the throne will never be re-established in France."

"That is not probable," said Stryk; "but it is possible."

"How! Possible!" cried the commissary, in a voice of thunder. "He who doubts liberty, has never loved her. I am distressed beyond measure to see a public functionary profess such opinions. Can you justify yourself, citizen?"

"It is very possible," said Stryk, calmly. "Free Athens accustomed herself at first to Pericles, then to a King of Macedonia. Rome had at first the triumvirs, then a Cæsar, and lastly a Nero. England, who killed her king, supported Cromwell, and again the empire is under kings."

"What matters your Romans, your Athenians, and your English? You do not mean to compare them with the French, I hope. But I forgive your false views; you have not the honor to be born a Frenchman."

The pardon of the commissary was not complete, however, for Stryk lost his place. He was even subjected to some persecution for his suspicious discourse.

Some years after, Bonaparte became first consul, then consul for ten years, consul for life, and, in short, emperor and king. Stryk was immediately reinstated in his functions, for he had belonged notoriously to the moderate party. He played his part with more credit and consideration than ever. Again had his predictions been fulfilled, and he passed for a consummate politician. Napoleon changed the world, and gave away crowns. Stryk also became the servant of one of those crowns, and obtained many honors. There existed no republicans now; every one shrunk under the new master. No person wished to have it said that they ever entertained the idea of republicanism; every one pretended that he had resisted the current; and it was regarded as a disgrace not to have always belonged to the partisans of royalty.

"I have no shame in saying this," said Stryk; "the epidemic reigned; you will again feel its infection; that it will re-appear, and you will feel its still heavier blows. It is possible."

"What! Do you take us for men so weak, that we shall be forever changing!" they answered him.

"I always remember," said Stryk, "of the Sultan of Egypt, of whom Addison speaks. Nothing seemed to him more ridiculous in the Koran than the history of the prophet's aerial voyage. Mahomet, whilst in his bed one morning, had been transported by the angel Gabriel, and carried through paradise—the seven heavens and hell—he had seen and observed all marvels—he had held ninety thousand conversations with God; and all this in so short a space of time, that when the angel had deposited the prophet anew in his bed, he found it still warm, and the water contained in a ewer, which they accidentally overturned when starting, had not entirely ceased to flow. The sultan laughed outright at this history in presence of a dervish, who had a great reputation for working miracles. He promised that the sultan should be cured of his incredulity, if he only did as he was commanded. The sultan took the holy man at his word; and accordingly the commander of the faithful was led by him to a large tub filled with water to the very brim The whole court was present, and surrounded the tub with no ordinary curiosity. The dervish ordered the sultan to plunge his head into the tub of water, and withdraw it again immediately. Scarcely had the prince put his head under the water, when he found himself at the foot of a solitary mountain near the seaside. His surprise may be imagined. He stormed, and threatened to take the life of the dervish; but he must conform to his destiny. Happily, he found some men in a wood; they were woodcutters, and by their direction he was enabled to reach the neighboring town. He found himself far from Egypt, upon the borders of the Caspian Sea. No person knew him, and he dared not reveal who he was. After many adventures he fell in with a rich man, and married his daughter, by whom he had fourteen children. At last his wife died; and after several years of misfortune, he fell into great misery, so much so, that he was forced to beg his bread in the streets. Often he wept bitter tears in comparing his present miserable condition with the sumptuous life he had led in his palace, and he regarded his lot as a punishment for his incredulity. In short, he resolved on repentance, and to make a pilgrimage as a beggar to Mecca. He accomplished that pilgrimage; but before approaching the sacred mosque, he wished to purify himself by a general ablution. He took off his garments and plunged into the waves, but, oh, miracle! as he came out he found himself, not by the water's edge, but before the tub into which the dervish had commanded him to

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put his head! He was still surrounded by his courtiers and the dervish; he could not refrain from venting his violent indignation against the man who had caused him so many griefs and misfortunes; but the astonishment of the sultan was redoubled when he learned from all around that he had not quitted the tub, and that all these events had been accomplished in the short space of time necessary to plunge in his head and draw it out again. Now," continued the old counsellor of state, "you are just in the same case as the Sultan of Egypt. Many strange events have come to pass in a wonderfully short space of time; for if any one had told you, before the revolution took place, what you have done in its course, you would never have believed him. And, now that you have brought your head out of the tub, you will never be able to forget what you have thought, done, and experienced, in the time of miracles. If the Bourbons ever re-enter France, they will regard history, since 1789, as if it had not happened; and finding themselves again, as the sultan did, by the side of the tub, will esteem their years of suffering as a fleeting dream."

They laughed. "Come, come," said some, "the counsellor is not far wrong. But if he imagines that the poor Bourbons will ever be restored, that will also belong to the history of miracles."

"Hem! It is possible," said Stryk; and, in truth, he did not wait long to see the event accomplished, and the ancient order of politics resume its seat. That change did not carry danger to a man professing such opinions as the counsellor, who, in addition, had again fallen into disgrace towards the close of the imperial regime. It was said that Napoleon had heard of his political sagacity, and, a short time previous to the Russian campaign, had sent one of his generals to ascertain what Stryk augured from that expedition. The old counsellor was greatly astonished at the question, and refused to answer it. The general said, "Your reserve is singular. I think we shall celebrate the New Year at St. Petersburgh; but it seems as if you feared unfortunate results to us from that war." The counsellor shrugged his shoulders according to habitude, and answered, "It is possible." That answer was not forgotten, and his name disappeared for another time from the list of counsellors of state. When the allied powers entered France, and the creations of Napoleon were scattered to the four winds of heaven, every one said, Stryk is a prophet!

His disgrace under the government of the intruders, as that of the fallen emperor was designated, raised him to favor again, under that of the new and legitimate sovereign. But his axiom was not long in bringing down a fresh tempest on his head. The prince made him understand, one day in council, that his devotion to all governments caused his words sometimes to be suspected.

"I have always been a faithful counsellor," said the old man, "for I have always served my country, whoever was master. The state has always need of the help of her citizens, and he is only fulfilling his duty when he serves her under every circumstance."

"The state," said the prince, "is the sovereign. How dare you separate his person from the state!" and, with a frown, he made a sign for the old statesman to leave the chamber.

This was his last disgrace; and when they asked him if he would still survive more political changes, he answered, "It is possible! They have attacked truth, light, and liberty, not only in France, but throughout all Europe. They desire the re-establishment of the Inquisition, the wars of religion, the tricks of diplomacy, the titles of nobility, ribbons, and holy alliances, censorship, and similar means, all to bring about, as they say, eternal peace! It was thus in the times when Franklin and Washington appeared—the times of the Bastile, of Fouchè, and Rovigo; the same causes will produce the same results. IT IS POSSIBLE."

SPRING.

Softly and gently, on the winter's skirts,
  She plants her foot; then bids the sun and shower
  Re-green the earth, and vivify the bower,
Till with the leaf once more the gay wind flirts.
Touch'd with the fervor of her noonday hour,
  The forest shakes aside its wint'ry mail;
Then soars the lark, and, with a voice of power,
  Pours down its melody on field and vale.
Join him, ye quirers all, of wood and grove,
  With notes harmonious, and with hymns of joy,
Till each has nestled with its kindred love.
  To spend the season in delight's employ.
Man cannot mar, though ever envious he,
Your native freedom and your mirthful glee!

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WONDERS IN THE DEEP.

BY REV. FREDERICK G. CLARK.

THERE is an eloquence in the sea which reaches the sympathies of all men. Who can say that he has no interest in this great theatre of divine power? From early childhood, we learn to associate grandeur, sublimity, and terror with the works of the Lord in the deep. The sea is a part of God's dominion, in which man is compelled to feel his own littleness. Standing on the deck of his frail ship, he sees only the abyss of the heavens above, and the abyss of waters beneath. He sees himself surrounded and upborne by an element which is powerful to destroy. Like a child playing with the mane of a sleeping lion, he knows that he is in the power of waves, which, though they now lie passive, and gently heave obedient to the expiring breeze, to-morrow they may rise, and rage, and roar, dash their spray against the clouds, and engulph their victim.

In this vast temple of waters, the voice of the Lord reaches the ear of the most hardened. Here the fearless tremble. Here the strong and manly are made to "reel to and fro," and to be "at their wits' end." The more we know of the sea, the more do we realize that, though barren, and salt, and desolate, it is yet a field on which Jehovah will gather a harvest of glory to his great name. Its wonders are unsearchable. Down deep in its hidden caverns, there are mysteries which no creature eye can fully explore. What a revelation would be made if suddenly the bottom of the sea were laid bare, and we allowed to traverse its secret chambers, and to gather the spoils which its fury has heaped together, through successive ages!

"What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
Thou hollow sounding and mysterious main!
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow colored shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain!

* * * * * *

Yet more, the depths have more!—what wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies!

* * * * *

Thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.

* * * * *

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest."

How few can say that they have no link to bind them to the sea by some sympathy, interest, or affection? Our friends and kindred sleep in its coral tombs. Our property lies buried in its capacious coffers. Dear ones have passed over its yielding bosom, and its prosperous gales cheer us with tidings of the loved and the absent. The sea is the field on which our fortunes are to be gathered. It is the highway of nations. Instead of standing, as once, a barren between distant and hostile lands, it is now the reconciling medium of communication, bringing nations nigh, and spreading knowledge and religion over the earth.

God has already achieved some of His greatest wonders in the deep, and here, we believe, he will yet do mightier and more glorious things. As he opened the Red Sea, and formed between its liquid walls a highway for his people, and made the Jordan tarry in its course, and roll its massive waters into a mountain, because Israel would go over, so can God hereafter astonish the world with displays of his power in the sea, and make his glory to be respected as well from the heaving ocean as from the island and continent.

Our interest in the sea, and in lands beyond the sea, is increasing yearly. We wait for tidings from the old world, and catch them as eagerly as if the arms of our own government were stretched over the ocean. We identify ourselves with nations, once distant, and hostile, and savage, but now neighboring and fraternal. To what degree this intercourse and intimacy may be carried, none can tell; but who cannot believe that God is by this means preparing materials for his own glory, and sowing upon the waves of every sea the seeds of honor, and thanksgiving, and praise to his name?

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Our land of the many streams has heard the awakening of many tongues—tongues attuned to songs of freedom, and beauty, and love, and of the hope which hovers with its white wings over the new land of promise. Less philosophical and reflective than Bryant, and less intense and energetic than Whittier, yet as tender, graceful, and ideal as either, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is one of the greatest of that constellation of poets which New England has given to liberty and to the sacred art. Fouchè, the celebrated chief of French police, was fond of saying that all great men had begun life as teachers. He and his early friend Robespierre had been pedagogual associates, and the idea was personal flattery. Numerous instances, however, could be adduced in support of the Duke of Otranto's theory, from Homer, the blind old schoolmaster of Scio, to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, professor of modern languages and literature at Harvard College, Cambridge.

Longfellow was born in the city of Portland, State of Maine, on the 27th day of February, 1807. When fourteen years of age he entered Bowdoin College, and graduated in 1825. He began, like Bryant, after leaving the university, to study the law, but being appointed professor of modern languages in the college in which he had been educated, he cast aside his legal *vade mecum* and red tape, and proceeded to Europe in 1826, in order to qualify himself for his more congenial pursuits. For three years and a half he resided in France, Spain, Italy, Holland, Germany, and England, and then, returning to his native land, began his duties as a teacher.

In 1835, four years after his marriage, Longfellow was elected professor of modern languages and literature in Harvard College, and then proceeded to Europe a second time, in order to study more thoroughly the literature and tongues of the northern nations. The summer of 1835 was passed by the poet in Denmark and Germany; and here, at the town of Heidelberg, he lost his wife. From Germany he passed into and sojourned in the Tyrol and Switzerland, and returned to America in the autumn of 1836. He took up his residence at Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he has lived ever since, studying the mystic symbols of dry, musty lore, and soaring betimes into the regions of the beautiful and ideal. The first effusions of Longfellow's muse were published at Boston, whilst he was an undergraduate, in the "United States Literary Gazette;" and since that period the poet has been rising higher and higher in the flights of his fancy, and extending the compass of his powers as well as his fame. Whilst residing in Brunswick, he contributed several of the best papers to the "North American Review," made a translation of "Coplas de Manrique," and published a collection of agreeable tales and sketches under the name of "Outre Mer," or a pilgrimage beyond the sea. In 1839 appeared his "Hyperion." The first edition of his collected poems appeared this year also, under the title of "Voices of the Night." In 1841 followed his ballads and other poems. In 1843, he produced his "Spanish Student"—a play. In 1844, his "Poems on Slavery;" and in 1845, a collected edition of his works was issued in a large octavo volume, beautifully illustrated. In 1849, an edition of his poems was published at Liverpool, prefaced by an elaborate essay on the genius and writings of the poet, by George Gilfillan.

The first collected poems of Longfellow, his "Voices of the Night," are lyrics; songs of that great mystery-life that presents itself to the soul in sunbeams and shadows, and stirs it with questionings of the infinite and eternal—of the whence and the whither—of the past which is dead, save to the living mind, and of the future, which cometh beneath a shroud. There is a sad and solemn tone in those voices, which well befits the majestic presence of that dark queen, who, with "sable garments fringed with light," sweeps through her argent halls. Moon and stars, silent, yet many-tongued, climbing the crystal walls of heaven, and fretting with gold its dome; moon and stars, those mysterious presences that look sadly down upon us, as they looked upon our primeval fathers, and that mock us as we seek to know the secrets of their inner life; they, with the cold winds, and the forests that were moaning while humanity slept, were well calculated to awaken in a mind like Longfellow's, as he stood amidst them, those tremulous emotions and deep questionings of his being that became the utterances of his heart, and that vibrated on his early lyre. The language of that heart and lyre, interpreting the emotions and convictions suggested by and deduced from his communions with himself in the

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"holy night," is not the language of weeping and despair. If there is aught vague in the philosophy of life to the poet, there is no mistake in his soul with regard to its purpose. In the solemn shadows of night, he learns to "bear what man has borne before;" and in his spirit there riseth this belief,—

> "Life is real! Life is earnest!
> And the grave is not its goal!
> Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
> Was not spoken of the soul.
>
> ....
>
> In the world's broad field of battle,
> In the bivouac of life,
> Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
> Be a hero in the strife!"

All the first poets of America, with the exception of Willis, seem to have caught the spirit of this adjuration of Longfellow. Bryant, Whittier, and Dana, have sung of freedom, and have given their energies to progress. Willis, after the caresses which he met with on his first European tour, betook himself to a model Arcadia, and lay down in satisfied common-place, while humanity was crying amongst the rugged ways of life's weary wilderness.

The "Spanish Student" is the only dramatic composition of Longfellow's that has been published; and although sparkling with wit, full of fine sentiment, discoursed in measured, majestic, and chaste language, and sometimes profoundly philosophical, it is proof enough that Longfellow's genius is not dramatic. The history and poetical character of Spain are intensely dramatic. There is the pride of the hidalgo, whose fathers hewed out glories to his name from the crests of the Moors, and who glorified their estate with the gold of Montezuma; and then there is his present personal poverty and national decay to intensify that pride. Love and jealousy, and the secretiveness induced by ecclesiastical despotism, conduce to develop in the Spanish heart a subtle and burning element of passion that is too deep and too mystical for the pencil of Longfellow to reach.

Nursed amongst men whom he saw when he looked at their faces, because they had no motive to conceal themselves below a conventional mask; and dwelling amongst nature, that grand and perfect mother of beauty, his soul had been taught to soar upward, not to follow the artifices of a highly passionate and conventional life through the tortuous channels of its hidden course. He is more the poet of the sentiments—of love in its trustfulness, in its adoration of beauty, and in its hope and promise, than in its despair and fear. He can paint the spring, and summer, and autumn; the early flushing, the fulness, and the twilight solemnity of life; but he has no sympathy for its storms of discontent and gloom. And yet, with all his love of the outward and visible world; with all his passionate adoration of the grand old forests, and broad rivers, and beautiful lakes, and flowery meads, and mountains green, that tower up to the sky; with all the rapture that he feels when early summer spreads out her verdure and her floral glories before him, and when autumn tinges the cheek of nature with her rainbow hues—strong, and real, and material as is the basis of Longfellow's poetical being—still there is a vein of mysticism flowing through his idealism, not borrowed, we opine, from the German world of fancy, but derived from the fanciful thought of the pilgrim fathers. All men have felt that there may be some truth in the theory of supernatural visitation; the ignorant have almost universally and intuitively accepted that theory as a belief; the philosophical have declared that we have not sufficient evidence either to establish or disprove it. The early settlers of New England had very strong and somewhat stern opinions on this subject, and Longfellow seems to have received those ideas in a beautifully modified form. He says—

> "Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
> And, like phantoms grim and tall,
> Shadows from the fitful fire-light
> Dance upon the parlor wall;
>
> Then the forms of the departed
> Enter at the open door;
> The beloved, the true-hearted,
> Come to visit me once more.
>
> With a slow and noiseless footstep,
> Comes that messenger divine.
> Takes the vacant chair beside me,
> Lays her gentle hand in mine.
>
> And she sits and gazes at me
> With those deep and tender eyes,
> Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
> Looking downward from the skies."

These no doubt are memories, but then they are memories that receive embodiment and personality as they pass through the imagination of the poet; and the ghosts of the Runic bards were neither more nor less such memories. It must be recollected that Longfellow is a professor of languages as well as a poet, and from the nature of his pursuits he has been led to cultivate an acquaintance with all the outward forms of poetry, from the love lays of the sunny south to the wild war-songs of the Norsemen. Perhaps these studies have rather softened his measures than strengthened the essence of his poetry; they have improved the manner of the artist, but have not added to the originality of the poet. The "Skeleton in Armor," the longest and best of the few

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ballads written by Longfellow, is not only a fine specimen of ballad versification and of bold and correct rhyme, but it is one of those mysteries that, like the tumuli of the west, and the sculptured ruins of the south of America, cause the question to be asked in vain—Whence came they?

At Newport, Rhode Island, there stands a round tower, which saluted the first colonists on their settlement in New England. Though claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors, still nobody knew anything of its origin, nor could they guess from its style of architecture. However, European antiquaries have subsequently declared that it must have been built by some emigrant from Europe, decidedly not later than in the twelfth century. A comparatively short period since, a skeleton, encased in a suit of corroded armor, was dug up at Fall River; and the poet connecting this with the ancient tower, produced from the union the following ballad:—

Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armour drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?'

Then, from those cavernous eyes,
Pale flashes seem to rise,
As when the northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of wo
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee.

Far in the northern land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon:
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

Many a wassel-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

Once, as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning, yet tender,
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted:
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildbrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand,
To hear my story.

While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

She was a prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

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Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

And as to catch the gale,
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Bearing to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward,

There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother!
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

Thus seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended;
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the northland! *Skoal!*"
—Thus the tale ended.

"Excelsior," one of Longfellow's finest poems, was the unrevealed spirit of progress—the struggling aspiration of the heart of humanity—long before Longfellow gave it a tongue or inscribed it on the "banner white." Bruce saw it, living and speaking in a tiny spider, and investing that insignificant creature with the power and immortality of a thought. The man was laying on the straw, with despondency in his heart; the thought of destiny swung upon a feeble filament from a beam upon his head. "Never give up! Upward!" whispered the eternal; and the spider, hearing and obeying the oracle, gave to a king and a nation their grandest thought. This thought, which Longfellow has embodied in his beautiful poem, has been, through all life, the hymn of strong men. There are things that wear the human form, who are born, and who see the forms of life, and who are satisfied with all they hear and see of them; to such as they "Excelsior" has ever been a sedition—the querulous utterance of a purposeless discontent; but it was and will be the cry of ages, as the hosts of humanity, ever looking forward and upward, stride on towards the future. The youth with his banner is man, and his march is the march of one who feels that above him there is ever the unattained but not the unattainable. He has life and faith, and "Excelsior" is speaking in his soul and gleaming before his eyes, and his path is upward!—ay, even beyond the Alpine heights of living attainment, and the possibility of personal effort, the premonitions of the spirit whisper that also in eternity will be heard the voices of the angels breathing the word "Excelsior," as they hang upon their golden wings, and look towards the throne that the visioned prophet beheld in the Apocalypse,

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner, with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a faulchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass!" the old man said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O stay!" the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

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"Beware the pine tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good night!
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner, with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

Of all Longfellow's poems, however, we esteem most highly "Evangeline." It is completely an American poem—simple, pastoral, and sadly beautiful. In its lights it is a picture of pure republican life—of rural peace—of the happiness that springs from simple faith—the absence of ambition and the possession of abundance; in its shadows it is the immortal infamy of the irresponsible tyrant, who, by the expression of his will, destroys the beautiful and the peaceful, and subjects the true to drag a lengthening chain of misery and agony through the long course of life. Novia Scotia, called by the original French settlers "Acadie," was ceded formally to England in the year 1713; and the inhabitants, who seem to have been considered mere chattels by the diplomatists, could be induced to swear the oath of allegiance to Britain, only on condition that they would never be called upon to take up arms against the French or Indians. This condition they insisted on, because of their natural reluctance to fight with their kinsmen of France, and because of their long friendship with the red man. These scruples produced a long delay in the proposition of the oaths, and Britain had gone to war with France in order to extend her possessions in the colonies, without these oaths having been taken.

British jealousy and tyranny suspecting the Acadians of supplying the French and Indians with provisions and intelligence, although they denied doing either, it was determined to sacrifice the whole settlement. The men of Grand Pré, to the number of 418, were called into their church by Governor Winslow, and the church was surrounded by soldiers. They were then told that the king had commanded their land, cattle, and tenements, to be confiscated, and themselves and families to be shipped to some other country. This act of atrocity and wanton tyranny was carried into operation. The people were driven from their homes, reduced to poverty, sent into strange lands, and separated forever by this edict of execrable memory. The story of "Evangeline," for it is a sad tale of love, consists in the life-long pursuit of that beautiful orphan girl after the lover of her heart, who, having been torn from her on the shore of Acadie, is sought for with the hope and constancy of an angel. Often near him in her search, but never meeting him, her eyes grow sad with hope deferred, and dim with age, and her hair becomes silvered o'er until at last, in a lazar house of pestilence—she a sister of charity, he a weary dying old man—she meets her Gabriel, catching the last gleam of his eyes as a torch to light her path to death, and receiving on her faithful bosom the last whisper of his heart. The measure in which "Evangeline" is written in somewhat uncouth, but it allows the poet more freedom of touch than if it had been more precise and rhythmical. The village of Grand Pré, where Evangeline dwelt, was one of those lovely little villages—

"Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the door-way.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps, and in kirtles
Scarlet blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
... ...
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed."

This was the life and society of Grand Pré. Simple people who labored, and who simply hoped to live, like their fathers, in peace to labor. An edict destroys this beautiful reality however. The heart of Evangeline's father breaks, and he dies; and she, with a good and

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meek old priest, is left alone in the world. She searches for her lover by the broad Ohio, and by the waters of the Wabash, and far away over the prairies to the foot of the Ozark mountains, but she searches in vain. The following few lines will give the reader a view of Longfellow's painting of American scenery, and they will present to the heart and vision, one of the saddest episodes of this beautiful poet. Who does not wish that the sympathies which revealed to Evangeline the proximity of her Gabriel, had been even stronger and more real? Who, with the poet, does not cry out, "Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden? So near, and yet so distant. So hungry for a meeting, and yet so anxious to bear away from the spot that made them so near to each other. Alas! how often we pant to rush away from the spot where our treasure is!"—

"Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted their golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shore they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the wearied travellers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-vine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft, like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulus stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.
Nearer, and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn;
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow."

And now comes the last lone scene—the end of Evangeline's travels and vigils—the meeting that was for life delayed.

"Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side in their nameless graves the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic church-yard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed,
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and for ever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!"

We admire the beautiful pictures of primeval scenery and of natural grandeur that constitute the frame-work of this splendid poem; but it is its life, and love, and truth, that captivate our sympathy, and excite our sadness and our sorrow.

"Evangeline" is Longfellow's longest poem; and if the life of one so gentle, so meek, so unrepining, so good, so patient, can constitute what is conventionally called the elements of epic poetry, it is his epic. It is an epic, however, whose heroism is not that of an Ajax or Achilles, but of a simple village maiden. It is the heroism of virtue and endurance, of religion and love, not the heroism

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of brutality. It is delightful to be able, while illustrating the genius and commending the spirit of a poet's writing, to be able to say that he himself is good and true. Such can be emphatically said of Longfellow. He has sung, but not by the murmuring streams and under the willows. He has sung of man to men, and he has done so hopefully and bravely. Of him with truth and emphasis can be said—

> "This be the poet's praise;
> That he hath ever been of liberty
> The steadiest friend; of justice and of truth,
> Firmest of all supporters; of high thought,
> And all the beauty of the inner world,
> Creator."

AN ANGEL'S VISIT.

A BABE was reposing in its cradle, and by its side sat a young and beautiful mother, ever and anon bending her slight, fragile form, in order to imprint a fond, maternal kiss on the fair brow of her loved one. "Live, my child," she energetically exclaimed, addressing the sleeping and unconscious infant. "Thou hast been given to me, but for a time, by the hand of an almighty Benefactor. I will rear thee, and diligently fit thee for the brighter realms of thy native soil. Live, beloved by Him who made thee, cherished by his unworthy handmaid who bore thee, and admired by those amidst whom He shall be pleased to place thee. Live, my own darling. As the amaranth shalt thou twine thyself around my heart. I will be to thee as the forest oak, and thou shalt be to me the tender, ever-clinging ivy spray."

"Stay!" breathed a soft voice, in the accent mild that betokened the presence of one sent from another and a better world—"stay, fond mother! He who so recently gave thee yon beautiful blossom wills at once to transport it to a more friendly clime. The cold, keen, chilling blasts of winter, the hot, scorching rays of summer, the mists and gloomy darkness of this untoward atmosphere, shall never impede its growth, or mar its pristine beauty. In the glorious realms beyond the skies, it shall expand and bloom amidst the choicest and most beautiful plants that adorn the fair garden of Paradise. There shalt thou hereafter recognize thy treasure. Wilt thou, then, voluntarily yield it, and trust it unhesitatingly in the everlasting arms of Love?"

"How can I?" murmured the parent, as a bright, sparkling tear bedimmed her eye, and a crystal drop rolled down her cheek. "What! shall I part from my dearest? Must I thus early relinquish the first gift bestowed upon me by my distant Father? Leave it, good spirit, yet a little while. I will foster it, I will nourish it, and beneath my shelter, even here it shall be safe."

"Nay, that must not be. Yet grieve not," replied the compassionate angel. "Know that none but the favored of Heaven are received thus early into the better land. He who gave thee the tender bud he now recalls can and will grant thee some other. Repine not, because he takes the fairest, chooses the choicest, and culls the most delicate. There," added he, pointing in the direction of realms above the eastern sky—"there, are plants of every variety, of every shade, and every growth; but upon none does he glance more radiant smiles, none does he tend with more careful love, than the buds which, like that lying near thee, are snatched away in the prime of beauty."

A deep sigh escaped from the innermost soul of the agonized mother, and a copious stream gushed from her eyelids, as, for the last time she bent over the delicate form, and kissed the dimpled cheek, of her little innocent.

"Thou shalt lose sight of it for the present only," said the agent; "for soon will I return and convey thee also to the same blissful shore, where, beneath a cloudless sky, enjoying perpetual sunshine, invigorated by balmy breezes, side by side, ye shall bloom throughout the countless ages of eternity."

The mother smiled through her tears, and laid her babe in the arms of the angel. With his silvery wings he shaded it, bore it far away, and with joy was it received into the Garden of Eden.

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GENERAL AVEZZANA AND THE ITALIAN REPUBLIC.

BY T. D.

It is a remarkable fact, and one not easily accounted for, that with all the attractions which Italy presents in her situation, climate, productions, and history—her conspicuous rank among other countries, at different periods—her distinction in the arts and sciences, and her sad pre-eminence as the seat of the papal power—few, very few, of our countrymen have any just apprehention of the condition and character of her inhabitants at the present day, or of their designs and prospects for the future. Even intelligent Americans, who have travelled in that land of history, painting, poetry, and song, how much soever they may have learned of the remains of antiquity, are generally unacquainted with the extensive diffusion of intelligence and patriotic spirit among the people, the character, designs, sacrifices, and indomitable resolution of themselves and their leaders. The simple truth is this: that the old barriers against knowledge have been burst through in our day; the Italians have at length become acquainted with the state of the world, and their own interests and power, the deceptions, injustice, and cruelty of their rulers, and resolved to share in the blessings which civil and religious liberty have secured to the most favored nations. Among the chief means by which they have been taught these important truths, and brought to this heroic resolution, (as we ought to know, and with pleasure and gratitude,) are to be numbered the example of America, and the Bibles which have been put into the hands of Italians, and have taught them to discriminate between true and false Christianity.

General Joseph Avezzana is a native of Piedmont, where he was educated and spent the first twenty or twenty-five years of his life. During the revolution of 1820 and 1821, he first became implicated in movements against the oppressive government. A large Austrian army had been sent to suppress the constitutional government established in Naples and Sicily, and a rising in their rear was planned between Lombardy and Piedmont. The students of the University of Alexandria, in the latter country, first appeared in the field and marched for the capital, with Avezzana at their head. The plan, however, was defeated; numbers of the heroic youth were put to the sword by the Austrians, and their leader, with such as escaped from Italy, joined the patriots of Spain, then struggling for their constitution.

After a career of dangerous service in that country, Avezzana sailed for America, where he displayed that spirit of resolution and independence which has ever distinguished him, resolutely bearing on against all the obstacles which misfortune and exile had thrown in his way, and rising superior to circumstances under which many might have sunk in discouragement.

Being in Mexico when the Spanish expedition under General Barradas landed at Cabo Rojo, Avezzana hastened to the defence, and so greatly distinguished himself by skill and bravery in resisting the aggressors, that he soon after received from Gen. Santa Anna a commission, which was followed by an appointment to the government of two provinces. Subsequently discovering that his patron, with all his professions of liberality, was in heart with the priesthood, he seized an early opportunity to resign his office, and took up his residence in New York. Here he married, and spent about twelve years in active business as a merchant forming an extensive acquaintance, and enjoying the high esteem and friendship of all who knew him. Associated with Foresti and other leading Italians, he has for years devoted a considerable portion of his time to the direction of measures designed for the benefit of his countrymen in America, in all parts of which, but chiefly in the principal cities, numerous exiles have been residents. To receive them on their arrival among strangers, to provide for their immediate wants and find them useful occupations, has been a laborious and self-denying task; but it has been faithfully performed, year after year, without inviting public attention, or claiming any reward. Nor these alone: but plans have been devised to provide schools for the young, counsel for the ignorant, care for the sick, support for the distressed, the means of corresponding with distant friends, or of returning to their homes; such

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other measures as have been deemed necessary to prepare for doing good to Italy in future, have ever been kept in view: for Avezzana, like his fellow patriots, has always cherished that as the grand object of his life, and never despaired of her success. His own bitter sufferings for her sake have given him an intimate acquaintance with the distresses of his countrymen, and a fixed and unalterable resolution to devote himself at every opportunity to the overthrow of that system of tyranny which is the source of all the sorrows of Italy. His intelligence has been such as to guard him against the mistakes which have misled many others, and brought the late revolution in his native land to so unhappy a termination. With numbers of those friends best acquainted with Americans and their institutions, he a long time since became convinced that the only hope of Italian deliverance was in the evangelization of the people; and a society, which was formed in 1842, earnestly invited the aid of American Christians, in a general, ingenious, and most efficient plan for the diffusion of evangelical light and education among his countrymen at home and abroad. It is due to Mazzini and his associates to say, that they have been for years laboring with these ends chiefly in view; and that in many of the cases in which an appeal has been made to arms, it has been in spite of their remonstrances, and their endeavors to persuade the Italians to endure their sufferings, until the popular mind should be enlightened in the principles of the Gospel, and free government. Had Americans been convinced in time of the sincerity of these great men, and of the practicability of their plans, they would doubtless have aided them in their pure and noble enterprise; but, for some unaccountable reason, increased in its influence by the misrepresentations of the agents of popery among us, years rolled away, and almost all that was done was done by Italians themselves. "Mazzini's Tracts" are now proverbial for their immediate and irresistible influence in Italy: and those who doubted the possibility of circulating any patriotic or evangelical publication of any kind under the strict surveillance of the guards, spies, Jesuits, and inquisitors, now see the unequalled appeals and invectives of Mazzini's pen introduced into the very Vatican, and read by the Pope himself, with knees smiting together for fear, like a modern Belshazzar.

When most of the Italians, and many other people, were deceived by the liberal professions of Pius IX., there were some who placed no confidence in them, even for a moment. Avezzana was one of those who always answered the credulous by the emphatic remark: "Remember that he is a Pope!" As little confidence had he in the aristocracy and monarchs, who, in the course of the great European commotions of 1848, declared themselves in favor of the people, and were allowed to occupy posts of power. Charles Albert, who proved the traitor of Italy, never deceived Avezzana for a moment. He had seen him, in 1821, play the hypocrite, and basely desert the cause, to betray it into the hands its enemies; and a new mask was not sufficient to obliterate the memory of twenty-seven years. Others eyes were soon after enlightened by the removal of that second mask: but it was too late. The king submitted to the Austrians, and yielded up all, in the treaty of Novara.

Avezzana was in Genoa at the moment; and headed the popular party, who repudiated that shameful and ruinous measure, and raised the standard of the Italian Republic. With the greatest skill and gallantry he drove the royal garrison from the castle of Genoa, and defended the city against a powerful army by which it was immediately attacked, disputing every inch of ground in the streets, until overwhelmed by far superior forces. The officers of an American vessel of war, then anchored just out of range of the batteries, expressed their admiration at the superior style in which the defence was conducted. With equal judgment, humanity, and dexterity, the General then made timely provision for the safe departure of the patriots most implicated in the affair, and then proceeded to the quay on foot, attended by the mourning but grateful multitude, to embark for Civita Vecchia, on his way to Rome.

He reached that city at evening, and retired to rest. The next morning he took his seat in a corner of the Caffè Nuovo (then the place of meeting of the central Republican societies), and while taking his breakfast, heard his name pronounced by some one who had recognized him in his modest place and dress. Instantly a general cry of enthusiasm, from the hall and the street, called upon him for an address: and, being raised upon a table, he harangued the crowded and enthusiastic assembly, on the events of Genoa, and the dangers and duties of the Roman Republic, then the only remnant of Italian freedom, except Venice, which was heroically resisting a seige.

The National Assembly were warmly urged by the people to raise Avezzana to a post corresponding to his skill and patriotism; and he soon received an invitation from the government to appear before them, when he was presented with

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the appointment of Minister of War, and the commission of Commander-in-Chief.

From that moment a vast amount of labor and responsibility was thrown upon him, which, it may be emphatically said, he bore with the highest credit, and with benefit to the cause of Italy and mankind. It was necessary to form an army without a moment's delay, for he never doubted that a great struggle was before him, with the combined forces of the enemies of the Republic, with France at their head. Other leaders were deceived by false pretences, but not Avezzana; and, in the face of many obstacles, he succeeded in concentrating, organizing, and inspiriting the troops, who afterwards so wonderfully distinguished themselves, notwithstanding their inferior force, preparations, means, and discipline, against armies of four or five times their number.

Avezzana was actively engaged, day and night, incessantly and laboriously, in the innumerable duties of his two offices, until the last moment of liberty, scarcely allowing time for indispensable repose. Almost entire days he was on horseback, going from point to point, haranguing troops of different classes, and kindling in them the spirit in which many of them were declared by the enemy to be deficient; laying out and directing fortifications, receiving applications, propositions, &c., from thousands of citizens; conferring with the Triumvirate and others; planning military arrangements for defence and attack; affording counsel and aid wherever they were demanded; and preserving that character for firmness, moderation, and high civilization, which the Romans had unexpectedly gained.

One of Avezzana's first and most important measures was his calling Garibaldi from the country to the capital, where that most admired of living military heroes won imperishable honor. His soldiers, who had been drawn to his standard by a generous love of country, and many of them from the most intelligent classes, were chiefly armed only with pikes; and it cost great exertions to furnish them with muskets, the false-hearted French government having stopped the supplies purchased in their territory, as well as prohibited the departure of troops enlisted for Rome. The scarcity of cannon made it necessary to send to Fiumicino for several old pieces which had lain neglected on the coast from the days of Mahomedan invasion; and these were placed upon the ancient walls, which had been erected for the defence of Rome by the emperors, hundreds of years before the invention of gunpowder. Stages were formed for platforms, and from these as well as the bastions, the fire was kept up against the repeated attacks of the French, until some of those at Porta San Pancrazio fell under the battering-shots of the enemy.

It was owing to Avezzana's arrangements, with the valor of the defenders, that the veteran troops of France were first driven back in disgrace, and afterwards so long kept out of Rome, in spite of their false faith and deceptions; and that the Neapolitans suffered their defeat at Palestrina. Avezzana had projected a plan of defence, which was not carried into effect, in consequence of his mission to defend Ancona, and the injudicious step of depriving him of the chief command of the army.

In the noblest measures of the Republic, Avezzana bore his part; and those who know him can easily believe, that whatever he deemed honorable to the cause and the country met his hearty approbation. He knew that the world were looking on, to see how high principles were sustained by his countrymen; and he understood how the world would judge. His exertions were made to bring out the true Italian spirit, which he knew how to reach, to excite and direct; and, happily for the world, the exertions of himself and others were successful.

Avezzana maintained his active, intelligent, firm, and dignified attitude until the last; and, in the decision of the government, to cease resistance, in order to save the inhabitants and monuments of Rome from general destruction, by the pretended French Republic, whose base subserviency to the Pope and monarchs has indelibly disgraced them, he resigned his office, with an appeal to the Italians to remain forever true to their principles and the Republic. Avoiding the vigilance of his foes, he returned to New York, where he was received by public honors, having a sword presented to him in acknowledgment of his noble career; and there he remains, once more engaged in the business of a merchant, the duties of a good father, citizen, and patriot, as unassuming as if he had never appeared in public life, and as full of courage and hope for Italy as if he had never experienced a reverse. We cannot conclude this imperfect sketch without the strong conviction, that we shall hereafter be called upon to rejoice at a glorious sequel in the biography of Avezzana, and in the history of his country.

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Giuseppe Avezzana

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OUR PROVIDENTIAL ALLOTMENT.

BY IMOGEN MERCHIN.

"Thou camest not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee;
And shouldst thou there small scope for action see,
Do not for this give room for discontent;
Not let the time thou owest to God be spent
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be,
In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free
From outward hindrance or impediment;
For presently this hindrance thou shalt find
That without which all virtue were a task
So slight that virtue never could grow strong:
And wouldst thou do one duty to His mind—
The Imposer's—overburdened thou shalt ask,
And own thy need of grace to help, ere long."

—*R. C. Trench.*

A BEAUTIFUL September day was drawing to a close. Mrs. C—— and her niece sat together, in the twilight hour, apparently watching the last rays of the setting sun, from a piazza, which overlooked a scene of imposing beauty. The small, calm lake, the distant lofty hill, the variegated foliage of a miniature American forest, the garden so tastefully arranged, had but a few moments before been glowing beneath the rays of an autumnal sun; but now brightness had vanished, and all nature seemed to seek repose. During the day, domestic avocations, duties of charity, and many visitors, occupied her aunt; but this twilight hour, so calm and sweet, Grace had especially claimed during her visit. It was, in general, Mrs. C——'s meditative hour; but having learned to note and improve the providential interruptions so frequently occurring, she yielded without a sigh her personal enjoyment to the high hope of benefitting her beloved niece. This is a lesson not easily learned by contemplative minds. The indulgence is a luxury so lofty in its nature, and so elevating in its practice, (when enjoyed in accordance with the inward drawings of the spirit, and the outward indications of Providential guidance,) that it is hard to believe it is best to yield to interruptions unimportant, and oftimes trivial, the benefit of which we cannot perceive, except as a means of discipline to our own moral character. Truly happy are they who have grasped the high attainment, and can see God in every event —can "stand and wait," or rise and act: "Lie passive in His hands, and know no will but His."

Many opportunities for affectionate counsel had been improved, and the axe had been laid to the root of many of Grace's youthful errors; and, though shrinking from the pain of the incisions yet urged by the Christian principle which truly dwelt within her, she now sought the farther instructions she desired.

"How glad I am, dear aunt, to have one more opportunity for quiet conversation," said Grace, as her aunt passed her arm around her waist, and affectionately drew her towards her. "While my mind admits the truth of our previous discussions, I still do not seem to see clearly enough to profit by them. I want some more definite instructions respecting my employments, that I may be enabled fully to improve all that you have taught me."

"Which I will most willingly bestow, dear Grace, with the earnest prayer, that if I say something you cannot now bear, the time may yet soon come when you will be strengthened to practise and profit by them. I think we settled the question as to vain thoughts. The one I shall now discuss is, 'what may I read?'—I, a young Christian, with a mind to improve, and a heart to cultivate in every moral grace. But, as I look upon you, Grace, and contemplate your position and your duties, the question seems rather, 'what *can* I read, consistently with the performance of those duties?'—remembering that reading is not by any means the primary employment of life; no, not even at your age."

"That sentiment surprises me, coming from

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you, aunt." Mrs. C—— smiled, and continued thus—

"You will not for a moment dream, dear Grace, that I place the improvement of the *mind* secondary to anything but the improvement of the *heart*. But I do most firmly hold, and would most strongly enforce the principle, that *moral* improvement is to take precedence of everything else. I did not always see this in the light I now do. For years, I worshipped intellect, and thought everything should do it homage, and that many of woman's petty duties (so I, in my foolish pride, termed them) should give place to higher and more ennobling occupations; that her mind should be cultivated up to a certain standard, though in so doing she trespassed not a little on the time which her relative position as daughter, sister, wife, or friend, made due to the happiness or welfare of others. These were some of the false views which had to be corrected by severe discipline. I had to learn them by being shut up to domestic duties, and was glad to view them in a religious light, and thus rescue them from their otherwise depressing influence."

"You do not mean, aunt, that we must just yield to surrounding circumstances, and quietly resign mental improvement, because our way is beset with difficulties."

"You say truly, Grace, I do not mean that; but mark attentively what I do mean, dear. The providence of God, by defining our position in life, and arranging the circumstances around us, creates our outward duties;—that same Providence bestowed our mental powers, our peculiar temperament, our individuality of character. The two combined are not generally in harmony; and here is scope for that moral discipline which, in its perfected results, will create entire union. The mental and moral being controlled and purified by adverse circumstances and the grace of God, will find as full development and action in any sphere, as the God of wisdom sees best at that time to permit; while the passive waiting and the active trust will ere long be rewarded by some new place of residence, which will give the prepared soul full field for enjoyment and improvement."

"I apprehend that remark clearly, dear aunt, but do not yet see its application."

"You will, Grace. I am preparing the way for an important principle, which I am very anxious you should clearly apprehend and practically adopt. If early learned, it will save you much useless struggle and profitless effort. General laws for the mind extend just as far as general laws for the body: they are good in a general sense. Some rules are good for all without exception, others are good for an especial class; most, in their individual application, need to be modified by circumstances, by peculiarities of mental or physical constitution, by relative position, and many other things; therefore, I do not think that general rules for reading apply any farther than general rules for eating. Our outward position in life is generally regarded as providential; but one other great truth is often overlooked. It is this: Providence speaks just as emphatically in our mental powers, our physical capabilities, our peculiar tastes, and our struggling desires. I will illustrate what I mean. A farmer has two sons, near of an age, between whom he intends to divide his farm when they arrive at manhood. They are sent to the District School, and enjoy equal advantages at all times. To an outward eye they occupy precisely similar positions, and seem destined for the same ultimate station. But mark another thing. The one pursues his school studies, comes home, thinking no more about them, and is happy in sports or farming occupations, until the bell again calls him to his desk. The other learns the same lessons, and comes home to think, to struggle, to dream.

"His geographical lessons float before his mind continually. Other countries, scenes, modes of action, fill him with restless desire to see and know for himself. Or his arithmetic presses him on to mathematical calculations, or his astronomy to pass sleepless nights gazing upon the starry heavens.

"He *cannot* keep his mind within the range of his father's farm, and ere manhood arrives he will (if necessary) cheerfully forego all present worldly advantages, and go forth to see and learn, and know; and ere many years have passed, discoveries in science, of new applications of old knowledge, have made his name familiar as 'household words,' from one extremity of our land to the other. Who questions the fact that Providence led him forth out of his original sphere by the bestowment of those mental gifts? They were stronger than the fence-work of outward circumstances, and therefore prevailed.

"If he had been an only son, and the comfort of aged parents depended upon his oversight of that farm, that same Providence would have required him to delay his plan of action, and hold all mental desires in strict abeyance, until those gray hairs were sheltered in the grave, or other circumstances had been prepared creating equal comforts for the hearts that reared him.

"But, suppose the other, who had never given any indication of especial talent, should insist upon following in the steps of his brother, and,

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despite the advice of judicious parents and friends, should also leave his home to travel. The want of previous knowledge and the lack of practical observation would render it utterly profitless, and the result would probably be quite disastrous to his worldly interests. The Providence of circumstances spoke most loudly to him, and should have restrained him, while the providence of gifts instructed the other to go forth and exert wide their influence.

"Thus you see, Grace, we utterly condemn the system of the law that would bind an individual to any position in life because he was born there, while at the same time we as strongly condemn the restless, dissatisfied, ambitious spirit which pervades the majority around us, leading to continual murmurings over their providential allotment, continual envyings of those who seem to possess and enjoy none of the good things of life, to forget the command, "Be content with such things as ye *have*," to make life a scene of perpetual struggle to grasp what, in most instances, ever eludes them."

"But these remarks apply to men in business, aunt. What have I to do with such aspirations?" said Grace.

"I am talking in a circle, Grace," replied Mrs. C—, smiling, "but I am drawing to the centre, and that will touch you—you have much to do with the principle.

"It applies far more clearly to women than to men, because their position in life can (as a general thing) be more calculated upon. Or, if their outer circle varies with their husband's and father's, their inner circle of duties is but slightly touched. We know what they will be in every sphere, though modified by circumstances of wealth or poverty.

"Subject as we are, therefore, in this country to sudden changes of position, we cannot prepare for the future in any way, but by the full improvement of the present; and to neglect present obvious duties because we do not like them, and to pursue other occupations (however good and elevating in themselves) which we think will better fit us for a station we imagine we shall one day occupy, is egregious folly, yea, absolute sin.

"As I look upon you, dear Grace, I can realize that your future husband may be one of the earthly heads of the church, or fill a high judicial station, or be an ambassador to foreign lands, and thus you be called to occupy a station very different from the one you now fill, which now seems very probable. It may be, and it may not. But if in the prophetic vision I could see it far in the distance—my advice would still be, Go home, dear Grace, and occupy well your present position as eldest daughter and sister in your happy home, neglect no present relative duty for selfish improvement, and the God who placed you where you are will so bless and strengthen you and so lead you forth by the right way, that if the period of outward elevation comes, your moral and mental being will be made strong to fill it, or, if called to adversity and disappointment, you will not have foolish lessons to unlearn, and waking dreams to weep for."

"Still striking at the root of my imaginations, aunt, I perceive," said Grace.

"I wish to do so most effectually, my dear niece. You supplied the text for this homily in our last conversation, when you said, 'I do think more of the future than the present.' Our reading and our thoughts are most intimately connected, and will more or less influence each other. If you indulge the habit of rumination, you will seek books to supply the material—and, if you form the habit of reading trifling books, your thoughts will naturally follow the train they present, indeed you will be unfitted for any other.

"I have not for a moment forgotten your question, '*What* shall I read?' but you are not ready for an intelligent answer. You have put away childish things, and the next four years will most surely form your womanly character. I wish you therefore to act upon a reason—to know why you do, and why you leave undone, what you may see your young friends pursuing or neglecting I have illustrated to you the *Providence of circumstances*, or the outward form of life; but there is yet another we must more fully discuss, before I am clear to define your privileges, and that is the *Providence of gifts*, or temperament—the peculiarities of your inward character. Understanding these, I think you will be able clearly to define your position and your duties, and form a plan by which you "by the grace of God," will cheerfully perform every relative duty, and yet find time to gratify every proper desire for personal improvement.

"There is something ennobling in doing our duty, Grace, whatever that may be, and nothing creates greater dignity of character, than to recognise God's appointment in all that pertains to us, and cheerfully to love the wisdom and trust the love that ordains our lot."

"I now clearly perceive the drift of your remarks, aunt—you intend to shut me up to the point, what is best for me to read and do, without reference to what any other may perform, and you hope to give me a rule on which my judgment may act."

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"Exactly, dear Grace—nothing so strengthens the youthful mind, as independent action or principle.

"In this day of books, temptations beset those who are fond of reading, on every side. Without a read continually and yet it may all be desultory and profitless, yea, even decidedly injurious.

"With a plan of our own, and the advice of our kind friends occasionally, it may all, however varied, tend to profit."

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ENGD. BY J. SARTAIN. THE ORIGINAL IN A DESCENDANT.

HENRIETTA QUEEN OF ENGLAND IN CONCEALMENT.

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THE BEAUTIFUL SIDE OF LIFE.

"We spend our lives as a tale that is told," said the Hebrew Psalmist, and this is true in more senses than the one to which he immediately applied it, as pointing out the shadowy brevity of human existence. Yes, a "tale," and how much of happiness or misery depends on the *telling* of that story! How various its aspects—how manifold its characters and incidents—how inscrutable its entangled plot—and how unlooked for oftentimes its startling disclosures when "the end" cometh! Surely they err widely who would forbid us sometimes to tread the flowery paths of nature's own walk of art—to take up the pencil as it drops, ever and anon, from the hand of some departing artist, and re-sketch the features of a story which could only be concluded when the chief actor had passed for ever from our view. Only when genuine biography shall be written in this way—when, with the frequently simple incidents and sober tintings, shall be infused more of the "poetry of life"—more of that vivid interest and loving portraiture which at present are only to be found in the pages of fiction—can that department of literature cease to be the dead letter it now is—the barren catalogue of facts and figures, *unreal* because *unlife like.* Thus much for the imitations; let us turn now to the works of the great artist herself—to those pages from which the painters and poets of every age have made it their boast to borrow.

Perhaps nothing reveals the infinite resources of the only creative Power in the universe more overwhelming to human perception, than the amazing *variety* apparent upon all his works. So remarkable a feature is it, that, while he who "runs may read," the most unwearying research has never assigned its limits; and we may confidently say never will. Marvellously various as are the manifestations of the *external* world—the aspects of nature—the wonders of animal and vegetable life—species that baffle classification, and *within* which a still more astounding variety of individual types surpass wonder as do these—surely the conditions of spiritual life, even so far as they come within the limited range of our experience, are more wondrous still! *These* all endure for a moment; generation after generation passeth away, and the material, resolved into its elements, retains no longer the individuality of its myriad forms, and the types consequently which now fill their places *may* be in all respects the verisimilitudes of those which have perished. A glance, however, will show—the spirit's immortality being pre-supposed—that no such explanation will hold good in relation to the worlds of *spiritual* existence. The individual being of any man to-day, must be as distinct from all the generations of the past as those that, under the same conditions of existence, immediately surround him. We want not proof of this, so far as the experience of the present is concerned. Which of us ever saw two faces—heard two voices—came into contact with two minds, similar in feature and expression—undistinguishable in tone—alike in all their workings?

How astounding then the conclusion, supported as it is alike by necessity, experience, and analogy, that of the untold myriads of the human race alone, entering not upon wide ground, each unit was, is, and must be, diverse and distinct from all his fellows.

It is this never-ending variety of mental structure and moulding, cast amidst circumstances and associations equally diverse, yet connected as so many links with the mysterious chain of human sympathy and brotherhood, that gives to the study of individual life and character its deep poetic interest.

Life in all its stages, however, is fraught with that poetry which is the soul of our enjoyment of it. Childhood comes forth with its beaming eyes and sunny locks, and its path is strewn with flowers, and overarched with rainbows; it glances over our pathway like a beam of light, and the music of Eden seems borne in its joyous utterance. Youth, with its onward lookings, its fervent love and boundless faith. Manhood, when the clouds are gathering, and even the strong-hearted look wistfully back, and, recalling the sunshine of earlier days, half falter a prayer that "the cup may pass from them." The mature mid-day of existence, when armed and battling in the full consciousness of strength, life's soldier grows warm in his harness. The calmness of eventide, when the contest slackens, and, clothed with light as with a garment, the sun of existence goes steadily on to its setting. The serene departure, when the tried and perfected "rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Surely there is beauty in all *these* aspects of our mysterious pilgrimage—poetry,

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surely, for all those who having eyes see not, and do not understand."

"We spend our lives as a tale that is told." In some, there are the strong contrasts, the vivid coloring, the brilliant lights, and darkening shadows of romance; in others, the "tale is one of little variation, of ordinary trials, of purifying love, of noiseless endurance; but throughout the scenes of all is traced the guiding hand, appearing in moments of danger to guard, of sorrow to console." And in each, the most surprisingly vicissitous, or the quiet, even path, trodden with undaunted energy, sanctified by suffering, or illumined by love, the wonderful and strange is not only strictly "natural," but true. When will men *believe* as well as *say* that "truth is far stranger than fiction;" in fact, that little of the fictitious has not been true?

Let us not be told that the "poetry" of which we speak consists mainly in false lights and unreal views—that it is only to the dreamer and enthusiast that this stern life can be so clothed with beauty and fraught with interest. This is only one of the many delusive modes by which the sleeping endeavor to convince themselves that it is *they* who are awake. It is to the highest style of man, just in proportion to the clearness and activity of his mental vision, that life appears most sublime and wondrous in all its aspects. View this state of being—this "life," however lengthened—as but the babyhood of an immortal spirit—the faint, gray dawning of an eternity of existence; believe that the man bowed down with age, and laden with the dear-bought experience of the threescore and ten years of our sojourn is, in the light of that hereafter, but an infant of days, with all but everything to learn, and do you *lessen* the wonder, or disenchant life of its interest? No! no! *these* are not the dreamers who, searching now "as through a glass darkly," where are discerned the liveliest footprints of the Eternal, await the clearer light which shall be vouchsafed to them beyond, for these are but "parts of his ways," and much which is now dimly hinted at, shall then be revealed in full.

Let us cultivate, then, the attentive ear and the observant eye, that we be not among those whose "talent is laid up in a napkin," whose faculties, diverted from their highest uses, rust through neglect, or are wholly occupied with the cares and trifles of this strangely mingled being. But while thirsting after knowledge, and the higher enjoyments of our nature, and while satisfying that thirst from the richest fountains of creation, let us not forget the skill that fashioned, or the hand that governs.

> "Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of *reverence* in us dwell,
> That soul and mind according well,
> May make one music as before."

Amen, beautiful theologian! Most heartily do we bid thee God-speed on thy glorious mission.

EARLY DEATH.

'Tis sad to die with life
  Just op'ning to our view—
When ev'ry scene is rife
  With pleasure ever new:
Not sad to quit the earth
  While all is pure and bright,
Ere sin hath given birth,
  In age, to sorrow's night.

'Tis sad to part, withal,
  From those that here we love,
Whose longings might recall
  Our spirit from above;—
More sad to live and find,
  Ere yet the heart is old,
Those lov'd ones prove unkind,
  Their love grow slack and cold,

'Tis sad to die in youth,
  Ere yet the soul hath known
The lessons deep of truth
  That age may learn alone:
Not sad while yet a child
  In thought, to die, before
The conscience is defiled
  By man's unhallowed lore.

'Tis sad to die and leave
  All that the spirit will'd
In after-life, and grieve
  O'er visions unfulfilled:
Not sad to think, while lie
  Our bodies in the tomb,
Our souls, though borne on high,
  The deeds of life resume.

It is not sad to die
  In early youth or age,
If bright our memory
  In wisdom's sacred page:
If truth the heart possess,
  We have not lived in vain—
If we have liv'd to bless,
  To die will still be gain.—

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